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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1927

The Nation

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What a Navy!

by

The Unofficial Spokesman

J. Ramsay MacDonald

on

The New Indian Constitution

Manufacturers as Educators

The National Association Takes up Child Labor and the Schools

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LINDBERGH IN MEXICO is more than the "ambassador of good-will" which he has been called in the Rotary Club phraseology of the day. To use another bit of commercial jargon, he is selling the United States below the Rio Grande more successfully and comprehensively than any diplomat or business man in a quarter of a century. The effort of Obregon and Calles, of the modern movement in Mexico, has been to put the country on its own legs—and on a different kind of legs from those which support the United States. The hope has been to avoid some of the pitfalls of our civilization, of materialism and privilege. This, in turn, has meant a certain degree of isolation. But *voilà!* Lindbergh has landed and is hailed by the same Calles who has shot or deported a dozen persons less dangerous to the aspirations of a Mexico for the Mexicans. Roads are to be built for automobile travel and "tourist aid is planned." Is Mexican isolation at an end and with it some of the dreams of the last decade? It looks as if there were a breach in the border through which presently would roll our whole automobile-radio-jazz-band-five-and-ten-cent-store civilization. For better or for worse? It's as you like it.

COLONEL LINDBERGH IS WARNED to watch out for pot-shots from Nicaraguan rebels as he flies over Nicaragua. The "bandit" General Sandino—who is, in reality, leader of the opposition forces—it is explained, has a disconcerting habit of shooting at airplanes flying over his head. At this point our inquiring schoolboy has a perfect right to rise in his chair and mildly wonder what makes General Sandino so mean to nice airplanes that are doing nothing in the world but occupying some of the air he isn't using anyway. And we must answer that maybe General Sandino remembers certain planes from Managua, that flew over him last July doing considerable damage to his adherents—in fact, not to be too polite about it, killing a few score by dropping bombs on them. The British in India have already demonstrated that bomb-dropping is a very effective way of reducing recalcitrant villages to speedy surrender; our marines were quick to learn the lesson. General Sandino has reason to be suspicious of the sound of an airplane engine, and he has probably reasoned that it will be more healthful for himself and his followers to shoot at the plane first, before ascertaining whether it be friend or foe, marine or "Ambassador of Good-will."

CHINA CONTINUES its murderous chaos, but since the latest and bloodiest violence has been directed against the radicals and the Russians the Western world has temporarily stopped its sermon on law and order. The Soviet Vice-Consul in Canton was killed in the course of the triumphant return of General Chang Fak-wei, and seventy-five Russian consular officials have been deported from the Yangtze Valley. Others are still in prison. The Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Chicherin, declares that "English imperialist reaction must be recognized as the chief moving power responsible for Cantonese bloodshed and for the murder perpetrated on Soviet citizens." One need not accept M. Chicherin's theory at par to feel certain that the intense anti-Russian propaganda campaign conducted by British interests in China is bearing its fruit. While the Nationalists are ousting the Russians and closing labor-union headquarters, their generals are again moving forward. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is invading Shantung from the West, and the Japanese are considering relanding the troops they withdrew last September. Such military movements, while spectacular, are of less permanent importance than the ups and downs of the labor and peasant movements, and it is significant that Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the father of Chinese nationalism, has telegraphed from Moscow to her brother-in-law, General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the reorganized Nanking Government, that if she returns to China it will be to aid those movements.

ON DECEMBER 20, 1927, Robert E. Olds, Acting Secretary of State of the United States of America, informed the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, that moneys due to the Russian Government were to be paid to Serge Ughet, financial repre-

sentative in America of that Kerensky Government which fell one hundred and twenty-odd months ago. And accordingly the clerk of the court made out a check for $984,104 to the account of Serge Ughet, being the damages due to Russia in connection with the Black Tom explosion of 1916—which had been paid into the custody of the court by the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The theory is that Mr. Ughet, after paying counsel fees, will now turn over the balance on account of the Kerensky debt to the United States Treasury. But in the first place, we should like to see an accounting of those counsel fees; and in the second place, what right has the State Department to order money paid to a ghost?

NOTHING LIKE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT at Christmas time! Here is our Secretary of War, who ten years ago was shouting hosannahs for the war to end war, announcing, on the day after the holiday dedicated to the Prince of Peace, that Congress must at once take steps to revive the war-time munitions industry. He wants to place "educational orders" for the munitions each private plant might be called upon to make in war time, so that the "educated" plant will keep some machinery on hand and have some experienced workers. Secretary Davis appends a note to the effect that the Director of the Budget does not find this proposal contrary to the budget plans of the President, but he fails to give the slightest estimate as to what it will cost or how many thousands of plants will be favored. Of course this is a plan to give to private persons much of the work now done in government arsenals. It is an opening wedge, for, if it is a good thing to give "education" of this character to munition-makers, it will also be a good thing to give that education to makers of every one of the hundreds of thousands of articles which a modern army needs—field stoves, range-finders, special cots—heaven knows what all. Part of the educational process Mr. Davis asks of Congress is the right to award munitions contracts to other than the lowest bidder—all this in the name of preparedness for war. With whom? Either England or Japan; no other foe is in sight. All of this simply emphasizes the utter hypocrisy of the Coolidge Administration when it talks of peace.

NOBODY BELIEVES for a moment that Senator Borah or Heflin or Norris or La Follette ever took a penny from the Mexican Government, either as a bribe or otherwise. But Congress should not be concerned only about the threatened honor of some of its members. The honor of the Mexican Government is as much at stake, and our Government should be as staunch to defend it as we have shown ourselves eager to defend our own citizens. An American citizen has traduced a friendly—more than that, a neighbor nation. A nation, moreover, with whom our relations have been strained from time to time, with whom we are anxious to preserve peaceful and amicable intercourse, and to whom, for that very end, we have just sent a new ambassador, Dwight Morrow, because he is a tactful and intelligent man, and a visitor, Charles A. Lindbergh, because he brings friendship with him wherever he goes. We want to be friends with Mexico. We have shown as much in the plainest possible manner. And at the moment, the best way to be friends with Mexico is to clear Mexico's good name. It is the duty of the Congressional committee investigating Mr. Hearst's "Mexican documents" to probe the matter to the very bottom, to smell out these "documents" from their birth.

GRECO AND CARILLO have been acquitted. Unfamiliar names, these; but they threatened to become as well-known as Sacco's and Vanzetti's. Two obscure Italian-American clothing workers, intensely anti-Fascist, they were arrested, with other anti-Fascists last July, on a charge of killing two Fascists on Memorial Day, and they passed more than five months in the Bronx County, New York, jail before the jury's unanimous verdict set them free. The peculiarly sinister feature of their case was that their arrest, apparently, was not due to ordinary police activity—indeed, there was never any evidence worthy of the name against them—but was the direct result of an intimate collaboration between Fascist organizations operating in this country and one or two detectives whose interest seems to have been deeper in Italian politics than in the detection of crime in America. This is not the first occasion when American officials have seemed to act as agents for Mussolini; nor is it likely to be the last. But it is encouraging that a jury of twelve average citizens refused to be made tools of the Duce.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA and in Gary, Indiana, tolerance and sanity have triumphed over militaristic censorship and racial bigotry. President Trotter of West Virginia has resigned; he will be remembered for his edict last November banning from the West Virginia campus a lecture on Intolerance by Kirby Page. Student officers of the R. O. T. C., the Ku Klux Klan, and local branches of the American Legion and of the Daughters of the American Revolution had protested against the pacifism of Kirby Page. The meeting did not take place; but subsequently some of the faculty and students, and a local paper, the *New Dominion*, criticized the university's restriction of free speech. It was the ensuing controversy, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, which resulted in Trotter's resignation. In Gary the colored citizens have won their fight against the introduction of a Jim Crow high school. It looked at first as if the strike of last September, in which 300 white students walked out in protest against the attendance of twenty-four colored students, might achieve its purpose. The city council rushed through a bill providing a fund of $15,000 for the erection of a temporary high-school building to be used only by Negro students, and plans were made for the construction of a permanent high school. Now, however, Gary, to its honor, has repealed the ordinance and its action has been upheld by Judge Grant Crumpacker of the Porter County Circuit Court. The outcome of these controversies provides a graceful and encouraging exit for the year 1927.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is a queer place. Secretary Kellogg has just appointed Arthur Bliss Lane a "foreign-service officer," as chief of the most important division of the State Department—that of Mexican affairs. "Foreign-service officers" are paid a higher salary than "drafting officers," who spend all their time in Washington; and the law says that they may not spend more than four years in the capital. Last year Mr. Kellogg asked Congress to give him an increased appropriation in order to pay a sufficient salary to a "drafting officer" who could become permanent chief of the Mexican Division

The Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Carr, testifying before a House committee on December 13, 1926, said:

> The Secretary finds it very inconvenient in handling questions such as those we have to handle with Mexico, which continue under discussion for years, to have a new chief of division once in every three or four years; and that is what occurs if a foreign-officer is detailed there as division chief. At the end of three or four years, under the law, he must go to the field, and then some new man has to come to the vacant place. The Secretary finds it a very inconvenient arrangement, especially in the Latin-American and Mexican divisions, where the questions are discussed over long periods of time and it is disastrous to have men in charge of the negotiations who are not familiar with the negotiations for several years in succession.

So, Mr. Carr concluded, "the Secretary lays very great stress" upon "bringing someone into the Department and paying him about $6,000 a year and trying to keep him there indefinitely." Congress passed the increased appropriation. On December 12—one year minus one day later—Secretary Kellogg announced the appointment of another foreign-service officer as chief of the Mexican Division—a gentleman who, after serving his three or four-year period of note-writing to Mexico, will be transferred to Poland or Persia.

THERE IS RESENTMENT in Providence, Rhode Island, because the United States Attorney there has induced the local gas and electric company to issue an order to its employees who read meters to report any stills which they find while going their rounds. In behalf of this order it is argued that it is the duty of any citizen to report a violation of law coming under his notice. So is it, for that matter, his right to make an arrest, and perhaps it is his duty to do so in the case of the prohibition law for fear that otherwise the enforcement officers might be bought off and the culprit go unpunished. But it is also true that whatever the duty of a citizen may be, it is no business of his employer to order him to do it, and talebearing is an occupation which from their school days up Americans are taught to abhor. It may prove of little advantage to cure Providence of drunkenness if thereby it is converted to snoopery. There is danger also that victims of the Volstead Law, once laughed at by their friends, shall be set up as martyrs. If prohibition does not succeed in the United States, it may be due less to a taste for rum among our citizens than to a distaste for lawless and indecent conduct by enforcement officers.

SUBWAY SUFFERERS who have shrunk from the grime of the New York underworld or peered vainly through windows opaque with dirt will be heartened to hear from James S. Doyle, superintendent of car equipment for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, testifying at a recent hearing. The I. R. T. had discovered, Mr. Doyle confided, that the oil and dust collected on the cars through years of travel through the tubes really acts as a better protector against dust than paint; so the fact that some of the cars have for ten years gone unpainted is really all for the best. In time, possibly, the coating will be thick enough so that layers of it can be scraped off and sold at a handsome profit to manufacturers of automobiles or other conveyances. When questioned about the purity of the air in the subway, Mr. Doyle stated that subway air was purer and better for breathing than air five or six feet above the sidewalks. He admitted that air in the subway was full of dust, but suggested that it was the sort of dust that did not carry many germs. At this point in the hearing Mr. Samuel Untermyer remarked ironically that the witness evidently considered the New York subway a "first-class health resort."

OUR INTEREST IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM is kept alive by new specimens arriving in the mail every week or so. Now we are looking at the *Critical Review*, which is the literary supplement of the New York University *Daily News* and which is constructed on what we suppose to be a fresh principle—that of mixing faculty with students on the list of contributors. Beyond this point we are not impressed. The magazine is large and well-printed—indeed it is almost indistinguishable in appearance from the *Saturday Review*—but with all its attempts at maturity it does not touch us as we are touched by our old friend the University of Kansas *Dove*. The *Dove* is printed much more modestly, on paper which varies its degree of pinkness with each issue, and completely lacks the dignity and suavity of its Eastern contemporary. It is stimulating, however, from beginning to end. It loves fights and keeps several of them going at a time in its columns. For this reason, as well as for the reason that its editors are intelligent and unafraid, the writing is good; at least we like it. And we note with pleasure that our opinion is shared by the following whose letters are quoted on one of its pages: H. L. Mencken, William Allen White, Upton Sinclair, Egmont Arens, Bruce Calvert, Sinclair Lewis, Bruce Bliven, and Norman Thomas. This is a list of which any journal, undergraduate or otherwise, might be proud.

THE SALE of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the first penny paper published in London, now believed to be one of the richest papers in the world, to Sir William Berry and his brother, James Gower Berry, makes them the largest newspaper owners in England. They now possess twenty-two morning, evening, and weekly newspapers, and eighty-eight weekly, fortnightly, and monthly journals, as well as circulating libraries and book publishing enterprises. They have become, with Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Rothermere, the chief owners of British newspapers and periodicals. Thus, three groups of very wealthy men control 90 per cent of the publications and through them the public opinion of Great Britain. What would happen if they should merge their interests? Would there not be a power created thereby so vast as to menace government itself? Naturally they are all extremely conservative in their political views and they are closely affiliated with highly conservative Big Business interests. Thus, a third Berry, Lord Buckland, is said to be a director of more companies than any other individual in the world, his interests being chiefly coal mines, iron, and steel. What chance is there for liberal and radical opinion to obtain a hearing in the press of the Berry brothers? Precious little. On the other hand, the growth of the liberal and labor press of England is negligible. The *Daily Herald* still struggles for existence with the aid of large trade-union subventions, and there is no other Labor daily. If Labor progresses under these circumstances, it is certainly a testimony to the righteousness of its cause.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1927

WE give below the names of certain Americans who have in 1927 distinguished themselves and their country. As before, we ask that during the coming year our readers aid us by nominating candidates for the 1928 roll of honor.

Inevitably and outstandingly first in 1927, defying all classification and description, stands

CHARLES AUGUST LINDBERGH.

Others we list, as last year, in their respective fields:

Literature

CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY BEARD, for continuing, in "The Rise of American Civilization," to reveal to the United States its own human past.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, for the artistic honesty of his fourth volume of fiction, "Men Without Women."

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, for "Tristram," a book which proves that poetry can be both good and popular.

MARK SULLIVAN, for showing us, in "Our Times," that it is possible for a middle-aged generation to look upon itself with the perspective of youth.

CARL SANDBURG and SIGMUND SPAETH, for writing in "An American Songbag" and "Weep Some More, My Lady," the history of America through the words of her old songs.

Drama

EVA LE GALLIENNE, for intelligence and resource displayed in maintaining a repertory theater.

MORAN and MACK, for the creation of a new folk character.

EUGENE O'NEILL for "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed," two enduring additions to America's dramatic literature.

GILBERT MILLER, for bringing Max Reinhardt and his company to the United States.

The THEATER GUILD, for the beauty and originality of its production of "Porgy."

Music

DEEMS TAYLOR and EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, for the creation of "The King's Henchmen," a long step forward in the production of American opera.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, not yet eleven years of age, for proving that musical genius of the highest quality still lives in this mechanistic age.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH, for fifty years of devoted unselfish service to the musical art and a life-long aid and inspiration to struggling musicians the world over.

Art

JACOB EPSTEIN, for the strange beauty of his creations.

Journalism

The *Springfield Republican*, for daring, in the heart of Massachusetts, to expose the class prejudice of the President of Harvard University.

THOMAS H. ADAMS, editor of the Vincennes (Indiana) *Commercial*, who, beginning almost single-handedly, roused his State to deal with the bestial corruption that had usurped its government.

BOYD GURLEY, editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, who carried to effective completion the brave work that Adams began.

DON H. MELLETT, editor of the Canton (Ohio) *Daily News*, whose campaign against the criminal element of his home city brought him national honor, too late, and death.

J. B. POWELL, editor of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, China, who maintained the American tradition of fair play in an un-American community despite overwhelming business pressure.

VICTOR H. HANSON, of the Birmingham (Alabama) *Age-Herald* and the Montgomery *Advertiser*, for the superb service rendered by those dailies to the effort to purge Alabama of organized lawlessness connived at by high authority.

Science

The hundreds of workers in a score of laboratories who step by step have been carrying telephotography and wireless telephony from the realm of the miraculous into the domain of everyday utility.

Business

HENRY FORD, for creating Model A and teaching the advertising experts what national advertising can be.

The Cause of Justice

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, FELIX FRANKFURTER, ALDINO FELICANI, and MRS. GLENDOWER EVANS, who spent themselves in the effort to save their Commonwealth of Massachusetts from the blackest stain in its history.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MCCALL of Alabama, for his determined efforts to stop Klan outrages in a Klan-ridden State.

Public Service Abroad

DWIGHT W. MORROW, who, leaving one of the thrones of the banking world for a minor seat in diplomacy, applied his dramatic imagination to the creation of friendship, and gave new meaning to the phrase "Ambassador of Good Will."

WILL ROGERS, for serving as Assistant Ambassador to Mexico.

Public Service at Home

Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS, for abusing, and earning the abuse of, Mr. Hearst.

Senator JAMES A. REED, for his exposure of the degradation of Pennsylvania and Illinois.

JOHN COLLIER, secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, for his fight in behalf of the first Americans and his respect for the more ancient American culture.

UPTON SINCLAIR, for the courage and imagination with which he combated the pruderies of Boston.

CARLO TRESCA, who repeatedly risked his own life in his successful effort to save fellow Italian-Americans from the long arm of Fascist vengeance.

Heroism

NICOLO SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, for the calm, uncompromising, yet forgiving spirit in which they faced frock-coated lynching.

Abolish the Submarine

ONCE more a submarine disaster has shocked the entire world. If there is anything more horrible than the fate of gallant men slowly asphyxiated in a steel coffin, although able for a time to communicate with their fellows, we do not know what it is. To our lay minds the rescue operations were a disgrace to the navy as to whose boasted efficiency we have long been skeptical—how can a navy be efficient that is headed by men like Daniels, Denby, and Wilbur? We shall, of course, await an inquiry by Congress before forming our final judgment, but why a rescue fleet should connect one airline to the sunken submarine and then have to go back to Boston for a second when that snapped; why the mother-ship should have been at anchor in a nearby harbor without steam up; why a patrol-boat should have been going at 18 knots in restricted waters; and why the navy has persistently refused to attach lifting rings to submarines and acquire the right kind of a floating derrick after the fate of the S-51, are beyond us. The navy will have to answer satisfactorily these and many other questions if the tombstones of the dead on the S-4 are not to be inscribed: "Murdered by the incompetence and red tape of the navy to which they belonged."

Well, we can only reiterate the demand for the abolition of all submarines which we have voiced so often. Strongly urged at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, the proposal to do away with this weapon of war was there blocked by the French, who next to the English had suffered more from the German submarine than anybody else. It was widely hinted that they preferred not to give up the submarine in order, curiously enough, to have a new and most dangerous means of attacking their late allies, the British. British suggestions that the English were in favor of doing away with under-water boats were met with the scornful remark that of course the English had everything to gain by abolishing the greatest menace to their carrying trade in time of war. The Americans were not ready to force the issue; they were content to rest upon their oars, believing that they had achieved a great deal by checking the production of battleships. So the submarine stayed—to be a menace to its crew in every navy of which it is a part.

Now the facts which made the submarine such a despicable weapon of war in the hands of the Germans are unaltered by the years that have elapsed since the armistice. Naval men everywhere admit that it cannot be handled so as to avoid the danger of sinking women and children as well as men passengers on liners, not even when the commanders have the best of intentions. For to identify a ship running without lights at night, sometimes in high seas, is an extremely difficult task for the commander of a little ship, itself bobbing about on the waves and in danger of being sunk by a single shot. It is no wonder that hospital ships were sunk by accident and that other mistakes occurred which lent color to those charges of submarine atrocities which Admiral Sims declares to have been practically non-existent. Even when a passenger ship is captured in broad daylight on a smooth sea, the submarine obviously cannot perform the functions of a cruiser and remove the passengers to safety. It was formerly alleged that the naval use of the submarine would lead to its commercial development, but the fact is, of course, that no one cares the least bit about the possibility of a commercial submarine, or wastes five minutes of time in discussing it. It is as a weapon of war alone that the submarine has any use.

As such it should be barred by a concert of nations. Certainly there can be no question of ratios or preponderance of strength in submarines if that form of vessel is barred. This would simply put all navies on an equality. This, obviously, is a matter that the League of Nations ought to take up, and, if it is not able to move, either the United States or Great Britain should take the lead. No one can rightly charge us with desiring an unfair advantage if we seek to outlaw a weapon which had best never been invented. It is one of the subjects which should have been taken up at the unfortunate tripartite naval conference in Geneva. Mr. Coolidge seems to think now that because that failed we must build up an enormous fleet. On the contrary, the failure of that undertaking should be the clearest incentive to attack the evil of naval armaments from another angle. It can be done by direct communications from Washington to the other governments. Enlightened statesmanship in any of the great countries could make the move and save the world the horror of these recurring tragedies.

The Miracle of Life

THE great majority of us have so definite an expectation of death by our eighth or ninth decade—provided even that we are spared so long—that we cannot but look upon centenarians with awe, as if they represented a mystery. And they do. Bernard Shaw, impressed by the ineptitude of most men in human affairs, wrote "Back to Methuselah" around the idea, which no one could be sure was whimsical with him, that sooner or later the race should produce biological sports in the form of persons who would live not merely one century but three, and eventually an almost unlimited number of millenniums—and so become wise. In Shaw's play "the miracle happened." Even in our own day it happens occasionally, though in most cases we have instances merely of remarkable physical survival and few or no instances of inordinately wise men being spared.

The country was recently agog over the Kentucky mountaineer John Shell, still able-bodied at 131—a contemporary, that is to say, of George Washington as well as of Calvin Coolidge. More recently we had occasion to congratulate Miss Emily Howland, who was a teacher before Lincoln was a well-known lawyer and who since long before the Civil War has been interested in the improvement of the Negro's lot, upon her hundredth birthday. And now we may be amazed at the report of Dr. Cyril Popoff, director of the statistical department of the Bulgarian Government, that Bulgaria, whose whole population is less than that of New York City, has 3,139 centenarians, or 58 (we have only 4) in every 100,000 persons. We may well ask if anybody in Bulgaria knows why it is so. This is what a commission of doctors reported after visits to the homes of the long-lived:

> Virtually all showed that their lives were characterized by a placidity of disposition, freedom from worry, and a contemplative bearing. All were of friendly disposition, optimistic, fond of singing in their youth and in their old age. As a rule they play some musical instrument, drink only mild alcoholic drinks prepared in their own homes, and these only in small quantities and at mealtimes. They sel-

dom smoke. They eat mainly vegetable food and milk products, usually sour milk and buttermilk. They are all industrious, early risers, and sleep uncovered as long as possible. Their domestic life is characterized by moderation; they have married late, usually after thirty, and have had from five to ten children. Almost all of them live in the open and are farmers.

We shall refrain from sermonizing, although the passage contains a hundred texts. We refrain because we are not sure after all that any of these habits is a cause of longevity in itself. A German physiologist has declared that longevity is some freak of the individual constitution which cannot be explained; and some months ago Dr. Logan Clendening circulated his belief in America that the number of years we live is more or less predestined—depends, indeed, upon the shapes of our bodies, and certainly is not to be increased by such simple means as fresh air, abstinence, exercise, and sleep.

It is to be hoped that serious study will be made henceforth of centenarians wherever and whenever they can be examined; for valid generalizations in this field would be of the first importance. Meanwhile we take pleasure in a survey of Some Famous Centenarians made by J. V. Nash for the *Open Court*. Mr. Nash begins quite properly with "Old Parr," the English peasant who was born in 1483 and who died in 1635 of high living in London, whither he had been brought as a curiosity for Charles I to see. Tom Parr had worked on one farm for more than 100 years, had married twice, at 80 and at 120, and was said by a contemporary versifier to be covered over with a thick growth of hair. The great Harvey, performing an autopsy on Parr, found the brain hardened and the blood "dry," but pronounced the body in other respects very much like that of a young man.

Then there was Thense Abalva, a woman of the Caucasus whom a Russian newspaper reported in 1904 as being 180 and as eating principally barley bread and buttermilk. One Drakenberg, a Norwegian who was known in the eighteenth century as the "Old Man of the North," was active as a sailor for 91 years and lived to be 146. About the Hungarian farmer Peter Zortay, said to have attained the age of 185, we unfortunately know no more than that—if indeed we know that.

Mr. Nash produces several instances of men and women who have survived serious handicaps for more years than most people live altogether. Nicoline Marc, a little crippled French woman, died in 1760 at the age of 110. A Scotch dwarf, Elspeth Wilson, was only two feet high but lived 115 years. And, as indeed our own newspapers are always telling us when they can, individuals here and there get along very well in spite of the fact that they have violated every supposed rule of health. Metchnikoff, who incidentally believed that many people could live to 150 if they avoided the foods which lead to intestinal putrefaction, recorded the case of a man who lived to be 140 and during more than a century was habitually drunk. Elizabeth Durieux of Savoy drank 40 small cups of coffee a day, and seems to have subsisted on that beverage, yet she was 104 when she died.

It is the convention to be amused at such persons as we have described, and there are those like Jonathan Swift who grow angry at the thought and create a race of Struldbrugs to show how little worth living life would be if we had this much of it to undergo. But secretly we may be envious and, if Dr. Clendening is right, pray to be possessed of one of those bodies predestined to last almost forever.

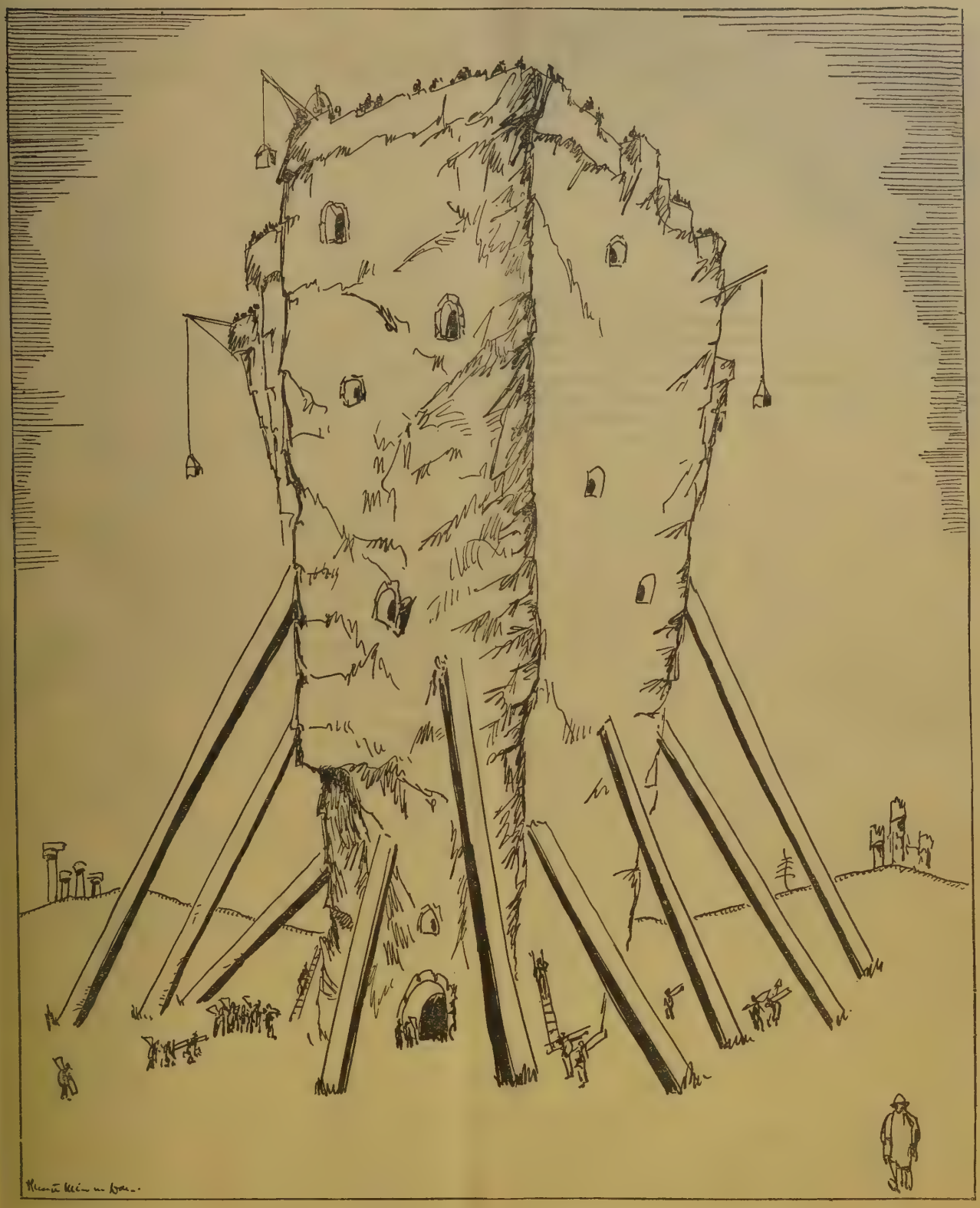
Temperance?

A RECENT issue of the New York *World* printed two strongly contrasting stories. In one Dr. Charles A. Perelli, trustee of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, urged those New Yorkers who insisted upon buying Christmas liquor to have it tested by a chemist before trusting it to their stomachs. In the other James M. Doran, United States Prohibition Commissioner, issued a warning to all companies employing chemists in the course of which they were threatened with revocation of their alcohol permits in case they should presume to permit the analysis of liquor to be made for any who had obtained it through illegal channels.

Both Dr. Perelli and Mr. Doran are supposed to be working in the interests of public health; both knew perfectly well that unnumbered gallons of liquor would be drunk during the holiday season; but while the one hoped to make that drinking as harmless as possible the other forbade the only persons qualified to do so to separate the wholesome from the poisonous. Dr. Perelli is alarmed to consider that the number of alcoholic cases treated at Bellevue during the first ten months of 1927 was practically equal to the number for the whole year of 1926, and he would consider that something had been done to abate the liquor evil if he could decrease the number of deaths during Christmas week. Mr. Doran on the other hand looks forward to a jolly se'nnight of fatalities. The more people who die from poisonous liquor over the holidays the nearer, apparently, he will consider himself to that "effective enforcement" of which he speaks.

In more thoughtful days prohibition was urged as a humanitarian measure. Its purpose was to afford protection to those too weak or too foolish to protect themselves; in a word, to take poison out of the mouths of those who continued in spite of all warnings to the contrary, to drink it. But since the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted this humanitarianism seems with many to have disappeared, and some of the very people who protested against allowing the drinker to harm himself with relatively wholesome tipple now resent any effort to save him from bad and wash their hands of that brother of whom they had been previously so anxious to proclaim themselves the keeper. The consumption of any alcoholic drink may be evil, but no other crime defined on the statute-books deprives the man who commits it of the right to be protected in life and limb. The law will protect the burglar against blackmail; no opponent of gambling has ever yet suggested that that vice be discouraged by the circulation of loaded dice and marked cards in order that he who indulges it may be cheated and fleeced as thoroughly as possible. Does he who raises a glass of alcoholic liquor to his lips put himself outside the reaches of mercy?

The truth of the matter is that in the bitterness provoked by the efforts to defy and to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment its original purpose has been lost sight of. On the one hand, many of its opponents take a perverse delight in its violation; but many of its protagonists too, forgetting their humanitarian purpose, have allowed their zeal for good to pass the proper bounds. There was a sanity in the early temperance movement which seems to have disappeared.



Civilization 1928

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN: *Of course the building is not as good as it used to be, but with a little repairing we can fix it up so that it will last another year.*

It Seems To Heywood Broun

WHENEVER anybody suggests that a foul prison be replaced by a structure more modern and more sanitary a cry goes up against the coddling of criminals. Men who have studied our laws and jails must expect bitter criticism if they advise reforms. And this criticism takes invariably the same form. To ask for any change in a faulty system is to become a sentimentalist. All of which is topsy-turvy, for it is in the vast and muddled mass of herd opinion that sentimentality distorts decent judgment. The men and women who freed George Remus very probably represented an accurate cross-section of the community in which the case was tried. The jurors desired, as one of them explained, to give the prisoner a Christmas present, and so they brushed aside the evidence to decide that the bootleg king was insane at the time he shot his wife.

And here again is popular psychology revealed as an illogical process. A hundred times each year we read in newspapers bitter editorials against the interference of psychiatrists in criminal cases. The average man will tell you that he takes no stock in these newfangled notions. He pines for the good old days before dementias, when hangings were less complicated. Indeed he is prepared to say that the alienist is both a fake and a deceiver. It is not easy to defend all medical testimony, since much of it divides so sharply, and yet after the Remus verdict there is reason to believe that the popular conception of what constitutes irrationality is often far from perfect.

From now on we shall hear a good deal of the necessity of curtailment or abolition of the jury system. Always the effort tends to achieve the impossible. Some still believe that the law and its practice can be better and wiser than the intellect of the community for which it is framed. But there is soundness in the theory that no code can long prevail except in so far as it represents the will and desire of the people for whom it is framed. And so it seems to me that progress lies not so much in reforming the criminal element of this country as in the education and enlightenment of those we call respectable. It would not be utterly fantastic to signalize each theft or murder by selecting ten solid citizens and sending them to prison to expiate the offense. If only we were wise enough to trace each crime back to its source we should find in almost every case that the conduct of the culprit had an inherent logic and that among the ranks of the godly there dwell many who have been quite unconsciously accomplices before and after the fact.

Suppose Hamilton County, Ohio, house some other irate and violent husband: if he goes abroad today and kills the object of his displeasure will the guilt be wholly his? I say, no. In that event it would seem to me entirely just that every member of the Remus jury should stand trial with him.

William Jennings Bryan was fond of saying that intellect was of little worth and that the quality necessary in a perfect state was goodness. It is a commodity not easily defined, and perhaps there can also be debate about the condition which may properly be spoken of as intellect. At least we can agree that neither the American public, nor any other, is very largely afflicted with it. This conclusion does not lead by any means to the decision that popular government must give way to Wellsian Samurai. Not unless we are all to be elevated to that happy state. Imperfect as the popular mind seems to be in many a crisis it is the best we've got. We must muddle through with it and in the years to come it may get better. A beginning may be made by washing out some slogans which have proved their worthlessness. Personally I want to hear very little more about "common sense." Mere prevalence of an opinion does not make it weighty. Also I wish to point out that the advocates of prison reform are hard-headed folk who try to introduce factuality into the processes which now obtain. There is no sense of any sort in the methods which we use in criminal procedure. Twelve men may be good and true but it is not likely after they have been subjected to devices carefully designed to simulate the movies and the melodramas. Much of our justice has been reduced to trial by combat. Jurors become drunk upon irrelevant oratory. The art of cross-examination certainly produces confusion and misstatement. The most elementary knowledge of the human mind ought to convince us that there is not inevitably a gulf between glibness and a guilty conscience. A "good witness" may be least worthy of belief among the entire crowd which comes to testify.

If there is any wisdom at all in leaving a decision to the popular mind then we ought to allow the average men and women chosen for the jury to function in as natural a manner as possible. If you and I sit down together to thrash out a problem we seldom orate at each other. Our talk will flow in plain and simple words familiar to us. Over every courtroom door should hang the sign "Kindly omit flowers." It is preposterous that attorneys should be allowed to bellow or to croon at any jury. The code should prescribe a tone of voice for pleaders, and the instant a lawyer raises a handkerchief up to his eyes to stem the tears he should be disbarred from practice altogether. I have not yet appeared in any criminal action but once I was sued for libel. The problem was simple. I said that an actor gave the worst performance I had ever seen on any stage. The only question before the jury was as to the limitations upon the utterance of a critic invited to witness a play and make report to his readers. But before that trial was done I listened to the attorney for the plaintiff go through the greater part of all the best literature in the world. Byron was dragged in, Shakespeare and Plato. And my own lawyer, I must confess, drew a most poignant analogy between my own situation and that of the late Dred Scott. A problem which could have been settled in twenty minutes dragged out two days.

As witness in my own behalf I was asked if it were not true that I had once reported prize-fights and baseball games. I am still puzzled to know just how it touched the

issue but the judge sat supine while the counselor shook his fist in my face and demanded hotly that I confess I had also been to football games. None of this is set down in malice, for the jury after an hour's deliberation set me free —although it was not Christmas nor even Easter.

Again I do not see what end of justice is well served by permitting the small children of accused persons to come to court and snivel in full sight of the jury. It would not be unreasonable to standardize by statute the costume to be worn by women facing the penalty for first-degree murder. Something of proportion is lost when a wife who has murdered her husband comes to trial arrayed in heavy mourning.

And this reminds me that the sentimentality in the matter of capital punishment is all upon the side of those who favor it. What could be more ridiculous than the assumption that there is a deterrent influence in a penalty which serves to dramatize to the fullest possible extent the person standing trial? Some of the blame belongs, properly, to the newspapers, but the headline writers are gravely tempted just so long as it is possible to write "Alice Fights For Her Life." The very best thing that can be said for Governor Smith's plan of a board to determine the sentence is that this system is utterly undramatic.

Foes of reform shake doleful heads and call the proposition maudlin. We are asked whether or not we approve of women who coldly murder their husbands. I don't. I am much against a wife's killing her husband under any provocation. Ruth Snyder, for instance, seems to me in no way an admirable person. Capital punishment should be abolished not for the sake of those who kill but for the rest of the community. Already the tabloids are full of gruesome details about the expected execution in New York State. One of them reported gleefully that the executioner had been observed pricing new Ford cars. We shall have faked pictures of the scene in the death-chamber and autobiographies and interviews. Your child and mine will bury his nose in all this dreadful stuff.

If it were hateful to us all I should raise less objection. I have said that I am in favor of having the community suffer for the crimes of others. But, God help us, human nature is such that there is an unholy pleasure in contemplating tales of blood and cruelty. A great literary artist could hardly have fashioned any grotesque more likely to capture the imagination than the electric chair. Even though some of us profess horror at the whole business we shall not all refrain from reading when the dread details are printed in the papers. Lindbergh went to a bullfight but through the kindness and devotion of our papers we will sit, each one of us, in a front-row seat and watch the writhing of a body as a human spirit passes.

What a Navy!

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., December 26

IT used to be our proud boast that our navy was small but efficient. Now, it seems, it is neither. After all the pious gestures at Versailles, Locarno, Geneva, and the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament, the close of this year of Calvin Coolidge finds us spending approximately three times as much for the "national defense" as we did before we went to war to end war.

And what are we getting? If the experts are to be believed, the American taxpayers are being bunkoed as never before in history. Notwithstanding a military budget nearly as great as the whole cost of government prior to 1912, our navy has been permitted to lapse into a third-rate affair—an expensive form of disarmament. Through our ineptness in diplomacy, aided and abetted by the penny-wise economy of the Coolidge Administration, plus the naive conception of naval policy of that matchless bed-time story-teller, Curtis D. Wilbur, American sea power has been weakened to such an extent as to send the Budget Bureau rushing frantically to Capitol Hill with a program calling for additional expenditures of $800,000,000 to put it back on a footing with first-class nations.

As if the evidence of this shattered condition were not already sufficient, one more appalling disaster was added during the past week to the long list which has well-nigh demoralized the navy under the Wilbur regime. All the characteristic tragedy of a wreck at sea was present in the sinking of the S-4, with the additional agonizing feature of men entombed alive a hundred feet beneath the surface and dying a tortured death while the richest nation in the world cried out in anguish at the navy's deplorable lack of salvage facilities.

Then followed the explosion on the Langley, our first great airplane-carrier, killing one man, injuring four others, and putting the vessel out of commission. There will be more imposing ceremonials in the way of courts martial by admirals in lace and tinsel, and perhaps a Congressional investigation, but only the most incurable Pollyanna would hope for changed conditions. The O-5 sank in the Panama Canal owing to a collision and three lives were lost.

The S-4 is not the first of our submarines to be wrecked. The F-4 was lost in Hawaiian waters with all on board. The S-5 foundered in shallow water off the Delaware Capes. All hands were saved after thirty-seven hours of thrilling rescue work. The S-51 was sunk off Block Island when hit by a steamer. All but three of her crew perished. Small wonder that those who man the submarines at $1 per dive refer to them as "the fleet of floating coffins"!

One of the seamen whose body now lies in the battered hull of the S-4 at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean wrote just before he left on the ill-fated trip:

> This economical business has just about wrecked the navy. We have a lot of jobs which are necessary, but they

won't do them as they have no money. After they lose a couple of boats they will fix them up. If they don't want to keep them in good condition they ought to junk the whole navy.

Therein he compressed in the simplest possible language an accurate description of conditions in the navy and sound policy as to the future. An ineffective and inefficient navy should be scrapped. It is nothing short of monstrous for a government to detail men to submarine duty without providing them with a decent chance for their lives.

The lessons of the S-51 disaster in 1925 went for nothing. Although it spent nearly a year in raising the wreck of the S-51 from Long Island Sound, the navy apparently benefited not a particle by that experience. Seemingly, it was still as badly unprepared as ever for such emergencies. It was, in fact, entirely helpless when the flash of the S-4 wreck came over the radio. Not a single new device was ready for the rescue of the men trapped in the dark and freezing torpedo compartment below. All the navy could do was to send up prayers to heaven, and heaven apparently was deaf.

Congressman C. L. Gifford, of the Cape Cod district, voiced his indignation after a trip to the scene of the disaster.

"The navy is going to say there wasn't buoyancy to raise the submarine," he said. "But they didn't even attempt it. Why didn't they try? The accident never would have happened at all if the tender, supposed to have been over the submarine at all times, hadn't been in Provincetown harbor, miles away, at the time." Newspaper reporters add that the tender did not even have steam up.

The Navy Department has spent $400,000,000 in developing its submarine fleet. And yet, as that celebrated jingo Congressman Fred Britten of Illinois impulsively exclaimed at a recent hearing of the House Naval Affairs Committee, "We have not six submarines worth a damn."

"We have spent hundreds of millions on submarines in the last fourteen years," commented Mr. Britten dismally, "and as near as I can tell they have been a complete farce and failure. Speaking as one member of the committee, I am thoroughly disappointed in what the Navy Department has accomplished in the direction of submarines."

Admiral Eberle, former chief of naval operations, now a member of the Navy General Board, is authority for the statement that the navy was so short of proper types of submarines that it was necessary to use the S boats for fleet service, "a function for which they are in no way fitted." After all the hundreds of millions of dollars expended, the latest available figures show the United States lagging far behind Japan and Great Britain in the number of up-to-date submarines in commission. According to last reports to the House Naval Affairs Committee, the United States had 121 submarines in all, only 80 of which, including those of the second line, were actually in commission. The immense investment has been wasted.

To lift the United States up to the 5-5-3 ratio fixed at the Washington Conference 36 more submarines would be required at an estimated expenditure of $110,000,000. Stated in another way, having spent more than $400,000,000 on submarines, we must spend still another $110,000,000 to fit them to cope with those of other Powers.

No serious effort has been made to do more than advertise disarmament. Following the fiasco of the ill-prepared Geneva Conference the Administration now asks $800,000,000 for its naval building program. It wants more fast cruisers; more aircraft; more airplane-carriers; more improved battleships. Mr. Coolidge says we will not be moved by what other nations may do, but it is difficult to understand what he meant by that. Unless the murderous inefficiency revealed by the S-4 disaster rouses the nation to protest Congress will undoubtedly vote all the navy asks amid a mighty roar of patriotic huzzas, and then wonder a couple of years hence why it does not get even fifty cents' worth for its dollar.

National defense already costs us something more than $700,000,000 a year. In 1914 the army spent $173,000,000 and the navy $139,000,000. During the present year the army's expenditures will be $392,000,000 and the navy's $371,000,000. On top of that we are now asked to embark upon a new $800,000,000 naval program. That is disarmament for you!

Where does the money go? It is difficult to locate all the knot-holes. Admiral Magruder recently got himself well disciplined by charging that the navy was top-heavy with high officers and burdened with too many wasteful navy yards. His heresies promptly led to his removal as commandant at the Philadelphia navy yard. Apparently, the guileless sailor didn't know that the United States navy is primarily a mutual-admiration society. He broke the rules.

It was bad enough for Magruder to attack the stars and bangles of the navy, but it was much worse to suggest the abolition of useless navy yards. The Admiral apparently didn't know how firmly buttressed the navy yards are behind the venerable "pork barrel." Just faintly breathe an intimation that one of those yards should be eliminated, and the local chambers of commerce, Lions, Rotarians, Kiwanians, and other evangels of Coolidge economy shriek to high heaven. And the powerful bipartisan log-rolling clique is always on the job on both the House and the Senate naval-affairs committees to see that appropriations for all the yards grow bigger and better every year.

In fixing the final responsibility for the condition of the navy, Secretary Wilbur, of course, cannot be entirely overlooked, despite his diminutive intellect. He is, in fact, a worthy successor to Denby, who still clings to his childlike belief that he, not Fall, dominated the naval oil-reserve leasing transaction. You get the measure of this Wilbur person when you find him helping Fall and Denby and Doheny to perpetuate the absurd myth of a Japanese war scare as justification for the oil corruption.

A Friend's Departure

By IDELLA PURNELL

Before I opened my eyes to see you, you were gone.
I hear the echo of your laugh in the wind.
I know that you were here, because the dawn
Comes like a blast of trumpets. But how thinned
The moon is growing every evening now!
And under the banana-trees, the dove
That sang a happy song becomes somehow
Too pensively alone to think of love.

The Abdication of King Coal

By ZELDA F. POPKIN

BUSINESS is bad now in the districts where anthracite coal is mined, every kind of business, including that of coal itself. Christmas crowds surged up and down the main streets of the cities of the mining districts these last few weeks quite as usual, but they did their shopping in the five-and-ten-cent store. The lavish spending for things longed-for all year which constitutes a miner's Christmas was conspicuously absent. And the shopkeepers with shelves full of merchandise who have been waiting all year for these few weeks and the creditors who have been holding their breath and withholding their bills are taking inventory to learn if misfortune is become catastrophe.

There have been hard times in the hard-coal country before, conditions so appallingly bad that no man cares to look back on them. There was the dreadful winter of 1925-1926, too recent to be anything less than a nightmare. But this new condition is different, and it may be infinitely more serious. Strikes eventually come to an end. For the business man that situation resolves itself into a matter of patience, of holding out. But this time is different; there is no strike. Men are at work in the mines now, some weeks only two or three days, other weeks five or six, barring "button" strikes, holidays, and mine mishaps. There is sporadic employment, with the overhanging dread of no work at all, and it forces families to forego all thought of spending for anything except bare essentials, to put whatever is earned into the bank against a terrible day of no work at all. Calamity, unspoken, uncomprehended, lies in the offing.

Something has happened to anthracite. It has lost its importance. Its markets are crumbling. King Coal has been forced, like a great many other modern monarchs, to abdicate. It is now just one of many fuels, not *the* fuel. Even its spokesmen, the heads of the great coal companies of Pennsylvania, have begun to admit this fact. The great monarch has had one tantrum too many, and the worm of many disputes between capital and labor in the coal-field—the downtrodden public—has turned. Forced in the last big coal strike to turn to the use of coal substitutes, the public has learned to know and to like those substitutes and to dislike the arrogance of the King of Fuels. Thousands of furnaces that once knew only anthracite are heated today by coke, bituminous coal, oil, gas, and electricity.

The commonwealth of Pennsylvania rests upon the bedrock of coal—bituminous in the western part of the State, anthracite in the east. The annual coal output of Pennsylvania exceeds in value all the coal mined in all the rest of the United States. Nearly one-half million men are employed in the hard and soft coal mines and when work is steady and wages high, as they were during and immediately following the war, everybody makes money, not only the saloonkeeper and the grocer but the furrier and the piano dealer. It follows then that when work is slack in the mines everybody suffers. Eighty-five per cent of the population in Wilkes-Barre, for instance, consists of mine workers and their families. There are other industries, notably silk, in the anthracite regions, but their contribution to the economic stability is relatively slight.

Thus the mine breaker, dark and spectral, lies like a menace over whole communities. A menace at all times. The piercing shriek of the breaker whistle carries to the harassed wives of the workers the threat of death and mutilation. And when the breaker is quiet it bears the even more grisly threat of starvation.

A few weeks ago Anthracite Sunday was observed in the churches of eastern Pennsylvania, and the pastors and their congregations prayed for a revival of the industry. This was one of the first public acknowledgments of a situation that has been whispered about since the peace pact was signed after the last strike. Since that Sunday of prayer there has been held a very significant meeting of representatives of the miners and operators and the business men of the State at Mt. Carmel. As might have been expected, the Mt. Carmel meeting accomplished nothing except an airing of the difficulty. The anthracite publicity bureaus today are busy churning out reams of booster material. Committees and clubs are being formed to urge a return to the use of hard coal. But so far this is merely whistling in the dark. In one of the Wilkes-Barre newspapers the other day there was a report of the organization of a committee which was to urge Philadelphia society people to use hard coal in order to "help their friends"—the operators—in the anthracite region.

The settlement of the long-drawn-out struggle between the operators and the miners, it would seem, has proved to be a Pyrrhic victory. The public froze, the miners starved—despite the fact that the trusting grocers of Wyoming Valley lost a million dollars in credits extended—profits vanished, and the peace that came when everyone was exhausted satisfied no one. The union remained distrustful, the operators unsure, the public suspicious. Yet even when work was resumed, and in spite of the fact that the bituminous strike followed the anthracite peace, it was found that the thing was not working out. The bottom had dropped out of the anthracite market. Even in the coal-fields they are using oil burners. They made a political issue of an oil burner in the last Luzerne County elections. The fact that a candidate for public office had one in his house was considered adequate to bar him from election in a community of miners.

The old autocrat Coal is being these days brought to his senses. He is discovered to be less than indispensable. To maintain any degree of prestige he must compete vigorously with other fuels. What has happened in the anthracite industry today is not catastrophe but change of status. There is every indication that the industry will eventually stabilize itself, when the anthracite operators have learned that they have a commodity and not a necessity and that being a commodity it must be merchandised like automobiles or washing machines. The public is no longer merely to be sold coal. It must be sold on coal.

Here and there one can find optimists in the gloomy coal-fields. They profess to see prosperity ahead when the readjustment comes. What direction this readjustment will take is a matter of much conjecture. That it will take the

form of government control seems the remotest possibility. That there will be a reduction of consumer price seems the most likely solution. If reduction of wages follows there is bound to be trouble again. This was indicated in unmistakable terms by John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, in his speech at the Mt. Carmel meeting. Certainly there will be changes within the organization of the coal companies. The mine owners have much at stake. They have at stake investments in their railroad properties as well as their mine properties, and their eagerness to reconstruct the prestige and power of the industry is second only to that of the chambers of commerce.

If anthracite is mined and merchandised as a commodity there is every reason to believe that the change will redound to the benefit of the worker. The old arrogance and paternalism will have to go. The intelligent employer (and necessity may even in time force a number of mine operators to become intelligent) is fully aware of the importance of cooperation with his employees. He knows that it pays to keep them satisfied. He realizes that high wages are a spur; that employees' welfare schemes—even such little things as dance halls and gardens—help to make reasonably contented workers. He is forced to offer the best possible working conditions to assure himself of some degree of loyalty. With immigration checked, he will realize that he has to deal with a working class of constantly increasing literacy, with men who will know what they want and know how to get it. There is little that the operator can do beyond what he is already doing to remove the ever-present menace of mine-damp explosion or cave-in, but there is much that he can do to mitigate the hardships of living, to make the trade worth the hazard. And that the mine owner will have to do when he begins to learn the first principle of modern big business. Another drastic departure from the old policy will be in internal management. The sales-manager is going to take precedence over the engineer, for merchandising anthracite has become a vastly more difficult problem today than mining it. But whatever happens in the trade, the worker has, as usual, nothing to lose but his chains.

Manufacturers as Educators

By MRS. FRANCIS D. POLLAK

What can the schools do to attract a better type of children to factory work?

THIS astonishing question is asked in a pamphlet recently published by the Junior Education and Employment Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, entitled "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions Regarding Employment and Education of Children." It is one of several pamphlets published in the last few months by the manufacturers dealing with the public schools, with children in the public schools, and with children in factories. These pamphlets give evidence of much research into educational theory and into statistical problems such as the number of children in the schools and their distribution, the number of children in industry, and the trend of child labor. They include a statement of the manufacturers' conclusions as to the value of the public school and the program which the association will attempt to embody in legislation for the "further protection of employed children."

The chairman of the committee is Howell Cheney of Cheney Brothers, Connecticut silk manufacturers. It is an aggressive committee backed by the national organization and ultimately by the vast capital of the manufacturers throughout the country. It is spending time and money in collecting facts, compiling statistics, and, to quote it, "charting the field of public education." For it is a committee with an avowedly double purpose—a junior education committee and a junior employment committee. Its concern is with the schools and with the factories: with the schools because they are the gathering places of the millions of children of the nation—potential workers; with the factories, because they are the destination toward which the manufacturers hope to see the children move.

One of the pamphlets published by the manufacturers is called "Facts About Child Labor as Shown by Actual Government Statistics." It contains a series of finely executed charts, based on census reports, by the chief statistician of Cheney Brothers and an article entitled What the Charts Reveal by Howell Cheney himself. Two of the charts deal with The Trend of Child Labor and demonstrate, as we would unhappily expect, the general increase in numbers of working children from 1880 to 1910. But between 1910 and 1920 we find the number of child laborers, as shown by the figures and the charts, cut in half. In North Carolina, for example, child labor is shown to have dropped from 45.9 to 16.6 in ten years. Unfortunately Howell Cheney's chief statistician must have omitted to turn the page of the census volume from which he got his facts, for preceding the figures for 1920 (Vol. 4, p. 475), the census itself warns the reader regarding the interpretation of its own figures:

> To the extent that this decrease relates to children, it is believed to have resulted primarily from the change of the census date, from a difference in the basis of enumeration, and from increased legal restrictions against child labor. . . . The change of the census date from a very busy farming season in 1910 (April 15) to a very dull farming season in 1920 (January 1) undoubtedly resulted in a smaller number of children being returned by the census enumerators in 1920. . . . To a considerable extent the great decrease from 1910 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations, especially in the number engaged in agricultural pursuits, is believed to be *apparent* only. . . . The decrease between 1910 and 1920 in the number of children engaged in gainful occupations *doubtless* resulted to some extent from increased legal restrictions against child labor, better compulsory school-attendance laws, and more efficient enforcement of these two classes of laws. For example, the marked decrease from 1910 to 1920 in the number of children employed as mine and quarry operatives probably was in large measure the result of *increased legal restrictions against such employment.* It is probable also that the greater *popular dis-*

approval of child labor decreased the tendency to employ children. [Italics mine.]

Of these same census figures the Children's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor says:

> In the first place most of this decrease is apparent rather than real. Most of it (84.5 per cent) is due to the reported decrease of the number of children engaged in farm work—which is directly explicable by the change of the census date since 1910 from April 15, a busy season for farming, to January 1, the dullest possible season. In the second place January, 1920, marked a period of general industrial depression. . . . And in the third place, in January, 1920, the Federal Child Labor Tax Law was still in effect.

This then is what the charts chiefly reveal: the practical way in which the National Association of Manufacturers deals with statistics. There is "greater popular disapproval of child labor." Therefore lessen the odium attached to employers of child labor by appearing to reduce the number of children employed; use census figures, but carefully avoid looking at the census page that urges caution in their use; compile elaborate charts on these same census statistics, then draw the conclusions you wish; publish the conclusions and circulate them widely. The manufacturers do not count money in this cause, and the public is too busy and careless to study colored charts and go back of government statistics.

If this is the way the National Association of Manufacturers uses figures in the face of official warning, what shall we think of their conclusion that the schools are wasteful and ineffective and the factories desirable training places for children? In a speech in Chattanooga before the convention of the National Association, Howell Cheney severely criticized the public schools for their defects and challenged the school authorities in these words, as reported in the New York *Times* of October 28:

> Why can't you come into the factories, work with us on the construction of curricula, define the conditions of a progressive training which entitles employers to *use the labor of children,* and carry this mass forward with a creative ideal of accomplishment in place of the ideals of idleness which you are instilling today? [Italics mine.]

To use the labor of children—there is the explanation of all this elaborate propaganda. The National Association of Manufacturers employs a staff of statisticians to make and chart researches in the public schools with the object of demonstrating the superiority of the factories. They assert (I quote from "Answers to Thirteen Leading Questions"):

> 1. Industrial employment does not cause physical or mental slowing-up.
> 2. Increased schooling does not increase earning capacity for the large majority.
> 3. Employment in industry does not cause either moral delinquency or mental or physical degeneration.

An entire pamphlet is given over to an elaborate analysis of school mortality, school attendance, length of school term, cost of education per capita, State wealth and expenditure for education, and a number of other questions of vital interest to school authorities and to the public. But again the statistician, in composing his charts and tables, uses without correction the misleading census figures of 1920, and so what might be interesting conclusions are vitiated. In the text accompanying the charts Howell Cheney accuses educators of being "far more concerned with seeking new fields of public education than in making good past losses." Above all, he opposes "the rapid and enormous extension of the field of public education" and makes frequent references to "the enormous burden of taxation." By clear implication he suggests that the States are paying too much to educate their children and that the factories could educate them cheaper and better. In the Chattanooga speech, mentioned above, he put it in these words: "Here [referring to the factories] is an educational power that is at your command and without the investment of a single cent." This is dangerous doctrine in a democracy which must take its own quality from the quality of its growing citizens; and it is a sinister argument from manufacturers who have factories to fill with cheap child labor. No wonder the workers for child welfare feel that a danger long threatening the community has taken a more ominous form. No more daring assault on public education has ever been attempted.

On the basis of these studies the National Association of Manufacturers has drawn up its "National Education and Employment Program" which it is pressing for adoption through its State associations. Many of the regulations embodied in the program would prove helpful in States lacking minimum provisions for the protection of children. In the progressive States these same regulations would often mean a serious backward step. For example one of the provisions would limit working hours not to exceed 48 per week, with a prohibition of night work before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m. Of the entire program the Children's Bureau at Washington has in part this to say:

> In many States the putting into effect of this program would mean a lowering of standards rather than further protection. Seven States have a higher minimum age than fourteen; the sixth-grade educational requirement advocated is below that now in effect in sixteen States; the eight-hour day now in force in thirty-seven States is not included, and the night-work standard permitting work until 9 p. m. is lower than that in thirty-five States.

If the manufacturers called their program a measure "for the further protection of employed children in backward States" there would be less reason for criticism or apprehension. But this is a national program. Presumably it includes the important industrial States, most of which already have better laws than those proposed. New York, for example, has a definite eight-hour day and a 44-hour week. But New York is apparently not to be omitted in the manufacturers' campaign. On December 12 a short notice in the New York *Times* contained the information that "John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, has requested the New York State Manufacturers' Association to consider the program of its Committee on Junior Education and Employment with a view to its application locally." Similar "requests" were, according to the National Manufacturers' Association, sent to the State associations in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Virginia, in each of which the legislature meets this year. That the association guarded itself by suggesting that the program "be considered in the light of existing educational and economic conditions of the particular States" does not eliminate the danger to standards which have been laboriously achieved, usually in the face of bitter opposition on the part of the organized manufacturers.

An article in the *Survey* for October 15, by Wiley H. Swift of the National Child Labor Committee, discusses this program of the Manufacturers' Association in terms of general approval. Nevertheless, he says:

> Many will question what its effect will be in those States which already have or wish to enact standards higher than those of the Manufacturers' Association. Does the association regard its program as embodying the *maximum* standards for child protection beyond which opposition will be forthcoming or the *minimum* which the welfare of children demands? The former would constitute the greatest challenge to child-labor efforts since the days of child exploitation in coal mines and cotton mills.

By pressing the association's program in New York, Mr. Edgerton has put the issue squarely: Are the manufacturers attempting to improve the lot of working children in the States which lack such minimum measures of protection, or are they planning to drag down existing standards in the States which have adopted progressive laws? Who are being "further protected"—the children or the manufacturers?

The New Indian Constitution

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

IF any party has been conspicuously sympathetic to the growth of nationalism in India and to the satisfaction of that spirit it is the Labor Party, and there is therefore a grim disappointment in the present division of opinion between the party and the spokesmen of Indian nationalism. I have been reading some American accounts of the matter, and as in none of them thus far do I detect an understanding of the real points of difference I hope that an explanation of them may be welcome and useful.

Most of these accounts proceed upon familiar anti-British lines. Great Britain is crooked and self-seeking in all its ways, and its proposals regarding the Indian inquiry which has now been set up assert once more the offensive superiority complex of Englishmen; the Indians are therefore quite right in refusing to cooperate in the present plans of the British Government. So run the argument and the tale. Whoever has been inside the deliberations and the negotiations of the Labor Party knows that, so far as it is concerned, this is nothing but a travesty of the facts. I can go further than that. When the Prime Minister made his first announcement of the intention of the Government to set up this commission and so begin the inquiry into the Indian constitution, he did so in words that conveyed the maximum of suspicion and the minimum of confidence. But his proposal of itself was good, and that is why the Labor Party has striven to disentangle the Baldwin statement from the government proposal and get the latter impartially presented to the Indian people.

When Labor was in office, in 1924, some thought was given as to how to appoint the committee of inquiry into the Indian constitution which had to be set up under the act carrying out the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. The old-fashioned mid-Victorian method of a royal commission was seen to be the least satisfactory if one had any regard for Indian liberty and self-respect. No Indian body would have selected the Indian representatives and, though certain views are so well organized in India that they would have to be represented, the manipulation of the commission would have been easy at the worst and it would have been the creation of a bureaucracy at the best. It is most surprising that today Indian leaders, some of whom have been advocating a boycott of everything British, and others who have been emphasizing the authority of the Indian legislature as a representative body of Indian opinions, should complain because the Indian part of the inquiry is not to be conducted by Indians selected and appointed by a British bureaucracy reigning in Whitehall, but by a committee appointed by the non-official and elected members of the Indian legislature.

The natural position would have been that if a royal commission had been selected by us here, Indians would have regarded it as such an insult to the Indian legislature that they would have refused to serve on the commission and would have boycotted a body which owed nothing in its creation to India itself. That would have been intelligible, and the strange irrationality and inconsistency of vociferous Indian opinion causes no little wonder here. It is a most important fact that no Indian champion here of any importance or with any parliamentary or administrative experience or capacity is supporting the Indian demand for a royal commission. Everyone in this class of administrators instinctively thinks of the Indian Parliament as the representative of Indian opinion, especially, as is proposed, when no official or non-elected member shall take part in the business. When one brushes aside the many obvious misstatements and misunderstandings that are embodied in the various manifestos and declarations that have come from India regarding the mind and intention of Parliament, and tries to get at the principle upon which objection is based, one has to admit that it is really the emanation of a political mind that has been untouched by new ideas for a generation. A royal commission is the antiquated form of India Office control criticizing itself through a body of men whose majority report is secured and who can ease the minds of dissenting minorities by allowing them to put in as many valueless minority reports as their hearts desire. When the commission is taking evidence the minorities will use their examining privileges for propaganda and, afterward, employ their reporting powers for popularity. The whole method belongs to the days of talk and pointless discussions. The history of royal commissions is just such a history, and because some of us want action we had turned from the discredited method of royal commission—even before the Government made its announcement.

On a superficial view it seems as though that precious quality or equality is better secured by a royal commission than by the method that has been adopted. The Indian member of a commission sits on terms of equality with his colleagues and discusses points with them, and had that means been adopted Indians would undoubtedly have sat upon it. The parliamentary device adopted does appear to be faulty in this respect, but that is solely owing to one of

the habitual blunders of which the Prime Minister is guilty. There are to be two committees, one appointed by us here and the other by the Indian legislature, and the question of equality arises only as regards the relations between the two committees. For the moment there cannot be constitutional equality because, whatever the new India constitutional act is to be, it is this Parliament of ours that must pass it. Everything has been done, however, to render that constitutional inequality (which would be even more emphatic had we to deal with the reports of a royal commission) innocuous. Critics of the scheme forget at this point what it is. This commission which we are now discussing is not to produce the constitutional act, it is only to report to Parliament the results of its inquiries. That will take two years, and then the report will be referred by the new Parliament to a joint committee of the Lords and Commons who, possessed of the report and all that is said in India about it, and with the representatives of the Indian legislature acting with them, will proceed to produce the instrument that is to give India its new constitution. This second stage, by far the most important, has had curiously little attention paid to it. In fact the complete scheme has been lost sight of in a rush of not very substantial condemnation.

The only question that need concern those who are approaching the problem of how to redraft the Indian constitution is the one that has been giving the Labor Party much concern—what is to be the relation between the committees representing the British and Indian parliaments? Unfortunately, upon this the Indians have given us no guidance. A political policy of boycott is like swear language. It shows poverty of resource whatever else it may express. The Labor Party, however, has been trying to get a declaration from the Government (or from the chairman of the commission which will have to settle the details of the matter) that in two essential respects equality will be the spirit. The first is that in inquiry and consideration of evidence from stage to stage the two bodies will have full consultations and exchanges of views; the second that, in the examination of representative witnesses, the two bodies may sit together. The Indian committee would present a report to its legislature as ours presents its report to us, and the former, properly discussed in India, would then be brought for the joint discussions in the second stage here.

When the full scheme is considered the injustice of much of the criticism directed against it will be seen. It is a pity that so many Indians condemned it before it was, in point of time, possible for them to have become familiar with its scope and machinery. We know here how statements of old truths are prejudiced by new forms, but it is a disappointing experience to find that so many Indian leaders let go their grip of the bone in order to snap at the shadow. The idea underlying the Labor Party's handling of this Indian constitutional problem is that it is a matter of very little concern for the bureaucracy but of much concern for the parliaments, and the reason why we have come to our decisions is that we are sympathetic to Indian nationalism and believe in representative democracy. In any event, no accusation against the good faith of the country can be justly based upon new machinery set up to pursue this inquiry.

Americans We Like

President Neilson of Smith College

By JOHN S. P. TATLOCK

The Ninth in a Series of Personality Portraits

THERE are liberals and liberals. There is the sectarian liberal, as John Stuart Mill might call him, who heedlessly follows his own crowd and accepts every novelty which comes stamped Made in Liberia. There is the restless liberal or radical, who rolls from side to side like Dante's sick woman, seeking comfort and finding none. These are not the true liberals, for their choices are not free. And there are the liberals like Mill's countryman President Neilson, who are sold neither to things as they are nor to change for its own sake, but in this fast-changing world are alert toward salutary adaptations in their part of it, and who combine sympathy with a zeal for justice.

A Scot, with the traditions of the most distinguished of the Scottish universities, no one was ever more eager than he to throw himself into the interests of his adopted country and its college education. Though he came with the philosophical and critical leanings of his intellectual countrymen, when he went into advanced study of English at Harvard he chose the exact philological side of it in which the most distinguished instruction was found then, and proved that philology does not kill but only disciplines criticism. In calling him to Bryn Mawr, President M. Carey Thomas showed her usual uncanny ability in picking out "coming men" and getting their help in making bricks without straw, the task of every college without enough endowment. As professor at Columbia and for longer at Harvard, his great achievement was training teachers of English for the colleges of the country, in which his success was almost equal to Professor Kittredge's; a head of an English department who comes to Harvard shopping for professors is still likely to take one of Mr. Neilson's making. Humane and critical like his teaching, combined with the spirit of historical accuracy which Harvard fosters, was his original scholarly work, culminating in his new text of Shakespeare. To produce a successful revision like the Shakespeare strains every critical nerve and scholarly sinew. In planning his own literary work and in initiating series for cooperative scholarship, he has shown unusual skill in selecting both the technical requirements and the men who could meet them.

Mr. Neilson became president of the largest and almost the oldest of the women's colleges in that most difficult year 1917, and threw himself and Smith College into national service; students were trained as assistants for war-hospital laboratories, for the mental rehabilitation of

soldiers, for the Food Administration, and even in automobile repairing. In the next autumn, to protect them from the influenza infection and to relieve the shortage of labor, students even helped the farmers of the Connecticut valley to get in crops. A far cry from the old idea of the sweet girl graduate! As with some other ably planned war-time schemes, out of this grew a permanent institution, a summer training-school at Smith for college graduates as social workers, in general community service, and in medical and especially psychiatric social work, in which dozens are now annually graduated with a master's degree.

Likewise in his administration Smith began to admit students only by examination and to limit its numbers to two thousand students only, which means picking the intellectually best. The day is past when level-headed college administrators plume themselves on the size of their institutions. Our colleges have not the resources to receive everyone who has a fancy for one or another of the pleasures or advantages of college life; so far as higher education goes, it is all very well to talk about educating our democracy, but with this goes the danger of democratizing our education. Higher education on a dead and low level is a contradiction in terms.

Smith College was founded at a time of incredible skepticism about higher education for women; dangerous and wicked it was called, "abnormal and perilous." And for years in some women's colleges the emphasis was laid on what was called "culture" and "Christian womanhood," rather than on intellectual achievement; this sounded very fine, but often ended merely in the genteel. Artificial piety degenerated into studied charm, and culture served purposes of conversation. The training in art and music which was a feature of this older ideal President Neilson has retained and promoted, on the sure and certain ground that the great defect of our education today, higher and lower, is that it is too purely bookish and mental, and neglects the eye and hand. But he has made very sure that this art and music are on a vigorous and scholarly basis. The same broad combination of scholarship and "humanism" shows in one of his most original devices; certain picked students of French are sent to Paris for their junior year, to attend lectures in one of the higher institutions and to see French civilization with their own eyes, returning to Smith for their final year. Again, even in his inaugural address he came out boldly for a liberal and progressive attitude toward the ancient classics. He frankly recognized that a mastery of the Greek and Latin languages is gone forever except with a select few, yet he recognized more ardently the permanent value of those literatures, more and more needed for a high and strenuous ideal as the world grows away from a purely Hebraic ideal. He branded the "linguistic fanaticism" of professors of classics, who have insisted "that no one shall enter these fair domains save through the one door of language," who indeed in the past have hung themselves and their interests with their own rope. The classics can be saved to modern culture by giving a broad knowledge of their chief writers through translations in the time that would give only a smattering of the languages. If we have always learned the Bible in that way, why not Plato and Cicero? The vivid intellectual curiosity which is the motive-power of youth and the chief reason for higher education must not be balked by putting up any needless bars. Nor by hurrying along a beaten track past inviting openings. Mr. Neilson was one of the first and most successful in introducing the most important college innovation of the last generation, the honors course. Students in the upper classes who are exceptional in ability and ambition are released from routine requirements, and under such guidance as they need from members of the faculty are turned loose to grasp for themselves the essentials of their chosen subject, to follow their own curiosity.

The tendency of Smith College, so far as its president can determine things, is to lay stress on the solid, the genuine, the calm. The feverishness of the war and post-war years has abated, but young women are still prone to be restless and superficial. Smith has limited to very few in each year the week-ends in which a student may be absent from the college. The motor-car is a serious problem in most colleges. It produces much aimless and often dangerous rushing about. Mr. Neilson has met the problem by prohibiting the private motor-car except for good students at the end of the senior year. The greatest duty of our colleges is to promote that side of rounded perfection which the extremes of the day neglect. A man of hair-trigger wit and vivid personality can afford to preach the power of quiet and even of that ideal so strange to us moderns, the contemplative life.

The only way to produce a perfect college president, said one who ought to know, is to improve the breed of archangels. With all his intellectual and humane ideality, he must be a shrewd man of affairs. Institutions of learning are necessarily economic parasites, dependent on the great power of the day; they produce no wealth, but as for consuming it, the daughters of the horse-leech are abstemious in comparison. In the Middle Ages universities depended on the church, in earlier modern times on politics. Today no one will deny that the great power is business, and on the wealth produced by business our institutions of learning depend for the vast expense of education and research. Happily large-minded men of affairs as a rule recognize that they must leave these institutions free to tell the truth as they see it, and are ready to contribute to this desirable end. Mr. Neilson has many warm friendships among such men, as among all kinds of people. His success in what the old theologians would have called the carnal side of college administration was proved just after the war, when the surprising sum of four million dollars was raised for the college.

When all is said and done, his greatest strength is with the personnel of his institution. It is none too easy for a college head whose long-standing associations have been very different to attain a spirit of comradeship with a lot of American young women; but a lecturer from another institution well remembered an evening at this president's house with scores of students sitting about on the floor while the president read Burns to them. He stands loyally by his professors even when an occasional lapse of worldly wisdom on their part may produce a flurry; he merely protects the college by stating the simple facts if called for, which is the best method of sending sensation-mongers about their business. He realizes the faculty makes the college what it is, and that the chief problem of a college executive is the personnel problem; but he realizes also that his older colleagues will do their best work if he respects their judgment and does not wish younger coworkers on them against their will.

No man ever liked people more warmly, not so much

y conviction as by nature. When he arrived in New England, an inexperienced young stranger from Canada and Scotland, he found at first the emotionless faces, the unseeing eyes, the cool brief replies with which we New Englanders often welcome the stranger. "Some of the new students from the West," he used to say, "complain of the coldness of the Harvard climate. I don't put up with it, I just go up and talk to people; I don't find them standoffish." He is interested in politics, and still more in international relations. He takes part in causes and movements throughout the country which look toward peace and justice and help for the underdog. But humanity for him is not a summa total or an abstraction, rather this and that human being whom he knows.

Smith College is happily situated in a smallish place where the college people can set the standard; and its president by his sincerity, insight, and humanity is making a college which every student may leave with as much in her mental bucket as it will take. Distractions are removed up to the point where liberty would be infringed, and stimulus is offered to sail out through the Pillars of Hercules with Bacon's motto: *Plus Ultra*—More Beyond.

In the Driftway

IN WRITING last week of the Fishermen's Cup races between the New England and Nova Scotia fleets, the Drifter suggested that an ocean contest over a longer distance would be better fun and less provocative of wrangling than the competition as it has been over a short, buoyed course inshore. The Drifter had been reading an account in the *Sportsman* of England of the recent Fastnet race, and could not help wishing for something like that as a test of the Down East fishing fleet and its able sailors. The Fastnet race has barely weathered its third season, having been initiated in 1925, but it has already established itself as a tip-top trial of seagoing craft and crews. Last summer's contest was a slang-whanger; only two out of fifteen starters finished.

* * * * *

ONE of the two was La Goleta, an American entry. Indeed this sturdy schooner of thirty tons was the first to sail over the finish line, and would have won but for having to give five hours' time allowance to Tally Ho, a splendidly staunch cutter slightly smaller in size. La Goleta was built in England just before the race for Ralph St. L. Peverley, an American business man, who sailed her with a crew made up mostly of his countrymen. La Goleta entered the race without any tuning-up or seasoning. In the wild weather encountered, her decks leaked and she was an uncomfortable vixen below, but she won the affections of her crew because of her seaworthiness and sailing abilities. Besides La Goleta there was one other American contestant, Nicanor, a thirty-six-ton schooner which was sailed across the Atlantic for the race by a Harvard University crew. She had to give up the Fastnet competition when a gaff snapped in the Irish Sea.

* * * * *

THE course for the race was from the Isle of Wight through the English channel and across the Irish Sea to the Fastnet light, on a pile of rocks off the southerly shores of Ireland; thence back to the harbor of Plymouth. There was little wind when the yachts got away on August 13, last, and in the first three days they covered only about 200 of the 615 miles of the race. Then, when most of the craft were off Eddystone Light, a breeze began to pipe and the glass began to fall. Before night a gale had come roistering out of the west, which compelled La Goleta to heave to under a reefed foresail. Seven of the fifteen yachts were so buffeted that they ran for nearby English ports and gave up the race. Most of the others except La Goleta sought temporary shelter. Even La Goleta was started toward Falmouth; then a council was called. As Alfred F. Loomis, son of Charles Battell Loomis, tells the story in the *Sportsman:*

> On deck there was discussion and then agreement. In America, perhaps, we could run for port because the sea was high—but what would the English say? What, in fact, did Boyd say? He said it would look bad to put in. What did McOnie say? In his Scottish burr he agreed with Boyd. What did all of us say? That in an ocean race we mustn't avail ourselves of shelter merely because shelter happened to be available.

* * * * *

SO La Goleta hove to and rode out the gale off the Lizard. Next day she got under way again but rains and tempests pounded her all the way across the Irish Sea to Fastnet. Nor was the return trip to Plymouth much better. For a few short hours the sun shone and there was a glorious breeze.

> The topsail was set, and the balloon fisherman, and the reaching jib, and then La Goleta began to travel. Who, we asked one another, had said that ocean racing was a virulent form of idiocy? It was, in point of fact, the most glorious of sports. Log turning nine and then ten knots, and for one hour when it underwent a spasm of joyous delirium, eleven and a quarter knots!

* * * * *

BUT this was not to last. It came on to blow again, gale strength, and that night sail had to come in. Skipper Peverley, taking the wheel, undertook to hold La Goleta dead before the wind while the crew doused the reaching jib. Mr. Loomis writes:

> When at last the word came to furl the jib, I confess that for me, at least, the race had reached its zero hour. Boyd and I made protesting Rawle tie a line under his arms, and as he lurched out along the bowsprit and I wrapped my legs around its middle, I thought of the two major possibilities. If Peverley, steering a gambler's course, let her yaw half a point too much to leeward, he would jibe and take the sticks out of La Goleta. If she got away from him in the other direction when there was no headsail on her, she would come on the wind like a bat out of hell, plunge into green water, and perhaps sweep Rawle, Boyd, and me into the night.
>
> But there was little time for such gloomy reflections. "Down jib!" I called. Boyd let go the halyard and passed the word. Mac, awash in the lee scuppers, loosed the sheet, and the sail went flying, dissipating its strength in resonant shaking. Down it flopped and in it came—Boyd least secure of all of us as he staggered about on deck receiving the sail as Rawle unhanked it—and in less than three minutes we were back on board again. The jumbo went up, two men to the halyards, and the zero hour was past.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Only a Human

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Heading your correspondence column in a recent issue was a sentimental letter titled Only Dogs. The physiologists at Western Reserve University (who published the record of Dog No. 1137, quoted in part by your Vermont correspondent) have been experimenting for many, many years in an endeavor to find a cure, a remedy, or any aid in the identification and treatment of the as yet incurable Addison's disease, which results from a deficient functioning of the adrenal glands. My father, it happens, has an advanced case of Addison's disease. From recent developments in the Western Reserve physiological laboratories it may be inferred that a solution is close at hand. My father is still living. Dog No. 1137 furnished details which are giving us hope that all will be well. Dr. Julius M. Rogoff has developed in the Western Reserve laboratory a fluid which, hypodermically injected into adrenalectonized dogs, prolongs life considerably. If this fluid can be purified enough to inject into humans without harming them (as it would do now, since it is not protein-free) my father is due for a long life, but this is a hope which can only be strengthened by such little martyrs as Dog No. 1137. True, she was only a dog—but my father is only a human.

Chicago, December 1 Michael Irving

Rabindranath Tagore Says:

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I came to know from the advertising columns of your paper that Miss Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" has been lauded by Arnold Bennett as "a shocking book, in the honorable sense." Unfortunately, for obvious reasons, there is a widely prevalent wish among the race that rules India to believe any detraction that may bring discredit upon India, and consequently the kind of shocks that Miss Mayo has manufactured offers them a delicious luxury of indignation. The numerous lies mixed with facts that have been dextrously manipulated by her for the production of these shocks are daily being exposed in our journals; but these will never reach the circle of readers which it is easy for Miss Mayo to delude. Along with other Eastern victims of lying propaganda we in India also must defenselessly suffer mud-besmearing from unscrupulous literature; for your writers have their machinery of publicity which is cruelly efficient for raining slanders from a region usually unapproachable by us, shattering our fair name in an appallingly wholesale manner.

I happen to be one of those whom the writer has specially honored with her attention and selected as a target for her midnight raid. Difficult though it is for me completely to defend myself from such a widespread range of mischief, I must try through your organ to reach the ears of at least some of my friends who are on the other side of the Atlantic and have, I hope, the chivalry to suspend their judgment about the veracity of these shocking statements, made by a casual tourist against a whole people, before lightly believing them to be honorable.

For my own defense, I shall use the following extract from a paper written by Mr. Natarajan, one of the most fearless critics of our social evils. He has incidentally dealt with the incriminating allegation against me deliberately concocted by Miss Mayo out of a few sentences from my contribution to Keyserling's "Book of Marriage"—cleverly burgling away their true meaning and shaping them into an utterly false testimony for her own nefarious purpose. Mr. Natarajan writes as follows:

> Tagore sets forth his own ideal of marriage in five long pages at the end of his paper (Keyserling, pp. 117 et seq.). "Let me," he says, "as an individual Indian, offer in conclusion my own personal contribution to the discussion of the marriage question generally." He holds that the marriage system all over the world—and not only in India—from the earliest ages till now, is a barrier in the way of the true union of man and woman, which is possible only when "society shall be able to offer a large field for the creative work of women's special faculty, without detracting the creative work in the home."
>
> If Miss Katherine Mayo was not a purblind propagandist but an honest inquirer, and if she had not the patience to read Tagore's essay, she might have asked any one in Calcutta what the age of marriage of girls is in Tagore's own family. That she was determined to discredit the poet is evident.

Let me ask some of your readers to read my paper on Hindu marriage in Keyserling's book and challenge, in fairness to me, Miss Mayo to prove that it was my own opinion, as she asserts, that child marriage is "a flower of the sublimated spirit, a conquest over sexuality and materialism won by exalted intellect for the eugenic uplift of the race," implying "the conviction, simply, that Indian women must be securely bound and delivered before their womanhood is upon them, if they are to be kept in hand."

Let me in conclusion draw the attention of your readers to another amazing piece of false statement in which she introduces me, with a sneer, as a defender of the "Aruvedic" system of medicine against Western medical science. Let her prove this libel if she can.

There are other numerous witnesses who, like myself, if they find their access to the Western readers, will be able to place their complaints before them, informing them how their views have been misinterpreted, their words mutilated, and facts tortured into a deformity which is worse than untruth.

Rabindranath Tagore

Santiniketan, India, November 9, 1927

For Prisoners in Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his cable from Moscow to the *Times* of November 12, 1927, describing the tenth anniversary of the Soviet regime, Mr. Walter Duranty informed his readers that on the subject of political freedom the Communist Government remains adamant. The spokesman for the Government, Mr. Bukharin, told the representatives of the foreign labor delegations, "that to accord liberty of speech or the press to adversaries of the Soviet regime was simply playing into the hands of enemies without a compensating advantage. Regarding imprisonment Bukharin was equally categorical."

The Socialist prisoners, ten years after the revolution which was to usher in liberty for all the people of Russia, are struggling against great odds. If liberty means anything to you you will help us feed these brave warriors. Every dollar will buy a week's food for a torch-bearer of liberty. Every dollar from America will be a token of friendship and so break the isolation of the prison. Make checks payable to the Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia and mail to Mrs. Fredericka Baranoff, 9 West 110th Street, New York City.

New York, December 6 Manya Gordon Strunsky

Gifford Pinchot
on
The Boulder Dam Controversy
in an early issue of *The Nation*

Books, Music, Art

Announcement of Night

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

East the stones burn with sunset,
the wind thuds like a distant locomotive,
and the darkness joins together
like the folding of a robe.

Homeward the sun goes from his pasture;
no longer the bees loiter at the inn-flowers;
light passes from the cliffs which by day
were like the bared teeth of contented laughter.

Running night preys from the East.
Heavier is the sound of the wind and it moves
like one dragging rivers up and down.

The lover holds toward the twilight the face of his beloved
like a lapidary with a shaped jewel.

Beyond Life

Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE accidents of time and circumstance have played strange tricks with the soul of Eugene O'Neill. That he should have shipped himself to sea and fancied he might find in some unfamiliar latitude a land where life would answer to the needs of his spirit was perhaps inevitable as a stage in his development, since youth, mistaking inquietude of mind for restlessness of body, must always find out for itself the truth of the proverb "Coelum, non animum mutant," etc.; and by the time he had come to write "Beyond the Horizon" he had evidently come himself to realize that the longing for far countries is but a symptom of a different longing which no country is far enough to satisfy. But that we should ever have thought him, or that he should ever have thought himself, a realist is an error of a more unnatural and monstrous sort for which only the prevailing atmosphere of our time can account. Growing up with a generation which expressed the disgust it felt for the tame compromise of its elders by a naturalistic revolt, he accepted its general direction and seemed to fancy he might express his reaction to life in naturalistic terms when, as a matter of fact, the tendency of his mind was toward a mysticism no less foreign to the realism of his contemporaries than to the romanticism of his father's generation.

Since he has actually enriched our dramatic literature with several realistic plays which are quite the best things of their kind America has produced, it would hardly be accurate to call his efforts in this direction unfortunate; but they did represent, so far as his own development was concerned, no more than progress up a blind alley, and it has become more and more clear that he approaches nearer and nearer to his own spiritual center as he puts the methods of his contemporaries further and further behind him. The various odd dramaturgic devices which he has employed—the expressionism of "The Hairy Ape," the masks of "The Great God Brown," and the voluminous "asides" of the as yet unpublished "Strange Interlude"—are symptoms of his impatience with the limitations of the realistic method, and in "Lazarus Laughed" he has, for the first time, entirely abandoned it in order to create for himself a form dictated wholly from within instead of one which represents merely an effort at adaptation.

This form, that of a "mythological" drama in four acts, has an obvious relation to the form of Greek tragedy—the chorus and the masks are prominent features—but it is no less obviously not a mere imitation of the method of Æschylus and Sophocles since, far from slavishly following such a method, it departs from tradition wherever tradition would cramp expression and since it is also quite clearly adapted to modern methods of spectacular production. The result is that Mr. O'Neill seems to move here more easily and more freely than in any of his other full-length plays because he seems to find fitter occasion to say what he has to say. That gauche violence which shocks one again and again in his finest scenes is gone and it is gone, one realizes, because it was the violence of a man baffled by the fundamental ineptitude of the medium through which he was trying to express himself.

According to the fable of the play Lazarus returns from death with the fear of death gone from him and can laugh as no man ever laughed before because no man before ever knew as he knows that death is an illusion. All men know that life goes on when the individual dies, that if men are ephemeral yet Man endures, but Lazarus alone, through his experience with extinction, has learned how to accept and digest that fact. What is mere words to others has become real to him, and whenever he is present people catch his gladness though only this presence can transform a formula into a faith; and when Tiberius burns him in an amphitheater the meaning fades from his words the moment that he, the only man who can witness their truth, ceases to be.

Now this central idea is one which appears again and again in modern religions, and it is one which Mr. O'Neill has struggled to express in more than one previous play. It is the heart of Cybel's speech: "Always spring comes again bringing life again. Spring again! Life again! Summer and fall and death and peace again" in "The Great God Brown," and it furnishes the theme for the rather jejunely romantic play "The Fountain." But like all mystical formulae it seems now to mean everything and now to mean nothing because the importance which it can be made to assume depends not upon the intellectual clarity with which it is perceived but upon the emotional significance which it can be made to have. Mr. O'Neill has symbolized this fact in the present play by making the formula meaningless except in the presence of Lazarus himself, and it is effective here as it was not in the other two plays because the author has succeeded in conveying an emotional ardor whereas, in the previous instances, he merely stated a thesis. Here the whole play is built around what was before only a gloss written upon the margin of a tale, and here the idea takes on a vitality which it never had before. The play may be for us what its hero is to its other characters, it may be, that is to say, only the effective cause of an illusion; so that when the book is closed or the drama finished the words of its formula become mere words again—but that formula is so effectively bodied forth that it seems true as long as the play endures, and it is meaningful within the framework of the action however little we as individuals may be able to carry it beyond these limits.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Portrait of a Militarist

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. His Life and Diaries. By Major General Sir C. E. Callwell. With Preface by Marshal Foch. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

IF we were to take Sir Henry Wilson's "Diaries" at their face value we would believe that he had a very sorry time during the World War. Nearly every entry contains complaints and curses. The Cabinet would not follow his advice; the French

were doing this foolish thing, the Italians that; and as for the Irish and the Bolsheviks—the note is, of course, familiar to any reader of recent military memoirs.

It does not, however, evoke any sympathetic response, for it is quite clear that the World War was a picnic for Sir Henry. It was the crowning-point of his whole career; *der Tag*, for which he had prepared as earnestly as any German. In 1914 he was fearful lest the Liberal Government should render his work fruitless by remaining neutral. He rallied his friends of the Opposition to bring all pressure to bear. His object attained, and the word given, the Expeditionary Force moved across the Channel in accordance with plans carefully laid years before.

From then on he held a series of high positions, mostly on the General Staff. In the last few months of the war he obtained the adoption of his plan for a Supreme War Council, and became the British Military Member of this body. His diaries describe busy days spent in elaborating strategical plans; in innumerable conferences; in constant journeyings between London, Paris, and British Headquarters. That is the way the big Brass-Hats play the war game. Of the actual fighting there is little mention. Sir Henry was as remote from the soldier in the trenches as the Wall Street banker is from the steel puddler whose destiny he controls.

The end of the war and the beginning of the peace negotiations are marked in Wilson's diaries by signs of increasing irritation. There had been bad enough interference by the politicians during the war and now that it was over they wanted to run the show entirely. Their dithering over the peace terms was appalling. Their vacillations over Russia made him furious. Instead of demobilizing the army in order to appease popular clamor he would use it to wipe out the Bolsheviks.

Naturally he fell foul of his American namesake, whom he described as "only a super-Gladstone—and a dangerous visionary at that." The Fiume dispute in April, 1919, provoked this entry: "The Italians have to guard the American Embassy in Rome. All this is due to the miserable frocks [i.e., frockcoats, politicians] who tried to build on a rotten base of small nationalities and of the League of Nations. President Wilson was guilty of a flagrant act in rushing into print and appealing to the Italian people over the head of the Italian Government."

And then there was Ireland. Sir Henry as a loyal servant of the empire had no use for home rule and still less for republican movements. Besides he was an Ulster man with bright orange family traditions. The last year or two before the war his chief anxiety, apart from preparing to deal with Germany, was the threatened Home Rule Act. His contempt for politicians was extreme, but he dabbled in politics himself perhaps more than a soldier should. From his post in the War Office he was, early in 1914, aiding and abetting the Ulster Volunteers. He was in constant touch with the leaders of the Opposition, giving them counsel on the best way to defeat the intentions of the electorate.

Wilson's antagonism to Irish disloyalty grew rather than diminished with the war. In 1920 and 1921 entry after entry in the diary expresses his fury with Lloyd George for not crushing Sinn Fein with a strong hand. The Coalition government was hopelessly weak, he thought, pandering to every subversive movement. Some of us at that time thought Lloyd George reactionary enough, but to the die-hard Wilson he was the Kerensky whose weakness was hastening the ruin of the empire. In July, 1920, he warned Winston Churchill "that if the Government did not govern we should lose everything; that apparently Downing Street's answer to outrage was to build a fortification round the place, whereas they ought to arrest the Council of Action (i.e., the Trade Union Emergency Committee), kick out Krassin and his vile brood, declare martial law in Ireland, and stamp the vermin out."

The treaty which made Ireland a Free State naturally seemed to him shameful beyond words. He sums it up: "The agreement is a complete surrender. . . . The British Empire is doomed." A chance to represent an Ulster constituency in Parliament led to his resignation from the army. At Westminster he joined the die-hard faction in its fight against the Irish treaty. He was also active in organizing in Ulster defenses from the invasion of the Free Staters that he confidently expected. His hatred of Sinn Fein was repaid with interest; in June, 1922, he was assassinated by two ex-members of the I. R. A., a crime more harmful to the cause it was intended to aid than injurious to the one it was intended to weaken.

KEITH HUTCHISON

A Sheltered Son of the Press

Splendor. By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

MR. WILLIAMS courageously discards in this book the fictional conventions applying to daily journalism. His unheroic hero scores no sensational beat as a cub, does no amateur detective work, and uncovers no news which must be suppressed because the central figure is an important advertiser. A plodding New Englander, tilling a corner of what has been called our newspaper poor farm, Henry Beeker's life is the life of a million such plodders, inside and outside the press.

The story, although laid in Boston, is intended to portray the changes which took place in all the urban United States during the period when the frontiers were being pushed farther back and after they were obliterated. It is concerned specially with these changes as they affect transportation and the press, but it moves too placidly to give an adequate notion of the acceleration which came to both of them. Henry Beeker begins as an office boy for the Boston *Tribune*, serves for a while in the "Morgue," or reference department, and becomes successively reporter, bicycle editor, copy reader, State House reporter, Sunday make-up man, and copy editor of business-office promotion matter. Then he completes the cycle, an aging man, back in the "Morgue." Certainly not a successful man, neither is he a conspicuous failure. His children are successfully married, at any rate; and if he has suffered frustrations, made compromises, he has at least lived a far fuller life than his blacksmith father.

Mr. Williams, whose story begins in the seventies and moves up to the present, had an opportunity to picture those changes which came to the press, but did not avail himself of it. Neither has he let us see the effect upon life of a tempted, exposed, and ruthless newspaper career. Henry Beeker is protected consciously, by request, from participation in the exploitation of private suffering; we find him maneuvering time and again to suppress news when his friends and family are concerned. And we emerge from a somewhat syrupy narrative of his domestic and journalistic fortunes only with a consciousness that he has been severely disappointed in the business he chose. When his grown son wishes to enter this work, Beeker advises him sagely:

> A newspaper isn't interested in the fine, normal ways of life. It's only interested in the freaks, the deformities, the abnormalities; and newspaper men are a cynical lot, anyway. . . . I don't suppose there is a profession so well calculated to captivate the imagination of a young man. . . . But as a matter of fact it just permits him to be a looker on, a spectator at the plagues which sweep the world. . . . I've seen a lot of good men in the newspaper business, Dan. . . . But they've all had to compromise, sooner or later. . . . If they've kept their ambitions, they've been as like as not to end in a sanitarium.

One of the characters in this book does indeed end in a madhouse, a fate which lies in wait as frequently for newspaper men, I suppose, as for stockbrokers and clergymen. Nowhere in the 570 pages of "Splendor" could one see it ahead of

Henry Beeker. He had none of the adventurousness, the passion, and the skepticism which make successful reporters, and he had not the reporter's special limitations. He would have followed a humdrum circle wherever Mr. Williams had set him down, meeting his domestic responsibilities manfully, dealing honestly with his fellows, and accomplishing nothing in particular. One does not feel that journalism has cheated him. It has done as well by him as might have been expected of any other business. Thus we miss any adequate realization of what the daily newspaper is doing to thousands of its practitioners, and what they in turn are doing to those around them. The ironic implications in the title of the novel are not fulfilled.

SILAS BENT

An Outline of Christianity

Christianity Past and Present. By Charles Guignebert. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

THE name of Charles Guignebert, professor of the history of Christianity at the Sorbonne, is already well and favorably known to specialists. Next to his older and more picturesque contemporary, Alfred Loisy, probably he occupies the most conspicuous place among Frenchmen today as a critical student of Christianity. This English rendering of one of his most popular books will serve excellently to widen the circle of his friends.

"Christianity Past and Present" is not just one more outline of the history of the Christian church, yet it may be read with full understanding by one who has no previous acquaintance with the subject. There is enough statistical information to insure a sense of reality, but the carrying power of the book lies in the dominant display of the author's own independent judgments. It is primarily a study in interpretation, not an epitome of statistics. Yet we are led along the usual highway followed by previous writers on the history of the church. The familiar scenes are everywhere in evidence. The work of Jesus and of Paul, the rise of an organized Christian society with its emphasis on dogma and discipline, the conflict with the Roman government, the growing power of the papacy, scholasticism, the "Babylonish Captivity," humanism, the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic reformation (often called the Counter Reformation), the Enlightenment, Liberalism, and, finally, the "Triumph of Romanism" are representative subjects treated. These are the old signboards. But the eye of our new guide often catches fresh vistas of landscape, and when the journey is finished one finds that the observations gathered along the way have been woven together into a unified interpretation of the total experience. One cannot follow this line of inquiry, under the direction of a leader who so well knows how to discriminate between the incidental and the essential in historical records, without gaining new insights into the process of Christianity's history and a new conception of its real meaning.

The outlook for the future is, however, distinctly pessimistic. Living in France and concerned primarily with the intellectual element in the history of culture, it was perhaps natural that Professor Guignebert should have halted his story and formulated his retrospect under the shadow of the modernists' defeat within the Roman church. In the rigid subordination of mental freedom to the dogma of papal authority is seen the doom of Romanism; an "unavoidable fatality" weighs down its destiny. Its hearth still glows with smoldering embers, but the fire is expiring and the chill of death has fallen upon it. While Protestantism has escaped the two fatal ills of Romanism—a deadly formal ritual and "clerical psychasthenia"—its future is scarcely more promising. It too is thought to offer little if any prospect of coming to terms with modern ways of thinking. Thus "all religions end, religions which, like living organisms, are born of a need, nourished upon death, die day by day of life, and finally lapse again into the eternal crucible." With these words Professor Guignebert lays down his pen.

If only one could be sure that mankind in future would elect thus consistently to follow the intellectual trail! But this seems not to be the verdict of history. The human quest is far too complex to permit this simplification of the religious issue even for many an individualist, to say nothing of the rank and file of men. The historian of Christianity, or of any other religion, knows only too well the relatively insignificant role played by strictly intellectual interests in the great pageant of religions. Are not the appeal of the mysterious, the momentum of social heritages, the aesthetic values of adornment and ritual, the desire for emotional stimuli to offset human frailties, the idealizing impulse, and like interests altogether too powerfully intrenched in human life to permit the visualization of an early day when even Roman Catholicism with all its antimodernism is likely to lose its popularity? To speak paradoxically, Guignebert's pessimism seems far more optimistic than his study of the past would warrant. Unquestionably he is a reliable historian; as a prophet he is less convincing.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Middle-Aged Philosophy

The Companionate Marriage. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE author of "Companionate Marriage" is convinced through long court experience and wide human contacts that marital happiness is contingent on easier divorce, free dissemination of birth-control knowledge by qualified experts, and greater tolerance and freedom within the marriage relation. He differentiates between family marriage, in which children are to be part of the union, and companionate marriage where children are not to be expected. During the companionate relation the parties entering into the marriage are to be free agents, economically and socially, free to dissolve the union when the relation is no longer satisfactory. To emphasize the reasonableness of the companionate marriage Judge Lindsey claims it already exists, but without sanction of law. He wishes to make such a relationship possible and available for all, poor and rich alike. He wants to abolish "bootleg divorce," and all the hypocrisy and fraud necessary to secure divorce in our country.

Unfortunately Judge Lindsey overstates his case. One can but feel that only literal subjects of the Roman hierarchy need so naive and repetitious a defense of birth control and of what is generally regarded as the modern interpretation of marriage. A suspicion enters and refuses to be downed that the emphasis in this case is on terms rather than on content. Judge Lindsey himself suggests that the book treats of the revolt of the middle-aged. To me there is a disillusioned middle-age flavor to the work that takes it far out of the revolutionary category in which the author places it.

We need no prophets of disillusion in marriage. Deep within people of all ages is a desire for enduring happy relationships, for the peace and harmony that properly mated and adjusted people occasionally find and always grope toward. Birth control and easy divorce are of course not to be questioned, but they are a scant contribution on which to build a new philosophy of marriage. A tolerance that tends to concentrate so largely on the possibility of marital happiness coincidental with extra-marital relationships is middle-aged. It is a makeshift for the next best, it is the acquiescent and conciliatory mood, not the pioneering.

A philosopher of marriage will do more than coin new terms for current practice. He will dig deeper and aim to offer that which may spell the hope of enduring love in a chaotic age.

REBECCA HOURWICH

The Diary of Puritan Boston

Samuel Sewall's Diary. Edited by Mark Van Doren. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

VERY likely a taste for old diaries, like a taste for Gorgonzola cheese, must be acquired; yet it is a taste worth acquiring for it purveys some delightful flavors. To one who likes to poke about, there is a sense of adventure in following the homely entries not unlike that which comes from ransacking an old garret. It is a dusty business but fascinating. Glimpses of out-of-way places, odds and ends of reality saved from oblivion, casual revelations of hearts curiously like our own, daily life stripped bare in its pettiness and its tragedy, a sense of cheating mortality and living in a world long since dead—these are some of the rewards to be got from the bald entries if one reads them lovingly. And if not lovingly, then one would scarcely care to read them at all.

Of all American diaries Sewall's is far the most fascinating in its minute and homely jottings that picture Puritan New England in the days of transition from the old theocracy to a royal colony. It is a faithful account of nearly sixty years of a busy life at the center of New England activities, and its entries reveal not only Samuel Sewall—judge and magistrate and money-lender—as a friend and counselor to all Boston; but more important, they preserve the curious pattern of life, with its jostlings of weddings and funerals, its squabblings and jealousies and heart-burnings, its godliness and grasping thrift, as that pattern was woven in the twilight of primitive Puritanism. Its pages, to be sure, offer no such feast of gossip and scandal, no such comment on great events and picturesque figures, as is spread in the pages of Pepys's diary. Boston was not London, and the pirate hangings on Nob Hill—though the "screech" of the women spectators was heard a mile—are less exciting than the Great Plague or the Great Fire or the coronation of Charles II. Yet the chatty Pepys who recorded these larger happenings was fashioned of the same stuff that went to the making of Samuel Sewall. Both were capable, middle-class Puritans who desired to serve God while filling their purses, and the clash between conscience and self-interest which runs through their pages was the inevitable clash between two hundred pounds of Adam's flesh and the duties taught by an ascetic religion. No doubt their theology was grotesque and their emotional and intellectual life narrow; certainly the Boston of Sewall's day was more notable for pious professions than for a generous social conscience. Middle-class Englishmen were still middle-class Englishmen for all their psalm-singing and meeting-going. Yet they were sound at the core and later Boston magistrates might learn something from Samuel Sewall, whose honest soul could not rest under a wrong done, but must confess publicly his unhappy fault in the witch matter. Here is a passage in somewhat the same vein that suggests the homespun yarn of which his cloth is woven:

> Note, this morn Madam Elisa Bellingham came to our house and upbraided me with setting my hand to pass Mr. Wharton's acco to the Court, where he obtain'd a Judgmt for Eustace's farm. I was wheadled and hector'd into that business, and have all along been uneasy in the remembrance of it: and now there is one come who will not spare to lay load. The Lord take away my filthy garments, and give me change of Rayment. This day I remove poor little Sarah into my Bed-chamber, where about Break of Day Decr. 23. she gives up the Ghost in Nurse Cowell's Arms. Born, Nov. 21. 1694.

The three volumes of the diary, tucked away in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, have been lost to the general reader. There was need of an edition to make it more generally available, and this careful reprint of perhaps a quarter of the whole, retaining the dramatic and illuminating passages, is more than welcome. Mr. Van Doren has done his work with loving care. He has given us an authentic text that carries one back pleasantly into days that a later generation has too carelessly forgotten. The great diary is still worth any one's time to read.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

India Defended

The Hindu View of Life. By S. Radhakrishnan. The Macmillan Company. $2.

PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN appeared in England and America last fall as a defender of his native land. He did not tell us in as many words, but his utterances on the platform and in this book make clear that he felt he had an opportunity to justify India to the world; and he took that opportunity with eloquence. We must confess a sympathy with him. For 130 years Occidentals have been telling India how immeasurably superior our culture is to hers, especially our religion, and it is only right that a Vivekananda or a Radhakrishnan should now and then have a voice on the other side. Would that we had more of them and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers, whose vapid maunderings are even now heard from the mouths of a Mrs. Annie Besant or a Krishnamurti.

The defense Professor Radhakrishnan makes is in many points effective. With a forceful repetition that becomes almost brutal he points out that Hinduism has always been tolerant of all shades of opinion. Let me quote a few sentences.

> It [Hinduism] brought together into one whole all believers in God. . . . Hinduism is wholly free from the strange obsession of the Semitic faiths that the acceptance of a particular religious metaphysic is necessary for salvation, and non-acceptance thereof is a heinous sin meriting eternal punishment in hell. . . . It did not regard it as its mission to convert humanity to any one opinion. . . . Those who love their sects more than truth end by loving themselves more than their sects. . . . Hinduism does not support the sophism that is often alleged that to coerce a man to have the right view is as legitimate as to save one by violence from committing suicide in a fit of delirium. The intolerance of narrow monotheism is written in letters of blood across the history of man from the time when first the tribes of Israel burst into the land of Canaan. . . . The spirit of old Israel is inherited by Christianity and Islam, and it is for you to say whether it would not have been better for the Western civilization if Greece had molded it on this question rather than Palestine.

There is a reverse side of this picture which Professor Radhakrishnan does not make us see. While Hinduism is thoroughly tolerant in regard to the metaphysic of religion, it is the most intolerant faith in the world concerning the social life accompanying religion. Herein Christianity and Islam have an advantage; for they have not developed as a cardinal feature an implacable caste system. The fact is that all three religions are intolerant; they merely happen to be intolerant on different matters.

The rest of the book is given to an apology for the metaphysically indefensible doctrine of Karma (Retribution for the Act in Rebirth) and the biologically and socially indefensible order of caste. His efforts to rationalize these must in the end be adjudged failures, as is the case with all religious rationalization, whether Hindu or Christian. What he finally succeeds in giving is not so much the Hindu view of life as his own confession of faith, and a noble faith it is. The book is evangelistic as well as philosophical; yet it contains so much of the philosopher that anyone ought to be repaid who will read its 130 small pages.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

Autobiographies. By William Butler Yeats. Macmillan.
The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Harcourt, Brace.
The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.
Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. Doran.
The Journal of William Maclay. A. and C. Boni.
Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.
Fire Under the Andes. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Knopf.
The American Caravan. Macaulay.
Cities of the Plain. By Marcel Proust. A. and C. Boni.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.
The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
The Black Douglas. By Donald Douglas. Doran.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright.
The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green. McBride.
The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
The Women of Point Sur. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni & Liveright.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. Doran.
The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.
The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.
Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace.
The Human Body. By Logan Clendening. Knopf.

Books in Brief

Adventuring with Twelve Year Olds. By Leila Stott. Edited by Caroline Pratt. Greenberg, Publisher. $2.

The school hours of a group of twelve-year-olds through the year, described by their teacher at the City and Country School in New York City. The children are shown busy in the shop and the classroom, engaged with toy-making or with the composing of original stories and poems or a dozen other tasks. Through the narrative the idea that school is drudgery is entirely absent from the minds both of teacher and of pupils. The latter are ready and willing to suggest activities for themselves, nor are they at any pains to choose a task because it seems simple—rather the contrary. These children are busy, happy, and engaged in endeavors that in some way express themselves. The preponderance of boys in this particular group—eight to four girls—seems to result in an overemphasis of activities which boys do better, so that, as in a much less conventional school, the girls are frequently reduced to the role of handmaidens. But this is perhaps inevitable. And if activities which are more strictly utilitarian than otherwise are stressed, perhaps that, too, is inevitable in a revolt from the routine of the old classroom, and perhaps, too, it is a fault that may be remedied with time and experience.

Montaigne. By Irene Cooper Willis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A pleasantly readable account of the more obvious ideas of the master essayist. Miss Willis manages to make clear Montaigne's opinions on education, moderation, women, the classics, etc., by a careful and clever use of quotations from his works. There is a very sparing employment of biographical data. The author's moral bias and her affection for Montaigne's moral ideas prevent her from devoting more than a page or two to the magnificent and conscious art of the essays. A useful introduction to an artist who has as yet been accorded no proper critical treatment.

The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas. By Charles Edward Russell. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Thomas, one reads, created the audiences for orchestral music, the orchestras to perform it, and standards of performance. He began by introducing America to Schubert's C major and Unfinished Symphonies, to Mozart's in G minor and E flat, to Haydn's Oxford and Surprise; he ended by introducing it to every modern work of consequence, exhibiting a range of sympathy and interest equaled only by Monteux in our own time. Mr. Russell pays what is, therefore, a deserved tribute to the competence, energy, and personal and artistic integrity of a great pioneer and educator.

Footprints and Echoes. By William H. Crane. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

Mr. Crane's autobiography is neither less nor more distinguished than the reminiscences of most actors. He writes easily and gives a huge amount of theatrical information without taxing the patience or intelligence of his readers too heavily.

Music

Some London Impressions

THERE is always a decided advantage in hearing a conductor on his native heath, because there he is at home with both his audience and his orchestra, and under no special temptation to "impress" either. Hearing Sir Thomas Beecham in this way was therefore a great piece of luck, for the friendly, easy atmosphere of Albert Hall will undoubtedly be lacking when he stands on trial as a guest conductor of the Philadelphia and Philharmonic Orchestras. The result of this trial will doubtless surprise many, as we have heard more about Sir Thomas's eccentricities than about his qualities as a conductor. And yet in seeking to compare these qualities one inevitably turns to Toscanini and Muck. Like the former he has a fabulous memory, never using a score even to accompany. Like both he is equally the master in opera and in symphony. And like both, too, he obtains his musical and orchestral effects through phrase and line and tone color rather than through piling up opaque blocks of sound. The heavy architectural solidity affected by some of our modern conductors to express "depth"—especially in the German classics—are as absent from his Wagner as from his Handel. Yet this plasticity of line and transparency of tone must be as orthodox in the one as in the other, for they were the outstanding features of Muck's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth this past summer, and Muck is the acknowledged guardian of Wagnerian tradition. It is to this classic school then that Beecham essentially belongs. Elegance and refinement and sweep of line rather than crashings and thunderings mark even his most passionate utterance. As for his so-called "eccentricities," they seem very mild indeed after the vigorous "daily dozens" now so much in vogue. Certainly it is refreshing to see a conductor smile occasionally at his concert-master instead of continually shaking his fist in the man's face.

London has also had the advantage over New York of

having had for several seasons now the guitar-playing of Andrés Segovia. As Segovia is soon to make his first American tour one must, in duty bound, tell his new public not to miss him. To tell more than this is a little difficult, because all the superlatives in the dictionary—which he justly deserves—could never give an adequate idea of what he actually achieves. As a man he looks—in spite of being a Spaniard—no little like Franz Schubert. As an artist he is as perfect, as satisfying and as unique as that other artistic unity, The English Singers. His musicianship is equally great and, one suspects, comes first with Segovia. The first half of his London program, for instance, was devoted to Bach; and Bach, under his magical fingers, sounds like the most beautiful playing of a fine harpsichord. On the other hand a little Schubert "Moment Musical" was like a voice to stringed accompaniment. But it is when he comes down to present-day classics, especially in his native music, that he shows the full gamut of his mastery, for then he gets not only actual vocal effects of line and portamento and tonal nuance but even orchestral color. All this he accomplishes with the utmost ease and simplicity. The guitar seems to present for him neither difficulties nor limitations. Not, however, until one hears Andrés Segovia can one comprehend what all this means.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Art

Since Clive Bell

IN his new book, "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting," [1] Mr. Clive Bell maintains that he has not changed his theory of art. In fact his doctrine of the complete separation of Art from Life, of the artist from the social man, appears in the following typically pat paragraph taken from his hilarious discussion of the rise of the camera and the consequent Victorian debacle among the honest academic painters.

"I suggested," he says, "that the gap between art and life has for a century been growing wider and wider because those intermediate activities, half artistic and half useful, those impure arts which lean heavily on life, have been steadily devoured by the machine. The pure, self-conscious, self-critical artist . . . concerned solely with expressing himself through form, perceives intellectually or feels instinctively that the machine's activities and his have, and can have, nothing in common. . . . Machinery has just as little, or as much, to do with pure art as it has to do with love or religion; artists, lovers, and mystics may or may not find motor cars and telephones useful; there the matter ends." Indeed it does—for Mr. Bell.

Now the most fundamental blind spot in Mr. Bell's notoriously agile mind can be discerned through the characteristic grace of this tabloid. A variety of attacks upon his doctrine, upon the isolated aesthetic emotion, upon his trump term "significant form," led notably by Mr. Ivor Richards in England and Mr. Thomas Craven in New York, have all made clear the enormous injustice which Mr. Bell is doing to art in pressing his theory. But no one that I recall has indicated the correlative and preposterous injustice he does to life. And it is his inadequate notion of life which, more than anything else, has led Mr. Bell to alienate and esotericize art.

The astonishing thing is that Mr. Bell denies the ideal artist who expresses himself, who may achieve "pure significant form," a connection with Life (capital L) and hence with the life (small l) which he lives. How Mr. Bell can deny a generic, a causal, or even a representative connection between the personality expressed by the artist and the life he leads is only, and then easily enough, understood if one considers life as humdrum. And it is clear enough that Mr. Bell does really consider modern industrial and social life to consist in humdrummery. The ideal artist is removed from the forces of our age because art has nothing to do with our crass concerns, creeds, and creations; and these are crass because they are not art, which is "significant form." This circular logic recalls Mr. Whistler's Ten O'clock Lecture, delivered in London in 1885; and, to be sure, it was easier then to separate industry and art, by looking at a few facts, than it is now. Anyone can see today that the *pure* artist is quite irrelevant to industrial society, but that this awful society is irrelevant to him, to his personality, or to his art one cannot so easily comprehend.

Young artists with whom I have happened to live, some more and some less "pure," and all "self-conscious," have suffered the effects of the machine city in a variety of ways; but to none of them has it been irrelevant. One reacted to it with a desperate depressive dypsomania and so hung up his art. Another furiously defied it, turned inward, and exploited through form (scarcely "pure") his egocentric misanthropy. Still another was lured from pure art into commercial craft. He has renounced Wagner, D. H. Lawrence, and Vincent Van Gogh, the gods of the previous misanthrope, and is successfully adapting Cézanne to posters. And finally, a fourth— and the most successful—took the daughters of industrial captains to teach in his own studio and by thus capitalizing his friendship for a famous French sculptor paid his rent. That he goes beyond these tricks to expression through form does not divide his personality. The discrepancy, so far as his soul is concerned, between the daughters of industry who pay his rent and the pure art which doesn't is merely financial.

All these young artists have found love in a subway, drunk and eaten out of a tin can, and whistled to the tune in a Victor box. These things, captioned by Mr. Bell under the double header of "motor-cars and telephones," may once have been merely useful; they are now inevitable; they have sunk into our primary essence. The self which the real artist has to express is shaped by these humdrum activities, through interference or connivance with them. It is just this real relation of personality to actuality that the great artist achieves and expresses through form, and it is this which romantics who have failed with expression try to supply when they add titles to frustrated attempts, such as "Love on a Scenic Railway" or "A Paltry Nude Starts on a Spring Voyage."

Furthermore, when Mr. Bell says that the "impure arts which lean heavily on life have been swallowed by the machine," he betrays his confused impression of what goes on, for he implies that the machine has developed a brain. But the machine has only replaced the *whittling* of the hoe-handle which the former artificer also *designed*. The new, gargantuan, Industrial Art is constantly demanding real craftsmen who can conceive the designs for the new buildings, furniture, textiles, draperies, perambulators, pots, and posters. Moreover, the vitality, charm, humor, the "significance" of much design for the machine product is more than noteworthy when compared with the trite, repetitious, and weakly executed design of the modern hand product. Although our mob does rise to the expression of stale personality—The Magazine Cover, The Chesterfield Girl Friend, The Camel Babbitt—this is not great proof that vivid personality, in so far as it can be expressed through the compromise which applied art demands, is not being expressed in our mechanistic art. And for this I call the skyscraper, the costly motor car, the fabric with the motive of the derby hat to witness.

Since Clive Bell bowed gaily to the demise of handicraft, a new art of machine design has excited the anticipation of those who have kept seeing the "significance" in life. And these, artists some of whose names actually appear in "Since Cézanne," and critics whose minds are not so remote as Mr. Bell's, get the kick into and out of modern art because they express and perceive this significance.

HENRY LADD

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International Relations Section

Feminism in Germany

By MARGARET GOLDSMITH

THE feminist movements in Germany and the United States have little in common at their present stage of development. The two feminist organizations in America may have entirely different platforms, they may believe in quite different tactics, and one may be more "radical" than the other, but it is none the less true that both these groups have the same primary interest: women, women's jobs, legislation affecting women as such.

Before the war this attitude held also in Germany among the various *Frauenvereine* and other women's organizations. In those days German women were united by their common fight for suffrage, for the position of women in public affairs. They looked forward to the day when, as members of the Reichstag, women would show a united front, when there would be a group of women in Parliament who would stand firmly together against their male colleagues in the championship of their rights as women.

Now eight years after the drafting of the Weimar Constitution, which says that "men and women have the same rights and responsibilities as citizens" in the republic, it seems evident that it was the common fight which held these women together and not their ideal of feminism itself. "I never see my friends in the suffrage movement any more," an older woman official at the Labor Ministry complained to me. "I suppose what really united us before was the fight itself. And I miss this fight very much," she added. "It was the process of getting suffrage which I really enjoyed, and for some of us the goal was reached too suddenly after the war."

Class-consciousness and class-struggles, inevitable in any new republic, have been more vital to German women since the revolution than their consciousness of sex. The allegiance of the women in the Reichstag to their parties far outweighs their feeling of solidarity with other feminists. One member, a woman who was one of the most ardent and active feminists in Germany before the war, remarked to me recently that "after all politics are neither male nor female. I cast my vote in a way which I hope will serve society as a whole, and I try to be of help to women as much as I can, but they are not my prime consideration."

The party and class-feeling among women in the Reichstag has been so strong that some of the women members hardly know each other personally at all. As a matter of form, and because of their solidarity in the past, most of them nod at each other as they pass in the Reichstag lobby, but many of them have their pet antipathies among the other members of their sex. One prominent member said recently that of course she knew all of the other women—except Frau X, whom she has never even spoken to because "the politics of her party are really too disgusting."

All this is sometimes difficult for us to understand, for we still have certain ideals of sex solidarity. Once an American woman naively gave a luncheon for a number of "prominent" German women, most of them members of the Reichstag. The American hostess thought her guests would all be friendly, if not intimate. As it happened this luncheon took place at a time when the Nationalists and Socialists in the Reichstag were very much at loggerheads. Two of her guests, one a Socialist and one a Nationalist member, disagreed so heartily on every political issue, including questions concerning women, that they had ignored one another for weeks. Two of the others, not in the Reichstag, harbored such an old-time difference about illegitimacy and sex freedom for women that they had not spoken to each other for nearly twenty years. This is a serious article, so I cannot describe that luncheon, but I shall never forget it!

There is, of course, no club or association including all the women members of the Reichstag, and during the nine years since they have been in Parliament there have been relatively few bills which they have sponsored in unison. It is true that they have all voted in favor of certain laws concerning child welfare, such as the bill passed last year prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages to children under sixteen years of age. In contrast to the women of the United States, it is interesting to note that all of the women in the Reichstag are in favor of protective legislation affecting women in industry. This question has never even been discussed in the Reichstag, and except for two or three radical feminists, such as Lyda Gustava Heymann and Anita Augspurg, whose attitude is quite exceptional, there are no longer any women in Germany who sponsor the relinquishment of protective legislation.

As a general rule bills before the Reichstag are voted on by the women according to their party or class-conviction. In 1926 legislation was brought before the House according to which unmarried mothers were to be dismissed from the government service. The bill was eventually passed by the Reichstag, but the preceding debates clearly showed the difference of opinion among the women members. Socialist women were generally opposed to this bill, while the Monarchists and Nationalists were shocked beyond speech at the very thought that the bill might not pass. A prominent woman member of the Democratic Party favored the bill on the ground that if unmarried mothers were *not* dismissed from the government service men might feel even fewer inhibitions, as they would be sure that the state, through the woman's salary, would be assuming his responsibility for her during her period of pregnancy.

One of the questions affecting women that is most widely discussed in Germany is the famous Paragraph 218 of the German legal code. According to this paragraph, abortions are illegal and punishable by long imprisonment for both the physician and the patient. Last year Paragraph 218 was again before the Reichstag, and the sponsors of its abolition were able to have the sentence mitigated to confinement in a prison instead of in a penitentiary. It was very interesting to study the different attitudes of the various women members toward this question. Catholic women, such as Frau Weber in the Center Party, were of course bitterly opposed to any change of Paragraph 218, but even among the Democratic and Socialist women there was no solidarity. As a whole the Socialist women were not opposed to any change in this paragraph on

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"moral" grounds, but they differed on the questions of health involved and as to whether effort, energy, and funds should not be spent first on the greater distribution of birth-control propaganda.

Many German women, especially those in the Reichstag, have been so busy emancipating their minds from pre-war ideas that they still look like *Hausfrauen* par excellence, but the fact that problems like Paragraph 218 are so frankly discussed shows what a tremendous change has occurred in the attitude of German women generally since the war. Before the war there were only a few remarkable personalities, such as Dr. Helene Stoecker, who were courageous enough to face these issues and to discuss them openly as social problems.

One of the chief differences between German and American feminists at the present time is their attitude toward home versus jobs. Among the older generation there are many feminists in Germany who seem to believe that a woman must choose between a career and a home. In other words, they do not face the fundamental problem of how a job and a husband can be coordinated. I do not know why this is, but I have sometimes suspected that many German women, even feminists, still harbor a profound awe for their *Herren der Schöpfung*, a sentiment which we Americans, perhaps, do not share, at least to the same extent.

Some of the older German feminists are very much discouraged about the women of the younger generation. The older women, who spent much of their life energy in bringing about suffrage, are somewhat bitter over the "casual" manner in which the younger women take their privileges as a matter of course. Many of the older women feel that there will be a reaction as far as women's rights are concerned, just as there has been a general political reaction in Germany during the last few years. These older women fear that the younger generation is not preparing for this fight to come, but I do not quite agree with them, for I feel that the younger women are doing their share toward maintaining the privileges which women now hold in Germany. I believe that these younger women are training the men of their generation to a modern conception of a woman's place in society, and after all one of the chief functions of any feminist movement is the education of males.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation Applauds

The disarmament proposals made at Geneva by Soviet Russia.
(THE NATION, December 14)

The advent of the new Ford car.
(THE NATION, December 14)

The acquittal by a Boston jury of nine Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers.
(THE NATION, December 14)

The return of Russell Tremaine to his pacifist parents by order of Judge Hardin of Washington.
(THE NATION, December 14)

The 128,770 British subjects who signed Arthur Ponsonby's peace letter refusing "to support or render war service to any government which resorts to arms."
(THE NATION, December 21)

Dwight Morrow's adventures in friendship with Mexico, including his tour with President Calles and the visits of Will Rogers and Charles A. Lindbergh.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The annual report of the Massachusetts Judicial Council recommending a revision of the Massachusetts appeal system.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The verdict in the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railroad case upholding the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation of the railroad on the basis of 1914 prices.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Ludwig Quidde of Germany and Ferdinand Buisson of France.
(THE NATION, December 21)

Governor Smith's proposal to transfer the power of sentencing convicted felons from the Judge to a State Commission.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The efforts of the Emergency Committee on Miners' Relief to mitigate the suffering of striking miners.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The arrival of Henry Noel Brailsford to lecture in the United States.
(THE NATION, December 28)

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Marcella Sembrich's first appearance on the stage.
(THE NATION, December 28)

The Nation Deplores

Failure to bring the floggers to justice in Crenshaw County, Alabama.
(THE NATION, December 14)

President Coolidge's naval program, the largest in United States history.
(THE NATION, December 21)

President Coolidge's message to Congress reiterating his devotion to the tariff, standing two ways on the disarmament question, and offering the farmers a stone.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The publication by William Randolph Hearst of his "Mexican" documents.
(THE NATION, December 21, 28)

Governor Fuller's use of a pseudonym while traveling in Europe.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The personal government of Governor Johnston of Oklahoma through his transcendental, star-reading secretary.
(THE NATION, December 21)

The loss of the crew of the S-4.
(THE NATION, December 28)

The absence of operators from the conference called by Secretary of Labor Davis to consider the coal situation.
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The Nation

Vol. CXXVI, No. 3262 FOUNDED 1865 Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1928

Heywood Broun
on
Calvin Coolidge

The Vanquished Indian
Confiscation and Neglect in the Indian Bureau
by John Collier

Figures from The Corn Dance, by Awa Tsireh, a Pueblo Indian

The Radio Trust Rolls On
by Mauritz A. Hallgren

It Pays to Advertise
Mr. Morrow and Mexico's New Oil Law

Fifteen Cents a Copy Five Dollars a Year

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FOUNDED 1865

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ENTERS 1928 with the solemn blessings of Messrs. Hoover and Mellon and their positive assurances that our superlative prosperity (starving miners please take notice) will last throughout the year, while 228 Americans whose income is a million, or more, dollars a year apiece, rise up to call them blessed. Appears the usual weekly report that President Coolidge will accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency if it is tendered to him on a golden platter, and the familiar dispatch that Hoover is now so far in the lead for that same nomination that no one can overtake him. From Nicaragua comes the usual news, that the "bandits" are still being put down; from the Philippines that the wretches over there still wish independence of us. Appears a new Chevrolet car at reduced prices to give Henry Ford's new creation a run for its money, and two new murder mysteries to prove that 1928 has started according to Hoyle. Abroad, the usual prophecy of death, misery, and destruction. All but two of the German soothsayers announce wars, revolutions, earthquakes, terrible fires, floods, and crime waves. Part of England is to be destroyed by a tidal wave; there are to be two political murders in Rumania; and two seeresses behold England and Russia beginning a war to last seven or eight years, with Russia profiting most. As to America, they see nothing. That is where our politicians can give them cards and spades. They can even read relief for the farmer.

THE "BANDITS" OF THE HEADLINES have been transformed into "rebels" by the death of six United States marines in the mountains of Nicaragua. This change in phraseology at least is one step toward honesty, and honesty might be the first step toward decency. When marines fight "the biggest battle in which American troops have participated since the World War" it is time to stop pretense and admit that they are fighting Nicaraguan patriots. The rebel leader, Sandino, an ex-miner, is the one Nicaraguan Liberal who refused to be bought into peace by President Coolidge's emissary, Henry L. Stimson; but it is plain that he represents something infectious in Nicaragua. Three times at least the marines have "wiped out his forces"—at Ocotal, near the battlefield of the New Year, the marines killed 400 of his followers last July. But new forces flock to him; munitions trickle in to his mountain stronghold, battle follows battle. With the aid of bombing planes and unlimited equipment, the marines may in time crush Sandino's army, but they can never crush the spirit that sustains it. Once upon a time a tide of warm sympathy for his gallant movement would have swept the United States; but today . . .

TEXAS BANKERS evidently have more money than they know what to do with. The Texas Bankers Association has decided to dispose of some of its spare cash by offering it in chunks of $5,000 as a reward for apprehension of "each dead bank robber—not one cent for 100 live ones." Dead men—even bank robbers—tell no tales. It is not surprising, therefore, that three Mexicans who had been invited to come to a certain Texas bank the other day were suddenly shot at outside the bank's premises; two of them were killed and their attackers, two police officers, came forward handsomely to claim the award for a pair of bank robbers. The overzealous officers, who, the third Mexican charged, had invited the three men to the bank in the first place, on the pretext of offering them work, have been arrested and indicted for murder. Meanwhile the reward stands. Bank robberies have not ceased in Texas, but the lives of innocent citizens—or especially innocent aliens—are less secure than they were.

MURMURINGS HAVE BEEN HEARD faintly for some months from the little group of coral-reefed, palm-fringed islands that blink under the blinding sun of the South Seas about 1,500 miles northeast of New Zealand and were once known as German Samoa. The murmurings have been as faint as those from the S-4 not because they were actually subdued but because they had to travel thousands of miles over expensive cable and telegraph wires. The islands were acquired by Germany in a division of spoils with Great Britain and the

United States in 1899, doubtfully validated by native consent. Great Britain seized them in the World War and in 1920 the League of Nations gave a mandate to New Zealand to govern them. The government set up conflicted with the old patriarchal-democratic system of the Samoans and there has been trouble, just as in American Samoa where the arbitrary rule of our naval officers has been described in *The Nation*. A Royal Commission was appointed to investigate. It upheld the Administrator and he in turn ordered the deportation of three Europeans instrumental in bringing the charges against him. But before exiling the men the Administrator, admitting his own powerlessness to function, took the extraordinary course of appealing to one of the trio, O. F. Nelson, to urge his followers not to resort to force but to present their grievances through "proper channels." In a meeting on Christmas Eve Mr. Nelson obtained such an agreement against much opposition. The outcome remains to be chronicled. The worst of the White Man's Burden is that generally it is as bewildering and unsatisfactory to the burden-bearer as to the burden.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES appearing in the New York *World* recently seemed to indicate that certain interested nations had, through the League of Nations, suppressed publication of damaging facts concerning the traffic in women and children known as the "White Slave Trade." A complete denial of the charges has been made by Bascom Johnson, Director of Investigations of the commission which inquired into the traffic. Mr. Johnson denies, in the first place, that Part II of the report was suppressed by the League; he says that, as a matter of routine courtesy, it was sent to the governments involved for necessary corrections before its publication on December 5 last. The changes made in this second—and more sensational—section of the League's report, Mr. Johnson says, consisted merely of

> 1. Additions to the report of laws, regulations, or statements of policy adopted since the report was first printed in February, 1927;
>
> 2. Restatement of paragraphs which were susceptible to misinterpretation;
>
> 3. Deletions of unnecessary repetitions of names of countries or cities.

In no case, Mr. Johnson assures us, were the charges significant or damaging to the essential truth and validity of the report, nor did they detract from the truth of the ghastly picture presented. Without the League, he rightly points out, this international inquiry into a loathsome but unfortunately not yet archaic trade would almost certainly never have been made.

HOUSES FOR WORKERS are traditionally dark, crowded, and cheerless. New York's first tenements, built in the old "dumb-bell" style, contained rooms without any windows at all, rooms opening on a narrow "air"-shaft, rooms unheated, unlighted except by flickering gas-light, rooms without running water or toilets—and rents for these hovels were and are still high. Most of the attempts made by philanthropists, by civic bodies, by business organizations to build and rent better houses for workers have produced nice houses for the middle class. But in the Amalgamated Cooperative Apartments in uptown New York the families of union members will delight in large, light, sunny rooms; in white kitchens with stove, and sink, and refrigerator; in bathrooms with showers; heat and electric light and hot water. The rent will be $11 per room and the rooms can be purchased for $500 apiece (apartments varying in size from two to five rooms). The purchase money can in large part be borrowed from the union's Amalgamated Bank. The worker, therefore, becomes owner of a comfortable, healthful home; and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which holds a first mortgage on the property, is assured 5 per cent on its investment. There are, of course, only 1,185 rooms in the group of houses; only members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers can become tenants and owners. There are still many thousands of workers doomed to live in dark and sunless rooms. But here is a way out. It is significant that organized labor found it.

IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL SOUTH some people have a curious pride in low wages. In *The Nation* for December 7 we quoted "facts and figures about labor in Tennessee" which were advertised in the *Textile World*, showing that textile operatives, male and female, receive an average weekly wage of $13.63. Now comes South Carolina advertising itself with figures that are even lower. The New Industries Commission of Richland County boasts in a recent issue of *Commerce and Finance* that the "annual wage averaged by persons engaged in the textile mills of South Carolina is $631"—about $77 below Tennessee. Or, to go further north, $323 below the average in Massachusetts. The Commission asserts in bold type that "It is conservatively estimated that in South Carolina fifty thousand whites (native-born—of Anglo-Saxon origin) desire industrial employment"—at the $631 wage, of course. It adds, quaintly, that "The typical rural attitude, which they bring to industry, is particularly appreciative; and cooperative with their employers. In all of South Carolina's textile plants there is not one labor union." The advertisement might have added that there are virtually no restrictions on the hours that men and women work in that State; that women work at night; and that South Carolina is one of the five States which have no accident compensation laws. Matter-of-fact business men, however, appreciate these conditions; a survey made by John M. Hagar, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, shows that between 1914 and 1925 the manufacturing output of the Southeast trebled, while industry is now developing in the Southeastern States one and a half times faster than for the country as a whole. But apparently the new industrial South is only the old industrial story.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GLOZEL has new shell-holes, and the cannon are still rumbling. French scientists disagreeing, an international commission of paleontologists visited the field in central France where Stone Age tablets, a prehistoric alphabet, and post-glacial reindeer drawings were said to have been discovered. They dug with their neutral trowels; they debated at night; and finally they—or most of them—issued a report. They did not agree with Salomon Reinach that the Glozel collections revolutionized the prehistoric history of man; nor with Camille Jullien that the inscriptions, instead of being ten thousand years old, were late Roman; nor with M. Dussaud, who insists that the Glozel "relics" are twentieth-century fakes. Instead, this galaxy of international wisdom produced a new theory, which does credit to its creative imagination. No one now living faked the relics, the com-

ission reports, but they are none the less fakes—faked y some practical joker of the middle of the last century! his story seems to laymen to belong in a class with the nnouncement of a boastful Englishman that he had staged ne entire farce. The whole episode is a smashing blow to ne prestige of palaeontology. Apparently patriotism mas-ered the common sense of some French scholars; in their agerness to give France credit for the invention of the lphabet they rivaled the Nordic nonsense-artists who claim Nordic blood for every Mediterranean genius. No one who as discussed Glozel has yet displayed what used to be nown as the scientific temper.

EZRA POUND has been given the *Dial* Award for 1927, and in the January issue of the magazine attempts are made by T. S. Eliot and others to say just who nd what Mr. Pound is. The task is admittedly difficult, for, s Mr. Eliot points out, the ideas of this lively man are a ompound of "medieval mysticism," "Mr. Yeats's spooks," Dr. Berman's hormones," and "Confucian rationalism." Ir. Eliot, whose instinct for unity is well-known, is a little othered by Mr. Pound's lack of intellectual order; but he enerously gives him credit for an immense influence upon ontemporary poetry and criticism. And that should be nough. Mr. Pound is certainly one of the finest American oets. If in addition he has encouraged younger authors, dited magazines, contributed literary letters to the re-iews, fought conventionalism in thought and style, and—ince he went to Europe to live—been a constant thorn in he flesh of our complacency, all that is further reason why ne should be given money by the *Dial* But we are sure that is poetry is the man. And he seems to agree, since he ends the *Dial* these characteristic if exaggerated words: 'It wd. be stupid to make the award on prose-basis as my rose is mostly stop-gap."

A SWEET AND GENTLE SPIRIT left this world with the passing of the old year. Algernon S. Crapsey liked to call himself the "last of the here-tics" because he was tried for heresy, found guilty, and dismissed from his Episcopalian pastorate in 1906 after 27 years of service in it. As he himself stated it, "I asserted that Jesus was born as we are born, that He lived as we live, that He died as we die, and that the story of His miraculous birth was unknown to Him, to His mother, and to the early Christian church." That was the sum and substance of his offending. Not unnaturally he lived to behold some of his judges coming to him, begging him to reenter the church, and admitting that he could not today be ousted for such views. That is why he called himself the "last of the heretics"—but he was wrong. Since then Bishop Brown of Ohio has been deposed, chiefly for his radical social doctrines, and there will be other social and economic heretics to be expelled unless the Protestant church dies wholly at the top. What it needs is not fewer rebels but more "come-outers" who will take their stand and demand that the church stand with them or break them. Dr. Crapsey, it is needless to say, was one of the most benign and saint-like of men—naturally, for of such material are heretics made. In his life he was every-thing a genuine priest should be and after his dismissal he was more than ever alert to changing economic and social conditions.

Sazonov

WITH a shock one reads that Sergius Sazonov has just died. One had supposed him dead long since; he belonged so thoroughly to a dead pre-revolutionary Russia.

He was only forty-four when he became Russia's Foreign Minister in 1910. But, except in France, the generation with which he worked has passed irretrievably from the stage. Hindenburg is still President of Germany, a symbol of the solidity of the old order persisting into the republican era; but the men who actually govern Germany are young men whose names were unknown in Sazonov's day. Bethmann-Hollweg and his colleagues are dead, as are the men who determined Austrian policy. Sir Edward Grey and Asquith are retired old men; only in France do pre-war statesmen still hold the helm.

To say that Sazonov willed the war would be an exaggeration; he was too weak for that. But he was one of the little men who must bear a chief responsibility for the calamity of Europe. He did not want war; but he was too much a fatalist to struggle against it. He believed war inevitable; he thought it his task merely to arrange the combination so as to give Russia the best chance when war came. Izvolsky, his ambassador in Paris, was a more ruthless personality; Poincaré was another man of iron will; and Sazonov was putty in their hands. "Sazonov must be firm, and we must back him up," Poincaré said to Maurice Paléologue, the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, on July 21, 1914. Sazonov wavered; but Paléologue and his British colleague, aided by the wild men of the Russian army staff, kept him firm. His only doubt was England; once sure that England would come in, he was ready for war.

"There is no longer any human will capable of withstanding the automatic mechanism of the forces set loose," Paléologue wrote in his diary on July 27. But the diplomats had created the dreadful automaton. Sazonov had abetted two Balkan wars, which left one of Russia's proteges, Bulgaria, defeated and sullen, and another, Serbia, swollen and ambitious. He had wanted those "local" wars; he dreaded a European conflagration not because the loss of human lives appalled him but because his combinations were not quite ripe.

In Czarist Russia Sazonov was considered a near-liberal. "I personify the alliance with the Western democracies," he said; he believed a semi-independent Poland necessary; he was ready to cooperate with a modest Duma; he hated the Rasputin clique. But he could cynically bribe the entire French press; he wanted Russia to annex Constantinople, and was ready to toss Persia to England as the price; his "democratic" sympathies were merely a sop to make realization of his imperialist dreams possible.

A vanished generation, his; yet are the younger men so different? There is the League of Nations, which, for all its weakness, is certainly an improvement over the tortuous diplomatic instrumentalities of 1914. But Poincaré at least belongs to the unreconstructed old school; Austen Chamberlain swaps territory in Africa as cynically as any pre-war "statesman"; Mussolini is even worse than the Italians who bargained with both sides in 1914. What did the war teach us?

It Pays to Advertise

DWIGHT MORROW, Will Rogers, and Charles August Lindbergh have been carrying on perhaps the most effective international advertising campaign in history. They have advertised friendship; they have been "selling" the United States to Mexico. To an amazing degree they have succeeded in erasing suspicion and substituting a spirit of cooperative good-will. That the advertising has paid seems to be proved by the responsive action of the Calles Government in passing legislation substantially modifying the petroleum law which had so long been the bogy of the State Department.

It is a record of which Mr. Morrow may well be proud. He arrived in Mexico City on October 23. On November 17 the Mexican Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring the two most offensive articles of the petroleum law unconstitutional. On December 26 President Calles asked the Mexican Congress to amend the moot clauses. On December 27 the House of Representatives passed the desired bill. On December 28 it passed another measure giving the President extraordinary power to modify the agrarian legislation. Representatives of the oil companies have expressed their satisfaction. What a contrast to the muddling, bungling, bullying policy of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Kellogg! A couple of ham-and-egg breakfasts; a lariat-throwing humorist imported from California; an aviator winging his friendly way over the desert where once Pershing hunted Villa—and two nations which had been thumbing their noses at each other for a decade, which had at least thrice been on the brink of war, discovered new springs of friendship.

We are not sure that behind the enthusiastic good-will of the Lindbergh pilgrimage and the Morrow ham-and-egg breakfasts Mexico is not conceding too much of what the State Department has asked. It is of course better to have the laws changed as an act of good-will than as a response to bullying; but the suspicion remains that Mexico is reshaping her legislation rather because she needs American help, for which this is the price, than because the amended form seems just to Mexicans.

It happens that this readjustment coincides with certain other negotiations. The partial moratorium on Mexico's foreign-debt payments ended on December 31, last, and Mexico, under her agreement with the bankers' committee, is obligated to pay during 1928 9,500,000 pesos a month—42 per cent of her total budget. Unless concessions are made by the bankers, or unless new sources of revenue can be tapped, Mexico will have to suspend her program of road-building and irrigation, cut salaries, and close schools. Mr. Fernando de la Fuente, chief of the Mexican Government's Department of Credit, is now in New York negotiating with the bankers' committee. He will, naturally, point out that good roads and irrigation are likely rapidly to increase the national wealth out of which Mexico must pay her debts; and it is obvious that the change in the oil laws, if it leads the great oil companies to extend their drilling and to pay the oil taxes which constitute the bulk of Mexico's internal revenue, will have a mollifying effect upon Mr. Morrow's former associates in the banking world. Were the oil laws changed in the hope of winning concessions from the bankers? If so, perhaps they were necessary; but even if so, the change is a dangerous precedent in international relations. It is bad enough to have Wall Street determining policies in the United States; the world has a pretty problem to solve if American financiers also direct the course of legislation in other countries.

The actual area of conflict between the Mexican Government and Washington has always been small, despite the large amount of steam generated; and these amendments cover only a part of that territory. The oil companies, it will be recalled, protested against the provisions of the Mexican law which, after announcing the principle of nationalization of petroleum deposits, provided that, if the companies or individuals applied within one year's time, concessions of fifty years' duration would be granted for rights arising from

1. Lands in which works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1. 1917;
2. Contracts made before May 1, 1917, by the surface owner or the successor in title, for the express purpose of exploitation of petroleum.

Most of the American companies refused to register their titles, which were accordingly subject to forfeiture. The modified law provides for another year within which they may register their titles, but still requires registry; and it removes the limitation of fifty years upon the new concessions; they may have indefinite duration.

These seem small changes indeed; but around precisely these provisions—which the American Government had hotly declared to be retroactive and confiscatory—has raged the most acrimonious controversy in our recent diplomatic history. The Mexican Government has as vigorously defended its right to shape its own legislation. It has denied the retroactivity of its law, asserting that a law is not retroactive "as long as it does not infringe upon any right which has not already been put into effect."

The question is more important than appears. The United States has surplus capital: Mexico—like Colombia and Venezuela and other undeveloped countries—has not. Americans can buy, for what seems to them a song, vast tracts of land and hold them for later development. In such a way Mexico lost control of the enormous sub-soil wealth which has made her the second oil-producing country of the world. The profits of her own territory have gone to aliens. In one of her best years she collected close to $2,000,000 in taxes on the oil which one American company extracted from her soil; but the United States Government in the same year collected $5,000,000 from the same oil after it had entered our territory! Mexico's oil and land laws were an effort to retain the profits of her natural wealth for her own people, and similar efforts are sure to be made in other countries as they rise to a similar degree of national self-consciousness. Shall those countries be permitted to shape their legislation according to their own needs? Or must they find themselves handicapped, bound forever to concessions and privileges granted in a period when they had not awakened to the meaning of their national heritage? Small as is the change made in the Mexican law, we fear that it may be a sad precedent in the coming decades for the newer oil-companies of Colombia and Venezuela.

Rebellion in Colorado

ACCORDING to the newspapers there is a strike in Colorado—a small and, on the part of the workers, a remarkably peaceful strike. But according to the law it is a rebellion. So its stands, doubly certified: once when the Industrial Commission declared the strike illegal, thereby depriving the strikers of their civil liberties; again, when a court refused even to citizens who were not strikers that last protection against tyranny—the writ of habeas corpus. It is important that those who seek to preserve the processes of the democratic state should understand the process by which the Colorado strike has been transposed into a rebellion.

To begin with, Colorado has its Industrial Commission Law, part of the aftermath of the Ludlow massacre, and a by-product of the famous "Rockefeller Plan," the company-union device which was to prevent strikes in mines and mills of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. This law gives an appointed commission jurisdiction in industrial disputes, requires employers and employees to give to each other and to the commission written notice, thirty days in advance, of any intended change in conditions of employment, and forbids strikes or lockouts until after investigation by the commission—except in vaguely defined industries "not affected with a public interest." The penalties are heavy, especially for encouraging or aiding the declaration or continuance of strike or lockout.

An I. W. W. miners' committee gave due notice before the present strike, but the commission held that, since the I. W. W. was "an outlaw organization," its committee was not a committee of employees, within the meaning of the law. This decision made it unlawful for anyone anywhere in the State to speak in support of the resultant strike. Almost automatically there followed the ghastly sequence: the temporarily reconstituted State police were called out, ostensibly to protect property but in reality to suppress meetings; and in due course their machine-guns shot down strikers at the Columbine mine.

A committee of the Ministerial Alliance of Weld County attended the inquest of the dead miners and reported: "We find that the present devices of our State to prevent discordant strikes have broken down. . . . This commission [of Industrial Relations] . . . has forfeited the public confidence in its effectiveness." The ministers noted its failure to give a hearing, declared that the I. W. W. committees obviously did represent the miners, and asserted that the use of the military to enforce the commission's policy was "prejudicial to any amicable settlement." And now the commission is giving a hearing to the very committee which, before the men were dead, it refused to recognize.

After the shooting the militia were called out in earnest. They suppressed meetings wholesale. "I'm not going to let the 'Wobblies' meet under my nose," said one commander, when asked for his authority. They searched homes without warrant, even at night, and refused women called out of bed time to dress. They extended the policy of the State police in arresting and holding strike leaders incomunicado, and in jailing sympathizers whose sole offense was criticism of the military officials.

The Adjutant General of Colorado advised the Governor that unless he would proclaim military law and so suspend habeas corpus, men arrested by the military could not be held. The Governor declined to act, and nine strike leaders were released. Then more were arrested. The military officers, on appeal, let some go but insisted on holding others. The American Civil Liberties Union went into court asking a writ of habeas corpus, and found two things. First, a statute of 1921 which in certain emergencies authorized local militia commanders, in conjunction with local civil authorities, to proclaim a state of insurrection and act accordingly, notifying the Governor later. Next, a decision of the State Supreme Court in the Moyer case in 1905, holding that when the Governor has declared a state of insurrection and called out the militia, they may without process of law hold any persons aiding and abetting the insurrection until its suppression. In such cases habeas corpus does not apply. Such prisoners must finally be turned over to the civil authorities for trial, with their offenses specified.

The court held that this decision applied to the present situation, despite the fact that the Governor had proclaimed neither martial law nor a state of insurrection. Military commanders in certain areas, desiring to be free from civil authority and beyond the reach of habeas corpus, had made such proclamations on their own authority.

Thus does military usurpation by a political-industrial faction become law. Thus are defenders of civil liberties turned into outlaws and rebels. Thus does a law suspending the right to strike become magnified on the American scene until it wipes out all civil liberty and establishes a new form of slave state.

The Better America

EZRA MEEKER, who in 1852 spent six months traveling behind oxen between Omaha, Nebraska, and Portland, Oregon, and who in 1924 retraced that route in an army airplane in thirteen and a half hours, has reason to think that we have improved our ways of communication. He also, as appears by reports of a speech he made the other day to the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, believes that we have improved in more subtle respects. "It is a slow process and it takes time," he said, "but things are better even today. Intellectual and artistic opportunities are, of course, much more plentiful." They are indeed. Since 1852 we have had a Johns Hopkins, a new Harvard, and a new Columbia, not to speak of a University of Chicago and of many State universities with thousands enrolled in each. We have seen researches conducted in physics, chemistry, bacteriology, astronomy, and medicine of which our great-grandfathers never dreamed. We have more or less learned how to write history, and we have created an enormous reading public for books of all sorts from the best on down.

But perhaps it is not sufficiently realized how many kinds of opportunity we have. There exists a "Who's Who in Occultism, New Thought, Psychism, and Spiritualism," edited by William C. Hartmann for the guidance of those seeking to elevate themselves in the universe. A copy of this work having come to us, we have learned that here in our own country one may seek understanding from graphologists, phrenologists, astrologists, magnetic healers, metaphysical practitioners, chromatists, numerologists, palmists, Rosicrucians, sexologists, mesmerists, theosophists, and anthroposophists, among others. Or, if one wants company in

the new life, one may join the Ancient and Mystical Order of Melchizedek, the Ancient Order of Illuminates, the Confraternity of the Mystical Life, the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, the Imperial Order and Council of the Magi, the Philosophers of the Living Fire, the Sacred Order of the Blue Flame, the Triple Order and Grand Temple of Eulis, or simply the Faithists.

If these offer too meager a program, one is advised to seek entrance into the American Academy of Astrologians, which originally was limited in membership to thirty chosen persons, but which reserved the power to add others later:

> The fellowship restriction to this particular number was, for Hermetic and Kabalistic reasons, in consonance with its mystical character and aims. It is the perfect number (10) tripled in a ratio of fruitfulness (3), and equates with Arcane III of the Planetary Circles, signified by "Isis-Urania," the generative principle in the manifesting realms. This point is ruled by the cohesive Venus, the Egyptian Isis, crowned with 12 stars, the solar nimbus about her head symbolizing the creative power of intelligence, while the eyes covering the cube on which she sits emblemize the visions of Hermes; her feet rest upon the crescent of the Moon, showing the subjection of matter to mind; in one hand is a globe-tipped scepter, in the other is an eagle posed, its head turned toward her indicating the human soul reverting to its God principle, in which name of Deity the G possesses the kabalistic value of 3. The lesser Arcane XXX, in the fatidic circle of Venus is governed by Jupiter. Thus Love, Judgment, and Fecundity are numerically synthesized in the ground-plan of this Structure.

We ourselves feel tempted to take a train to Roscoe, California, where "Freedom Hill Henry, B. J." conducts the Brotherhood of Bifurcated Jackasses, a society which Mr. Hartmann assures us in a parenthesis is "a serious effort." Brother Henry, who confesses at the head of his announcement that he has sugar-coated his cosmic teachings for those who are not strong enough to take them straight, says:

> The Stable will be open to specially invited members of good kicking every Saturday evening. And you are invited. . . . The purpose of this arrangement is to enable you, after having worn your harness all week, to lay off your pack-saddle on which you have carried your burdens of civilization . . . and take a rest by actively becoming your natural jackass self. . . . You will be allowed to bray, sing, kick, yell, recite, dance, play tricks, roll over, laugh out loud, and do other things. . . . Come any Saturday evening with hay and carrots and you will find the Chief with his long ears. He! Haw! Till we meet again.

We recommend the advertisements at the end as literature which should throw light on anyone's personal problems. Not only can you send for gazing crystals, ouija boards, astro-amulets, and "West African drugs"; you can appeal to "human engineers" who will tell "who and what you are," and in desperate need you can drop a line to the Brotherhood of Light, Los Angeles, whose ad begins: "What Do You Want? Whatever it is we can help you to get it."

Our only criticism of this "Who's Who" is that it has been too generous in compiling its list of newthoughtists and metaphysicians. We note, for instance, the names of Alfred Adler, Beatrice Hinkle, C. G. Jung, George W. Kirchwey, Robert Millikan, Michael Pupin, and Margaret Sanger. These were hardly worthy of the honor. They are mere scientists who say that knowledge is still what it used to be, something painful to acquire.

The Cult of Culture

STATISTICS, having been applied to almost everything else, have now been turned loose on culture. It seems a little hard on culture. In so far as culture is anything other than intellectual snobbery or pure pose, it is a matter of mind and spirit; it is a cultivation of the mental and aesthetic side of life as differentiated from the material. To apply the statistical method to the immaterial is like trying to measure the infinite or tabulate the unknown.

Yet there are figures which have a bearing on the subject, among them those collected by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, who has spent a couple of years visiting American cities in the interest of the National Association of Book Publishers. Mr. Potter rates the culture of our cities by their per capita expenditure for libraries, together with certain other considerations, especially schools and bookstores. Per capita expenditure on libraries is a legitimate statistical basis as far as it goes, though it certainly does not go far, and is only a partial indication of the value even of the libraries. Schools and bookstores are important, to which we might add the character of the stage and the press, the state of painting, architecture, and music, the existence of lecture courses, forums, and learned societies, and—most important and intangible of all—the influence of all those upon the individual and their penetration into the home.

But taking the mere matter of expenditure for libraries, Mr. Potter places Cleveland first—among cities of more than 200,000 persons—because it yearly spends $1.39 per person. Boston is shouldered into second place, Cincinnati ranks high, Chicago and New York occupy a midway position, while Philadelphia trails the list. Probably there may be extenuating circumstances in the case of Philadelphia. Certainly with respect to New York, although it may be starving its libraries today—its per capita expenditure is about forty-one cents a year—it has accumulations from the past which make its bibliographic resources more valuable for reference and research than those of Cleveland.

Mr. Potter sends Pittsburgh and Columbus (Ohio) to the foot of the class in culture, but for reasons other than their expenditures for libraries. He disqualifies them because of their blue laws. This strikes us as intelligent. The existence of mere symbols of culture in a community can have no significance unless their influence gets home to the people. Tolerance is the very essence of culture; without it libraries, lectures, and marble statues on the street corners are of no consequence. In Pittsburgh no dramatic or motion-picture performances are permitted on Sunday, nor any other entertainment—not even concerts—to which admission is charged. There are a great many working people in and around Pittsburgh, and perhaps the city's controlling classes don't want these workers to enjoy their Sundays so well that they will find it a strain to go back to their hard and grimy toil on Monday morning. In Columbus—95 per cent of the population of which is native white—Mr. Potter advised the Chamber of Commerce to bring in some foreign-born in order to raise the cultural level. Such sidelights interest us more than the attempt to apply a mathematical yardstick to culture.

ASHCAN
FALSE STATEMENTS
FORGED DOCUMENTS
STOLEN DOCUMENTS
FORGED DOCUMENTS

Hearst

It Seems To Heywood Broun

HOW anybody can hate Calvin Coolidge is mysterious to me. I would as soon think of hating Mr. Polly of whom Wells wrote a history. Nor is it a contemptuous tolerance which dulls a sharper feeling. Calvin Coolidge in person has not swum across my ken, but enough has been written to make me feel I know the man. One generalization concerning him has been neglected. Here for almost the first time is a wistful President of the United States. If, in some future day, a chronicle is written around his Administration the chief figure should be played by somebody like Charlie Chaplin. Add to wistfulness a rare courage and there results a figure competent to pick at the heart-strings.

The courage of Coolidge requires some further explanation. In a sense his arrival in the White House was grotesque. He was nominated for Vice-President under a misconception and became President through a fluke. By no means the smallest man who ever succeeded to that high office, he was still among the small ones. Unlike the little fellows who preceded him, Calvin Coolidge possessed no delusion of grandeur to bulwark him in a role for which he felt himself unsuited. Not since an understudy sought to drive the chariot of the Sun have reins been held in hands more agitated. But Calvin flew neither too high nor too low. In spite of inner quakings he kept the course.

As it happens, I am against rather more than half the things for which Mr. Coolidge stands, but in looking back over his official acts it is hard to see much discrepancy between what occurred and what he wanted. And he happened to believe in most of the things which he wanted. Judged from any idealistic standard, the Administration of Calvin Coolidge cannot justly be called an unqualified success. It is debatable whether the prosperity to which his supporters point with pride is deeply rooted. Certainly, it has been within his time that America has earned the greater part of its present international unpopularity. Nicaragua is a bloody blot; there has not been, as yet, high wisdom in dealing with either floods or farmers. But, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the country has not gone to wrack and ruin under the guidance of this average man who became our President. Accordingly the cause of democracy has received a needed vindication. Unless the United States can function under the leadership of Babbitt and his brothers we are in a bad way. Obviously our political system is stacked against the choice of great men. More readily might a camel pass through a needle's eye than genius gain the White House. We know, for instance, that neither a Washington nor a Lincoln could possibly be President today if he happened to live in Idaho or Montana. And to this list there might be added all the Southern States as well as Utah and Nevada. There is a theory, too, that a successful candidate cannot be either Wet or Dry, agnostic, Catholic, or Jew. And underneath this lies the fact that a great man has generally too many foes ever to receive a nomination from a major party.

Naturally, I do not contend that Calvin Coolidge rears up as far as the garter line upon the calf of Norris or of Borah, but save in desperation there is no point in mentioning these men since we all know that they are not available. For Coolidge, I contend that few men have ever done so well in the light of their limitations. He seemed a preposterous figure when he took the oath of office. I would not call him preposterous now. Something of luck he may have had. Prosperity, for instance, is only dimly dependent upon Presidential manipulation. Still, I would allow something for the fact that Coolidge has never lost sight of his own deficiencies. A proper ratio has been maintained between his biting and his chewing range. Of hypocrisy I would acquit him. To be sure, he has spoken upon occasion idle and empty words of idealism, but you cannot find the same gap between the phrase and the act as was evident in the reign of Woodrow Wilson or that of Theodore Roosevelt, both of them greater men than Coolidge. Calvin Coolidge has never spoken idealistically and passionately in the same breath. Such flowers as he has flung have been tossed out with a perfunctory gesture and were most obviously proffered as set pieces.

Of late, he has done a great deal to debunk the Presidency. The matter may not be one of gravest moment and yet I warm to him because he decided that one Gridiron dinner a year was ample for a chief executive. Again it was pleasant to hear that he walked out of an official banquet immediately after making his own brief remarks. Something of confidence has come to him in the closing years of his Administration and he has scaled down materially the talking obligations of the office by refusing speeches and messages to many organizations which had come to expect them as their due.

Harding was, I should say, an even smaller man than Coolidge but, apparently, he could never quite grasp the fact of insufficiency and surrounded himself for the most part with individuals even more grossly miscast than himself. Calvin, on the other hand, has made some excellent appointments. He ranks at least an assist in the brilliant play of Morrow to Mexico. His selective wisdom has not been 100 per cent. Specifically there is the navy, but it is an old and tough tradition that a fool shall be called to head that particular department.

Entirely aside from his official acts I find in Calvin Coolidge a personal quality which is appealing. For companionship I would never seek out anyone from New England, but I like the men from that section as locomotive engineers, chauffeurs, and bartenders. They can be trusted with steering wheels and cash registers. Indeed I must say that a Puritan President does not seem to me such a bad idea. In the beginning I liked Coolidge because of a story told to me by a Washington correspondent of liberal tendencies. It was his fate to be invited for a week-end trip upon the Mayflower and he had no stomach for the journey since he expected to be buttonholed and hear dull

talk about "my policies." Besides he had a sprained ankle. He went. On the second day Calvin Coolidge found this particular newspaperman alone upon the deck and sat beside him. "Here it comes," thought the correspondent but, instead of policies, the President began by inquiring about the sprained ankle. Mr. Coolidge listened with great interest to the details and replied with a long story of the manner in which he himself had injured a toe while serving as Vice-President and living at the Willard. Every symptom was recounted and the precise method of successful treatment explained. At the end of this discourse Calvin arose and said "Good morning. Glad to have had a chance to talk to you." The rest was silence.

Again, I find myself moved by a tale concerning a more recent interview. This time the President called in a great man whom he planned to send upon a mission. The caller sat with the President before a window overlooking a lawn on which a collie was frisking. The great man (I refer to the visitor) outlined at length his own conception of the purposes of his mission, the difficulties, and the remedies. Calvin was all attention and when the guest had ended he turned to him and said, "Tom, do you like doggies?"

There was, also, the possibly apocryphal story of the President, the photographer, and Mrs. Coolidge. According to this tale, Calvin spoke somewhat sharply to his wife when she chose to assume a pose which seemed to him unfortunate. Immediately, upon his comment, she turned and walked away to go indoors. The President smiled at the camera man a little sheepishly and when last seen and heard he was pattering across the White House lawn and calling in placating fashion, "Oh, Mama! Wait, Mama!"

I choose to believe that Coolidge will not run again in 1928. His words seemed plain enough to me and I am prepared to accept them at the letter. If he ran, then, or at any future time I would not be likely to vote for him. Still an opposition ballot on my part would carry with it nothing of remorse or revenge. Nor very much hope. Calvin Coolidge is not a great President but he comes very close to being precisely what the public wants. He has walked on and played himself, which any actor can tell you is no mean feat. A square peg in a round hole is not a tragic figure if the peg happens to be wholly aware of its own corners. And anyhow I would find it very hard to grow indignant at any man who looked so pitiful in cowboy costume.

Good whittling, Cal.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 2

NOT in a long while has Washington witnessed a more audacious freebooting foray in behalf of the larger business interests than the proposed retroactive reduction of the federal tax on corporation profits.

The House already has approved the reduction from 13½ per cent to 11½ per cent, making it effective January 1, 1927, so that it will be applicable on the profits for all the past year. That smooth-running combine of standpat Republicans and reactionary Democrats, which always goes into action when revenue measures are under consideration in the Senate, is preparing to follow suit. It will mean a straight-out gift to the big corporations of not less than $166,000,000 over and above the future benefits of the reduction.

There are still a few intrepid souls who challenge the infallibility of Andrew Mellon's economic dogma, but assuming that he is correct in the theory he has so persistently maintained—that corporation taxes are passed on and paid by the consumer—then the proposed retroactive pruning appears in an even more indefensible light. If Mr. Mellon's logic is sound, the corporations already have collected their 1927 taxes from the people and are merely holding them in trust for the government until the proper time for turning them over to the internal revenue collector. Unless "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" is mistaken, we are in effect about to say to the corporations: "Just salt that $166,000,000 away, boys; but remember it will soon be time to pass the hat for the 1928 campaign."

J. E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is authority for the statement that the 1927 prosperity was a somewhat spotty affair and that the great bulk of the profits were made by a very restricted group of the most powerful corporations. If Mr. Edgerton is right, the $166,000,000 will go largely into the pockets of enterprises already gorged with profits and needing tax relief less than ever before in their history. A concern, for instance, making $200,000,000 gets $4,000,000. It isn't hard to figure out some of the chief beneficiaries—United States Steel, General Motors, the Du Ponts, Standard Oil. And what a neat little gift to that needy old gentleman, Mr. Mellon himself!

The only parallel we have seen for this plunder was in 1926 when for the sake of the unfortunate heirs of the tobacco king, the late Mr. Duke, Congress put through a retroactive reduction on the federal-estate tax, amounting to some $80,000,000, most of which went to certain multimillionaire fortunes which had been maintaining an unseen but effective lobby in Washington. The iniquity of that deed is now to be multiplied by two.

Meanwhile, the White House prattle about the dire need of governmental thrift goes on. We propose to hand over $166,000,000 to corporations which boast they have

had one of the most prosperous years in their history and then pinch pennies on Mississippi flood control.

* * * * *

THE power trust has just demonstrated more convincingly than ever before that its plants can generate votes in the Senate as well as electric juice.

Few lobbies have ever more impressively proved their value to the interests they serve than did the utilities junta in inducing the Senate to shelve the Walsh resolution under the flimsy pretense of sending it to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. The resolution provided for a searching inquiry into the ramifications, financial, political, and economic, of the interlocking power interests which control public utilities throughout the country. It had been under consideration a long time, but the power lobbyists skilfully maneuvered to keep it from reaching a vote until they had applied the proper pressure to Senators.

Progressive Senators on both sides of the aisle fought to keep the resolution from being sidetracked. The vote was a close one. The power trust won by a vote of 40 to 36. Some of the most ludicrously disguised vote-dodging ever seen in the Senate attended the roll-call. Senators, torn between their fear of their constituents' wrath and their dread of incurring the hostility of the utilities combine, actually hid in the cloakrooms and corridors and could be seen from the galleries furtively peering into the Senate chamber to make sure that the roll-call had been completed before they entered.

Among those who did not vote were both the Republican and the Democratic floor leaders—Senator Curtis of Kansas and Senator Robinson of Arkansas; Schall of Minnesota, Waterman of Colorado, Fletcher and Trammell of Florida, Harrison and Stephens of Mississippi, Harris and George of Georgia, Caraway of Arkansas, and Reed of Pennsylvania.

Of course, there is still a chance that the resolution may be drawn out of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Jim Watson, chairman of the committee, grows indignant at the suggestion that he is quietly putting it away in moth-balls for the remainder of the session. He is merely trying to have it modified so that the proposed inquiry will not run off into unreasonable channels, he explains. Senator Walsh of Montana promises to make every man toe the mark in the Senate again so that the entire country may know who opposed the resolution and who supported it.

* * * * *

STILL further to augment their power on Capitol Hill, the utilities interests have engaged the services of Ex-Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, erstwhile liberal, whose reactionary tendencies became so pronounced that the good people of Wisconsin were compelled to retire him to private life. Mr. Lenroot, off the public pay roll on March 4 last, has joined the army of "lame ducks" who go into the practice of law in Washington. It is a profitable game, filled with interesting playmates who get by on the strength of the official titles they used to hold.

As an ex-member of the Senate, entitled to the courtesies of the floor and cloakrooms, Mr. Lenroot can sit down and talk it over with the boys, and show them the path to favor with the power moguls. Mr. Lenroot has not been conspicuous in the public eye since he and Reed Smoot went secretly to Albert B. Fall's apartment to help him explain the Teapot Dome deal, but he ought to be able to earn his retainer now with the power trust.

The Vanquished Indian

By JOHN COLLIER

A STORM of defensive efforts for the American Indian began in 1922, through the initiative of the Federated Women Clubs, the Indian Defense Associations, and certain tribal Indian federations. As a by-product there was obtained from Congress an incomplete grant of citizenship to Indians in 1924. Indians, who remained essentially serfs under the Indian Bureau, found themselves at the same time voters. Still excluded from constitutional defenses, they got the ballot, and their vote in several States holds the potential balance of power. The citizenship act has produced mental rather than material effects, but they are measurable in the present Indian crisis. Congress is attending to the Indian problems in a new way, and the Indians are hopeful in a new way, and the intangible value of status—a status apparent if not real—is increasingly felt.

The Indian Bureau has speeded the development of a new consciousness by its efforts, in 1926, to obliterate the rhetorical intent of the citizenship act of 1924, and to broaden its own powers of arrest, fine, and imprisonment of Indians without court process.

In addition, and not accidentally, a changed popular view of Indians has come. The public does not now consider Indians worthless, nuisances, archaisms, savages, or half-animals. Representative Indian groups have made their case known through speech, song, drama, and dance from coast to coast. Scores of thousands of tourists have visited the Southwest tribes. Zuni and Hopi runners have captured the Marathons. An authentic literature on Indians streams forth in ever-growing volume. When new or chronic outrages upon the Indians are made known, they stir the mind of the public in unwonted ways.

And this growth of a changed realization about Indians is being helped by the Interior Department and the Indian Bureau. An intensified official persecution against Indian religions, and the bizarre pronouncements of the Indian Commissioner against Indian forms of worship, have educated Indians and whites alike. An increased official drive against Indian family life has helped to fan popular indignation, though at heavy cost in Indian misery and death. Cumulative, self-heralded maladministration may yet prove to be the tool which will set the Indians free.

Indian wealth is vanishing under the pretended guardianship of the Bureau. Its yearly diminution is 4 per cent —this in a time of rapidly enhancing values everywhere else. I quote the uncontradicted details, from testimony of

the American Indian Defense Association before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, February 23, 1927 (Printed Hearings on Senate Resolution 341).

> The Indian estate—the capital value of the estate held in trust by the government, leaving out of account the fast-dwindling or hypothetical oil and mineral resources—has shrunken through the past four years at 4 per cent each year. The data is exclusively that furnished by the Indian Bureau during successive years when the bureau was campaigning to convince Congress and the public that the Indians were rapidly becoming wealthy. Through padding its totals with estimated mineral and oil wealth, the bureau has created an apparent wealth-increase of 119 per cent for the Indians in four years, from 1922 to 1926; but its tables of the specific classes of Indian wealth tell the fatal truth. The Indian allotted lands held in government trust have shrunken $69,000,000, or 16.6 per cent, in these four years. The individual Indian moneys in government trust have shrunken 36.3 per cent, and the tribal moneys 18.5 per cent. The total shrinkage over four years has been $122,000,000, but to this must be added the ever-mounting reimbursable indebtedness.

This reimbursable indebtedness, forced on the tribes by Congress through Indian Bureau initiative or consent, now stands at $31,000,000. To date more than $9,000,000 has been extorted from the Indians in payment.

The Indian Bureau has met the above charges by a characteristic device. Its annual report, just published, jumps the Indian wealth, exclusive of oil, gas, and minerals, $120,000,000 in the last year. It raises the value of Indian allotted lands $65,000,000. It reports an Indian bank balance (individual Indian moneys held in trust) of $73,000,000, against $22,000,000 last year. It increases the appraised value of Indian "homes, barns, and furniture" 68 per cent in one year. The Navajo hogans of the Western Navajo jurisdiction soar in value from $1,400 last year, to $50,000 this year. The pueblo mud houses north of Santa Fe are appraised at $401,000. Statistical joy-riding of this kind should not persuade Congress!

The Indian death-rate in thirty-three States, in the last four completed years of the federal census, increased 48 per cent. The hearings quoted above contain the uncontradicted United States census figures, supported by 5,000 words of statistical evidence:

> The Indian death-rate has risen 48 per cent in the registration area in four years, through 1924, the latest year of complete U. S. census tabulation. The rate is now approximately double the rate in the general population. The registration area includes thirty-three States with Indian populations. The Indian tuberculous death-rate in the registration area is six times the white death-rate, according to the census. In the country as a whole the Indian tuberculous death-rate is seven and a half times the white tuberculous death-rate, according to Commissioner Burke of the Indian Bureau. The Indian death-rate under one year is two and five-sevenths the general population rate, according to the U. S. census. Commissioner Burke states that the Indian death-rate between one and three years is higher than between birth and one year. About 21 per cent of the Indians, or more than 60,000, are suffering from trachoma, which causes blindness, according to Dr. Guthrie, medical chief of the Indian Bureau.

The onslaught against Indian culture, Indian tribal morals, religion, and family life continues. The official policy of destroying the aboriginal institutions, down to and including the family and the parent-child relation, is an old one. It is a product of the sentiment, or judgment, crystallized in General Francis A. Walker's statement as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1871: "When dealing with savage men, as with savage beasts, no question of national honor can arise." The quoted words of the present Indian Commissioner, Charles H. Burke, used at Taos Pueblo, when addressing the Indians in 1924 (testified to by the whole tribal council of Taos), again embody the sentiment, or judgment: "Do you want to remain half-animal?"

Indian tribal life meant, and means, a certain capacity to resist exploitation and to assert dignity and will against bureaucratic manhandling. To "Americanize" Indians, to "Christianize" them, to "individualize" them, is an old and settled official policy. But the present Indian Bureau control has elaborated the doctrine in two practical ways.

It has carried the proscription of Indian religions to sensational, even grotesque limits. And it has cherished the institution most precisely designed to kill the Indianhood in Indians and to mutilate their family life. That institution is the compulsory government boarding-school.

The bureau announces that it has crowded the Indian boarding-schools to 38 per cent beyond their physical capacity. It has pushed down to six years the age at which Indian children are taken from their parents to these schools, and up to 18 years the time when they are set free. It has maintained the "outing" system, designed to save Indian boys and girls from family and tribal contamination during their vacation times. Hopi and Navajo girls are sent to Los Angeles for "protection"; Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo boys are sent to the beet-fields of Kansas and Colorado. At the Tuba City (Arizona) boarding-school in September I found five Navajo boys, and at the Santa Fe boarding-school three more, all stricken with typhoid contracted in the moral and hygienic purity of the beet-fields. They had not received typhoid vaccination, because, as the Indian Bureau physician explained, "30 per cent or more of the Navajo boys suffer from tuberculosis, and typhoid vaccination might work havoc."

These Indian boarding-schools vary in physical details, but their task of effacing Indianhood and Indian family life goes ahead unvaryingly. As for some physical conditions which are tolerated, I quote the Indian Bureau doctor at Leupp, Arizona, whose wire to the Indian Commission, April 29, 1925, reads: "We have had an epidemic of influenza and measles since March 18. Four deaths, one typhus suspect in the hospital, and the dormitories and hospital are foul with contagion." Dr. Warren was practically driven from the Indian service because he sent the above and similar telegrams to the Indian Commissioner alone. Mrs. Nellie Wiegel, State chairman of the Federated Women's Clubs of Colorado, reported about the Shiprock boarding-school on the Navajo reservation:

> Everything was covered with flies. While I was in the kitchen the newly baked bread was brought in, loaf after loaf, and placed on long tables; as soon as it was cool enough it was immediately covered, completely covered, with flies.
>
> I watched the little tots coming from religious instruction, and I never saw such dirty, raggety dresses on a human being in my life. Every one was a misfit, and of all forlorn, lonesome, heart-hungry beggars, they were that. [Senate Hearings, Feb. 23, 1927.]

Indians are United States government wards. Congress has plenary—unconditioned—power over them. Con-

gress can delegate its powers to the executive, and largely has delegated them. Secretary Hubert Work and Commissioner Charles H. Burke rule a domain of 110,000 square miles by personal government.

Guardians over assets totaling several hundred millions, they account to no court—nor to anybody else, since Congress does not make them account to Congress. They sell and lease vast properties under rules and regulations of their own making, which they can change or suspend at will. Their decisions are practically unreviewable by any court. They themselves are removable by no court.

Indian personal life is controlled in the same plenary manner. Regulations by the Secretary of the Interior have the force and effect of statute law. The penal code for Indians, save in the case of eight crimes named in Federal statutes, is made by the Interior Department, is not published, and can be changed or suspended at will. Under that code, or outside it, Indians are arrested, fined, and imprisoned without trial and without court review. Those who trade with Indians are licensed by the Department. Its revocation of their licenses is conclusive. Those who traffic in any manner with Indians on reservations are subject to bureau espionage with unreviewable power to eject them. Those who investigate, preach, or even dig amid ruins on the reservations are similarly subject to espionage.

The bureau leaves the Indian family intact, or physically tears it apart, and its decisions are final and its acts, and the method of them, short of outright torture or killing, unreviewable. An Indian leaves a will; the bureau may heed it or destroy it, and the heirs have no recourse. In 1926 the bureau actually destroyed one-fifth of the Indian wills on which action was taken in that year. Most of the valuable Indian land is allotted under bureau trust to individual Indians. If an Indian possessing allotted land is judged to be "incapable" (by the unreviewable Indian Bureau), he may be ejected and white men put upon his land. If Indian allotted land is coveted by white men, the bureau may, and does, lease it to them in its unreviewable discretion, for no consideration beyond the supposed improvements which the white man's use will bring to the land. Land belonging to the allotted Indian who dies is sold to white men, when and as the bureau may determine, and passes out of Indian ownership automatically; the heirs are made landless.

Congress in years gone by, in forms of treaties and statute laws, has given various protections to the Indians. These protections, especially the statutes safeguarding the indivisible tribal estate as distinct from the allotted lands, stand between the Indians and the fast-developing onslaught against their property.

The Indian Bureau, in a series of adventures since 1922, has sought to break down these protections and wipe them from the books. One of these adventures is now under way, and because it illustrates the others and exhibits the official "father" at his best or worst, and because it is a situation crying for citizen intervention, I briefly describe it.

The Flathead tribe, in Montana, numbering 2,800 souls, are owners of a large water-power site. Its potential exceeds 250,000 of primary horse-power. The tribe's ownership is vested through a treaty seventy years old, and the exclusive enjoyment of the earnings from the water-power is guaranteed to the tribe by the Federal Water-Power Act of 1920.

A $5,000,000 debt has been placed on the Indian lands since 1908. This debt has purchased an asset in the shape of an irrigation system now functioning to only 31 per cent capacity. Ninety-six per cent of this used capacity is in the possession or use of whites. The whites are finding difficulty in meeting their share of the obligation to the Government. They are morally entitled to relief through a writing-off of their indebtedness by an act of Congress. But the Interior Department prefers that the Flathead Indians shall assume the debts of these white farmers. And the farmers are willing.

The Indian Bureau wasted $101,000 some years ago in a fantastic tunnel project, never completed, designed to siphon or pump irrigation water. Later the bureau sought to convince Congress that power generated at this tunnel-site could be used for pumping water to an average elevation of 325 feet to fill the irrigation ditches, constructed years ago but still wholly or partly dry. The dead loss of this investment in the tunnel is now admitted by all. The Indian Bureau would like to recover $101,000 (for itself, not for the Flathead Indians) out of the proceeds of the Flathead power—in other words, out of the Indians.

The Federal Power Commission would like a part of the cash from the Indian power site, to be used for its own operating costs. The Montana Power Company wants the Flathead power site at a rental as low and with competition as restricted as Congress can be persuaded to grant.

These are the elements which have joined in as lusty an adventure as Indian history records. The whole undertaking was put in a written "tentative agreement," at the Indian Bureau February 17 last. This agreement plans the confiscation of the Flathead power, delivering the power site to the Montana Power Company, and delivering the company's payment therefor, first, to the white irrigation district in the form of power at cost; second, to the Indian Bureau in reimbursement for its $101,000 tunnel fantasy; third, to the Federal Power Commission; and finally, to the amount of one-third or less of the cash rental, to the Flathead tribe. The Flathead tribe, remember, is the exclusive owner of the water-power site and of any revenue which it may yield.

To achieve the confiscation it is necessary to override the treaty and to mutilate the Federal Water-Power Act. The attempt was first made in Congress one week before the adjournment last March, in the form of jokers appended to the second Urgent Deficiency Bill, sponsored by Louis I. Crampton, who is chairman of the Interior Department subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. The rider went through the House in three minutes. In spite of intense activity in its behalf by the white irrigationists, the Montana Power Company and the Indian Bureau, it was defeated in the Senate.

The identical plot, probably altered in some surface details, is to be sprung on the new Congress. Heavy lobbying is under way at this writing. The issue is greater than the figure of 250,000 horse-power suggests, because there are other Indian water-powers, large and coveted, and the legislative precedent insisted on by the Indian Bureau is a precedent for confiscating all of this type of Indian wealth.

Senator King of Utah introduced a resolution last February providing for a Senate investigation of Indian affairs. The bureau fought the King resolution and the

easure was lost in the crush of the filibuster. It has een reintroduced and should pass the Senate immediately. nd the appointment of Senator Frazier to the chairmanip of the Indian Affairs Committee should be of the greatt help.

The Institute for Government Research has just comleted an ambitious study of Indian affairs. That study ill be delivered to the Secretary of the Interior. The everal reports on Indian health, Indian property, Indian chools, and Indian agricultural needs without doubt will e subpoenaed by Congress if they can be made public in o other way. Otherwise their history may be that of the merican Red Cross Report on Indian Health, which was uppressed absolutely by the Indian Bureau.

No possible reforms, of the merely administrative type, can meet the situation. The Indian is a victim of exploitation through a system that denies him, individually and collectively, status and equal protection before the law. There is no future for Indians save they be granted legal rights. That a complete administrative revolution is called for goes without saying. Our Indian affairs are a systematized, sanctioned, and impersonal wrong. They are not mainly chargeable to the men who are functionaries now, but to history, to Congress, and to ourselves collectively. They can be cured whenever we, through Congress, choose to cure them. If we continue to wait, only ourselves will feel virtuous when we act at last. The Indians, as Indians and as possessors of anything, will have become history.

The Radio Trust Rolls On

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SOMNOLENT public opinion, lulled into that desirable state by pleasant radio programs and a smooth-running publicity machine, has continued in the last six months to keep the air cleared for an obedient servant of the people, the radio trust. This providential combine has gathered in another group of independent manufacturers—at a minimum annual royalty of $100,000 each; and by deft manipulation, strictly in accordance with the law, has shaken choice plums out of the Federal Radio Commission though that body was created "to maintain the control of the United States over all channels of interstate and foreign radio transmission." Among these plums have been a number of short wave-lengths, which recently have become exceedingly valuable in the field of long-distance commercial communication. Today the control of the wireless cabal over manufacturing and broadcasting could not be more complete; since July 1 its dominion over commercial communications has been greatly strengthened, despite the gesture of opposition offered by the newly created Postal Federal Telegraph alliance in the far West. Apparently all that remains to make permanent this control is to have the present session of Congress extend indefinitely the life of the Federal Radio Commission.

Early in 1927 several patent suits, initiated by the Radio Corporation of America, were pending in the courts. Later, after RCA had won a preliminary skirmish, the majority of these suits were settled out of court, by which arrangement a number of independent manufacturers were brought into the trust's patent pool. Included among these were Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, Zenith Radio Corporation, Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Crosley Radio Corporation, Radio Reception Company, Inc., All-America Radio Corporation, American Bosch Magneto Company, and Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company. The settlement called for the payment of back royalties at the rate of 7½ per cent on the sale price of all radio devices sold, a sum "considerably more than $1,000,000," and the payment in the future of royalties at the same rate. Discussing the agreement reached with the first of these companies, the Radio Corporation said: "Aside from the payment of royalties by Atwater Kent and the freedom which it gives his company to go forward without being hampered by the lack of basic patents or the distraction of litigation, the licensing agreement will have no other effect upon the radio industry, which is on a vigorously competitive basis." Considering that most of the basic radio patents have expired or are about to expire and that competition obviously is permitted only upon payment of tribute to the controlling syndicate, this statement appears somewhat faulty. At least that is the view generally held by the independents, and particularly so by the DeForest Radio Company, the Northern Manufacturing Company, the United Radio and Electrical Corporation, the Televocal Corporation, and certain individuals doing business under the name of the Sonatron Tube Corporation, who on November 29 filed suit in the United States District Court in Wilmington, Delaware, asking that the Radio Corporation of America be restrained from continuing its monopoly of the industry.

In the meanwhile the trust has been handsomely aided by the Federal Radio Commission. When the Dill-White bill was before Congress at its last session the General Electric-Westinghouse ring bitterly opposed the plan to set up an independent radio commission. In this it was supported by President Coolidge, who declared that an independent body would further complicate the growing governmental bureaucracy; the President wanted radio supervision placed directly under a Cabinet officer, who would be responsible to him. But Senator C. C. Dill of Washington insisted, and he was supported by the independent radio interests. Eventually the contending forces compromised; Dill and the independents were to have their commission, but its life was to last only a year, no longer; the radio coalition could after that look forward to one-man supervision, which apparently was what it desired. Since the organization of the commission last spring, however, the opponents of the combine have become disillusioned and the trust amply repaid by the compromise. The former had believed that the commissioners would be outstanding, liberal-minded men; instead, so they now allege, the Radio Commission was packed with men either overly friendly toward the General Electric family or under direct obligations to the radio trust. Before the radio law became effective the Secretary of Commerce was under a mandate to issue broadcasting permits to any and all applicants who complied with the minimum mechanical require-

ments; only in assigning wave-lengths was he permitted to use his discretion. Under the Radio Act of 1927 the commission is given the widest possible latitude in granting licenses.

A review of the licenses granted in the last few months shows that almost without exception applications received from the RCA group have been approved, while those from dissentient concerns have usually been listed for future hearing. It is not unreasonable to point out that the smaller applicants can rarely afford to attend these hearings in person, to pay an attorney to be on hand at all times to keep alive the commission's interest in their applications, or to pay the expenses of the large number of witnesses that would be needed to convince the commission that the broadcasting or commercial service contemplated is really in the "public interest."

Lately the Federal Radio Commission has put into effect a new wave-length reallocation scheme, under which as many as 300 of the 685 broadcasting stations in the country may be refused license renewals after the first of February. Already twenty-five licensees have been forced off the air. Most radio experts readily agree that this move may eventually clear away much of the interference in and overcrowding of the available broadcasting channels; but it is nevertheless noteworthy that none of the radio trust's stations has been among those which have fallen by the wayside. But the recusant radio interests have tired of barking at that particular moon; seemingly the trust's grip on broadcasting has become unbreakable. At the moment the conflict is over the control of short wave-lengths. Until very recently the wave-lengths under 200 meters were considered worthless; they were left to the amateurs to play with. But these experimenters soon revealed that they could reach Australia, Japan, and South Africa from the United States by means of fifteen to thirty meter waves. Further exploration disclosed that these short waves have immense commercial possibilities. They have a high trajectory—that is to say, they are lifted high into the air immediately upon leaving the sending device and come to earth again hundreds and even thousands of miles away. Consequently they have little value in program broadcasting, but for the same reason they can easily be adapted to long-distance commercial wireless service carried on between fixed points. Being lifted high in the air, they suffer little from interference or static such as is usually caused by metal objects on the face of the earth or by subsurface ore deposits. Moreover less power is required to transmit short waves. The Atlantic Ocean can be bridged on ten to twenty kilowatts, whereas the longer waves need power to the amount of 200 kilowatts. Less power means a smaller investment; a twenty-kilowatt transmitting plant costs from $50,000 to $100,000, while a 200-kilowatt plant may cost as much as $1,000,000. Appreciating this, the General Electric combine has reached out for all the short wave-lengths made available by the Radio Commission and has succeeded in acquiring half of them.

A total of 119 of these valuable wave-lengths had until December 1 been doled out by the commission, of which number fifty-seven were assigned to members of the trust, thirty-eight to the Mackay-Federal combination, and twenty-four to miscellaneous stations. At its Rocky Point, Long Island, station the Radio Corporation is using fifteen or more of these frequency bands, and at its Bolinas, California, station several more. Many wireless experts have pointed out that the business of the Radio Corporation at this time does not require the forty-four short waves which have been assigned to it. It has been the position of the corporation, however, that it needs them all for emergencies or for future expansion. In the meantime other present or potential commercial operators are denied the use of these waves. Similarly the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has five short waves for use at its Ocean Township, New Jersey, station, from which point it conducts a transatlantic telephone service, although at present it is operating on only one wave. So far as transoceanic wireless is concerned the trust has frankly taken the stand that such service should be in the hands of a monopoly. James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation, has declared that "it is both inexpedient and economically impractical to have more than one such system for each country on account of the limited number of ether channels available and the large amount of capital required." Nevertheless the Postal-Federal alliance, which has rounded up thirty-eight short waves, seems to be having some success in competing with the Radio Corporation's monopoly on the Pacific. But a cardinal point of the trust's program is no wireless competition with the overland wire services—particularly the Western Union, a related member of the combine. The Postal Telegraph is making a feeble effort to break through this policy, but nowhere else is there to be found the slightest semblance of a threat. The twenty-four wave-lengths for point-to-point use which have been assigned to miscellaneous stations are being used privately by business and industrial concerns including Ford Motor Company, Graham Brothers, Burton Coal Company, Firestone Rubber Company, Elgin Watch Company; by various oil pipe-line companies, airplane transport firms, and others. Aside from the Postal-Federal licenses already mentioned, not one short wave has been assigned to a commercial radio company competing or planning to compete with the Radio Corporation in long-distance wireless communication service or with the Western Union in overland telegraph service.

Clearly, then, it is to the advantage of the trust that the Radio Commission be continued as at present constituted. Judging from the number of measures being prepared at this time, Congress will have plenty of opportunity to decide whether the commission as an administrative body shall be allowed to expire at the end of its year or shall be permanently endowed with the arbitrary power it now holds. It is too early to forecast the direction new legislation will take, although one or two distinct trends are noticeable and may be worthy of comment. The Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, with Mr. Watson of Indiana as its chairman, has been working on a bill which would continue the commission as an administrative body, although when reported out it may also provide that the commission's jurisdiction be extended to embrace supervision of the telephone and telegraph systems as well as radio. Ordinarily an apathetic Congress would permit such a measure to slide through. Representative E. L. Davis, an authority on the subject and minority leader of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which has charge of radio legislation in the House, is understood to be in favor of extending the tenure of the radio commission, but he also wants the commission's power increased so that it would become a regulatory instead of a supervisory body. He would require all telephone, telegraph, and radio companies to file schedules of operating costs and income with this commission and provide for the licensing of these companies by the commission. His plan is to confer on this board the broadest possible powers

of authority over communication by wire or wireless. Another proposal, not yet fathered by any one Congressman, would set up a body to regulate and control all radio services, including peace-time and non-military service of the army and navy. At present these latter systems are not under the jurisdiction of the Radio Commission. The suggested agency would be composed of civil and military personnel, assisted by a staff of technical experts, who would have virtually complete control over all wireless activities in the country. But as this step is not far removed from actual government monopoly, it is doubtful whether it would make much progress in either House, particularly in view of the activities of the "Seventeen-Billion-Dollar Power Industry" lobby in Washington. This lobby is intimately tied up with the radio trust, not only through interlocking directorates and stock holdings, but more particularly because the electricity trust will presently find it necessary to control patents on the devices now being developed for the wireless broadcasting of power.

Quite apart from the question of the future supervision of broadcasting, Congress may be asked to investigate the past work of the Radio Commission. Many of the independent station owners who have been forced to quit the air, claiming that thereby they have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars which they had invested in broadcasting equipment, are threatening trouble and already have lined up several Congressmen in support of a resolution for investigation. This action may bring about a much-needed airing of the domination by the General Electric combine of the American radio field.

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has found scientific backing for one of his pet theories. He has long contended that some day a veritable holocaust would begin among the skyscrapers of New York and other American cities. These gaunt towers and terraces are supported by steel girders which in the process of construction are covered up so that in subsequent years they never are—never can be—examined or renewed. Yet in course of time must not rust and decay set in? Thus forty or fifty years hence the Drifter expects that some bright morning the upper six stories of the Woolworth tower will detach themselves from the column below, do a graceful nose dive, and land on the back of the old Post Office below. For without question the old Post Office will still be there just as grimy and ugly as it is today. The next week a couple of the upper floors of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel will slide out from the rest of it and do a back flip-flop over Fifth Avenue into Central Park. Thereafter a rain of skyscrapers will begin above and a reign of terror below. In Chicago a section of the offices of the *Tribune* will come crashing to the pavement, while in Boston a parlor, two bedrooms, and several shower baths will land in Tremont Street from the upper reaches of the Parker House. Pedestrians will find it as dangerous and difficult to dodge falling skyscrapers as they do today to get out of the way of automobiles.

* * * * *

THIS, the Drifter submits, is a reasonable prediction, but he has found no adequate support when descanting upon it. Those to whom he has outlined the probability have eyed him suspiciously for a minute and then gone to a telephone booth to look up the number of the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. But hold! Here comes Sir Edwin Lutyens, an English engineer, expressing precisely the same idea though using longer and less understandable words to do it. Sir Edwin cites in support of his—and the Drifter's—idea the corrosion of the steel which was found in the tower of the old Madison Square Garden when lately it was torn down. Of course the next day "New York architects, engineers, and builders united in condemning as absurd" the theory of Sir Edwin. They did not mention the Drifter, for which he is just as thankful because superficially, at least, their arguments carried considerable conviction. It is no business of this column to restate in detail those arguments. Copies can probably be obtained from the renting office of any new skyscraper. But in general it was pointed out that the steel columns were so encased and protected as to guard against rust almost indefinitely and that the girders in various old skyscrapers, lately torn down, had been found to be in perfect condition. The steel in Madison Square Garden was sound except in the tower where faulty construction had caused the trouble. Fairly reassuring, all this, if we can escape anything but a reasonable amount of "faulty construction." But the Drifter's chief comfort is found in the improbability that any of the buildings will be allowed to stand long enough for their steel to rust. In the skyscraper of tomorrow, in all probability, the plaster in the ninety-sixth story will hardly be dry before the first floor is demolished in order to sink foundations for another and higher structure.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

More Winnipeg Humor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your appropriate remarks relative to the joke of the year, played on Winnipeg through the antics of our stalwart patriots. They refused to build the cenotaph on the prize-winning design because the winner was German-born; when a second competition was held the German's wife won it.

It is indeed a joke, especially in the light of the fact that, after paying Mrs. Hahn her prize money, her design also has been rejected. Another design from another source has now been accepted which, thanks to an application of additional purity tests, is said to be "untainted" in every respect.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, December 15 JOHN W. READ

The Class-Struggle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The other day some "class-conscious" pickets were parading in front of Mr. Rockefeller's office in New York. They had put up a sign: "You cannot destroy the solidarity of the workers." A group of workers from a neighboring building under construction tore down the banner and drove the class-conscious workers away.

Old-time addicts of the class-struggle once pictured the coming of an actual conflict between the working class and the capitalist class, in which the fat capitalists would be routed by the sturdy arms of the brawny workers, and labor would return from the battle with flying banners in the hands of laurel-

crowned heroes of toil. The picture has faded in the light of experience. Where clashes of arms have taken place between the workers and the capitalists the organized forces of the capitalists have shot down the workers and the affair was soon over.

The most conspicuous class-struggle to be seen today is the struggle on the part of the workers to become capitalists.

A workingman, in working clothes, stands on the street corner and signals an approaching motorman to stop his car for him. If the motorman is in the least bit of a hurry he looks neither to the right nor to the left but rushes the car past his standing fellow-worker, as though he were not there. On the next corner stands a gentleman, kid-gloved and carrying a cane—the badge of the non-worker. He does not need to lift his cane or a gloved finger as a signal to the motorman to stop—a slight condescending nod suffices. The class-conscious worker on the front platform shuts off the power, applies his strong arm to the brake, and brings his car to a respectful stop. He displays his class-consciousness by showing his recognition of the class to which he would like to belong.

The class-conscious worker on the East Side of New York talks about the brave struggle of the working class in Russia. Who are the working class of Russia? About 85 per cent of the workers of Russia are farmers, petty capitalists at heart, with no sympathy whatever for the economic ideals of the class-conscious worker of the United States—or Russia.

A political party in the United States, calling itself "the Party of the Workers," put up candidates for President and sundry other offices, while the majority of workers scarcely knows of its existence; and the more they know about it the less they appear inclined to support it. The workers elected Mr. Coolidge President.

May the workers have more and more success in their effort to escape from the inconveniences of labor. Let us cease fooling ourselves with ancient slogans.

New York, December 1 J. P. WARBASSE

What Veterans Mayn't Read

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to cite, as evidence of a censorship a bit more asinine than usual, the following excerpt from a letter from the Acting Medical Director of the United States Veterans Bureau to the librarian of a large tuberculosis hospital:

> . . . The following books have been canceled on your recent order as unsuitable for patients' reading: Armstrong's "Tales of Fear"; Carman's "Chickens Come Home to Roost"; Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"; Hecht's "Broken Necks"; Huysman's "Downstream"; Mills's "Aristocrat"; Newman's "The Hard Boiled Virgin"; Norris's "Zelda Marsh"; Sinclair's "Oil"; Van Dine's "The Canary Murder Case"; Wells's "The Sixth Commandment"; Kemp's "Tramping on Life"; Mayo's "Mother India"; Wiggin's "The Next Age of Man"; "The Pharmacopeia of the U. S." (not for patients); Stephen's "Etched in Moonlight."
>
> The following books are not found in the Veterans Bureau catalogue: Marcel Proust's "Sodom and Gomorrah"; H. L. Mencken's "Thwacks from the Mother Land. . . ."
>
> The following have been too recently published to have received sufficiently satisfactory reviews: Cohen's "Detours"; Durant's "Transition"; Faulkner's "Mosquitoes"; Stewart's "Cap of Youth"; Brooks's "American Caravan. . . ."

October 3, 1927 WINTHROP ADAMS,
Acting Medical Director

It is only fair to Dr. Adams to state that he gave reasons for blacklisting two of the above volumes: "Aristocrats" as "a depressing moral tale," and "The Canary Murder Case," because one of the characters spoke in favor of suicide.

No one would ever dream of finding the *American Mercury* or *The Nation* in a veteran's bureau library, but why are the *Yale Review* and *Motor Age* censored?

Fort Bayard, N. M., December 25 CHRISTOPHER SEALE

Gerald Lively's Poems

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some twelve years ago a young workingman sent me a great quantity of poetry in manuscript—I think, the best proletarian poetry that has been produced in America. Gerald J. Lively was his name, and I tried in vain to find him a publisher. He took his family off to South America, and I have never heard of him since. The Vanguard Press judges his poetry worth publishing, but has not the money for the publication. The cost would be about $500. I have told the story in more detail in my book, "Money Writes!" with some examples of the verses. This publication brings me a letter from a workingman in New York as follows:

> I am wondering if enough money could not be raised by popular subscription to put his verse through the Vanguard Press. I will gladly donate $10 out of my $23 a week and I have a brother who will give more. Somewhere I became acquainted with Lively's verse and then I lost him. I would certainly be more than willing to do my share toward bringing him to the people.

It has occurred to me that some of the readers of *The Nation* who are earning more than $23 a week might like to contribute to this purpose. I would be very pleased to receive pledges; or let the money be sent direct to the Vanguard Press, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Let me add that if Gerald Lively sees this, or if anyone knows where he is, I would be glad of the information. If he turns up, he will receive a 10 per cent royalty from the publication.

Long Beach, California, December 24 UPTON SINCLAIR

A Porto Rican Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Hiram Bingham recently wrote to a prominent Porto Rican, Colonel Angel Rivero, regretting that teaching in the Porto Rican schools is not exclusively in the English language. He fears that this method will prevent Porto Rico from becoming a State of the Union. He cites the examples of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, where everybody spoke Spanish when the United States acquired those territories, and today they are English-speaking States.

But those territories, when acquired by the United States, were almost uninhabited; their few inhabitants were mostly Indians or half-Indians. Porto Rico, when the United States took possession, was a country densely populated, enjoying a superior culture equal to that of Cuba, with a European civilization four centuries old. The Spanish language had acquired among us Porto Ricans the same purity as in Spain. In Spanish, our most eloquent orators delivered their addresses before the Spanish Congress in defense of our liberty and rights; in Spanish sang our best poets; in Spanish our journalists fought their greatest campaigns; in Spanish our literary men wrote histories, novels, and didactic works. Can Senator Bingham say that of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico? No. And why does he, then, suggest that the Spanish language, which is the exponent of our history and our civilization, should be eliminated from our schools and be replaced by the English, which can convey to our children only the idea that we are a country submitted to a foreign domination?

This is not loving Spain more than loving the United States, as he says. It is defending what every worthy country should defend: its language, which is the soul of the people and their history, for a country without history is not a country, but a tribe, like the wandering tribes of the desert.

Spain did nothing to win the love of our people; she oppressed us with taxes and was tyrannical politically. Nor

has the United States done anything to win the love of our people. It has brought us material progress, has endowed us with a modern educational system, and has given us laws that guarantee the rights of citizens—but as far as political rights are concerned, we are in the same condition as when Spain left us: with a trimmed autonomy, colonial style, which is far from what we expected from the self-styled "freest and most democratic nation in the world."

Senator Bingham says that we should be, before anything else, *good Americans*. This is the same tin-pan serenade that we used to hear from Spain when we asked her for more liberties and rights. Such sentiments do not come into the soul by means of royal decrees or acts of Congress. If, in order to become a State of the American Union, we must abdicate our patrimony and our love of liberty, it would be better that we constitute ourselves an independent nation and face bravely the consequences of such an act.

San Juan, Porto Rico, December 10 MARIANO ABRIL,
Ex-Senator of the Porto Rican Congress

Contributors to This Issue

The reproduction of Pueblo paintings on the cover is by courtesy of the Corona Mundi International Art Center.

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□ LECTURE □

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of the Russian Collegiate Institute
Four Russian Writers: Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Plekhanov
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IS JEWISH SOCIAL WORK DIFFERENT FROM GENERAL SOCIAL WORK? "(1) . . . Jewish social work . . . requires not only a thorough knowledge of the general principles underlying social work, but also adequate knowledge of Jewish cultural background. . . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 3.)

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For further information regarding the above write our office. Registrations may be made in person or by mail at Labor Temple, 242 East 14th St., New York City.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the School will take place at the Aldine Club Rooms, 200 Fifth Avenue, Friday evening, January 20th at 7:00 P. M. Speakers will be Heywood Broun, John Cowper Powys, John Haynes Holmes, G. F. Beck, Edmund B. Chaffee. Tickets $2.50, may be secured at Labor Temple Office.

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Still *he rides*

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by Bruno Frank

Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter

Three tales of one of the great kings of history, in which a panoramic vision of his life unfolds as we contemplate the disillusioned weariness of its closing years. Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Emil Ludwig have welcomed this book with excitement and admiration. With four drawings by Adolph Menzel. $2.50

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP
by Willa Cather

Published in September, this historical tale of quietly heroic devotion in the Southwest had sold 60,000 copies before Christmas, and at a steadily increasing rate. Many a qualified judge has called it the finest of all Willa Cather's books. Dorothy Foster Gilman wrote of it in the *Boston Evening Transcript,* "It is one of the most superb pieces of literary endeavor this reviewer has ever read, regardless of language or nation." Robert Morss Lovett describes it as a tale "full of happiness and triumph." $2.50

Two Modern Artists

The Individual—the Race

THE COUNTERFEITERS
by André Gide

This tremendous novel has brought its author into a position in America as unquestioned as that which he has long occupied in Europe. Clifton P. Fadiman wrote of it in *The Nation,* "All the writer can do is to record his conviction that *The Counterfeiters* is definitely among the great novels of at least our own time." Seventh printing. $3.00

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD
Edited by J. Middleton Murry

The full and final revelation of a personality, a life, great in itself, even apart from the exquisite stories. Conrad Aiken says of it in *The Boston Evening Transcript,* "It is, above all, the *person* who captivates us here, and not the authoress." It is like all Katherine Mansfield's work, beautifully written, humorous, ironical, and tender; and it is full of the pathos of the artist struggling against great odds. $3.50

THE HUMAN BODY
by Logan Clendening, M.D.

The publication of this salty and life-giving book was a signal event of 1927. Its increasing effect on the American consciousness will be part of the literary and scientific history of 1928 and many years to come. H. L. Mencken describes it as "by long odds the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America." 100 illustrations. Third printing. $5.00

THE RATE OF LIVING
by Raymond Pearl

Author of *Alcohol and Longevity, The Biology of Population Growth,* Etc.

Dr. Raymond Pearl describes his new book as "an account of some experimental studies on the biology of life duration." The experiments, from which he concludes that the length of life depends inversely on the rate of living, are of interest both for themselves and on account of the wider implications that may be drawn from them. Illustrated. $3.50

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Books, Music, Plays

Kentucky Mountain Farm

Rebuke of the Rocks

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

Now on you is the hungry equinox,
O little stubborn people of the hill—
The season of the obscene moon whose pull
Disturbs the sod, the rabbit, the lank fox,
Moving the waters, the boar's dull blood,
And the acrid sap of the ironwood.

But breed no tender thing among the rocks.
Rocks are too old under the mad moon,
Renouncing passion by the strength that locks
The eternal agony of fire in stone.

Then quit yourselves as stone and cease
To break the weary stubble-field for seed;
Let not the naked cattle bear increase,
Let barley wither and the bright milkweed.
Instruct the heart, lean men, of a rocky place
That even the little flesh and fevered bone
May keep the sweet sterility of stone.

Mr. Hobson on Industrial Peace

The Conditions of Industrial Peace. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AS an example of incisive, penetrating, lucid, and convincing economic analysis nothing that J. A. Hobson has written surpasses this latest product of his versatile and prolific pen. Primarily directed to the industrial situation in Britain, the argument applies with scarcely less force to conditions in America and other industrialized countries. Diagnosis must precede prescription, and it is especially in diagnosing the causes of industrial conflict that the author evidences an almost uncanny insight. The competitive system which, under a simpler economy, sufficed in a rough way to adjust and regulate the relations of employer and employee, producer and consumer, and to determine the shares in the total product which should go to the various participants in the productive process, has broken down. "The 'invisible hand' of the older laissez faire system has been withdrawn and no new organic rule has been substituted." We are confronted with an increasing integration of industry, the great international cartels constituting the latest and most extensive form of industrial combination. Conflict appears along several fronts: between owners and the workers centering in the wage question; between various classes of trades within each country, particularly between protected and exposed, strongly organized and weakly organized, necessary and luxury trades; between skilled and unskilled labor; between national groups of traders, manufacturers, and investors in foreign countries, seeking control of essential raw materials and markets—the conflicts of economic imperialism in a word.

The basic fact in the present system is that it is "a network of interrelated productive processes, each of which embodies a great heritage of traditional knowledge and skill, together with much plant and other material equipment serviceable to each process." Elaborate cooperation and division of labor is an essential characteristic. The fundamental interdependence and interrelation of the entire economic organization is clearly disclosed. The inevitable corollary is that "value is socially determined." It is the general disregard and defiance of this basic truth that constitutes the underlying cause of industrial conflict, between whatever groups it may occur. The separatist assumption is still maintained that "every business and industry has full right of self-government, and is entitled to all gains which it can make and equally must bear its own losses, irrespective of whether those gains or losses are attributable to its own efficiency or inefficiency, or to external causes affecting the market for its product, over which it has no control." Industry must rather be viewed as "a single complex organism, producing a fund of wealth, divisible into two parts, one required for the wages and profit which sustain the life and current activity of the organism, the other a surplus, over and above these costs of maintenance, a fund of social and individual progress."

It is in distinguishing these elements of cost and surplus that Hobson's analysis is perhaps most penetrating. Wages should include three elements: "a minimum or subsistence wage; some additional payment for occupational skill, disagreeability, etc.; and, where necessary, an individual differential payment." Capital must also receive a return on investment sufficient to evoke its use, which may be analyzed into an interest charge and a "wear and tear" fund, for this analysis does not postulate an abandonment but the continuance of the capitalistic regime; we are not contemplating any transition to socialism. Since, however, wealth is so largely the product of social determinants, we must approach the question of its distribution as a social problem. The pool of wealth represented by the total annual product must, therefore, be divided into two parts, costs and surplus. The parties to the various aspects of the industrial conflict are agreed that costs are a first charge upon this pool of wealth, though they may differ radically in specific instances with regard to what is a fair wage for labor or a reasonable profit for capital.

It is upon the question as to who shall enjoy the surplus after costs are met that the industrial conflict really is joined, all the parties ignoring entirely its essential character of being socially determined. Economic peace is only possible by abandoning the piece-meal attempts at adjusting particular disputes of capital and labor in single businesses or trades. Such a course ignores the basic interdependence of all elements of industry in the present industrial system. A "National Industrial Council in which capital, labor, the consumer, and the government should be duly represented, a body endowed at first with purely advisory powers, is the first essential of that limited industrial self-government needed to secure industrial peace." Through such an agency standards of wages might be established, and return on investments and the limits of profits for capital determined, with reference to the peculiar character of each industry. In emergency situations this might involve subsidies to especially exposed trades. Such an agency would, furthermore, function in determining the element of surplus which would be available for general social uses. To claim for society large portions of this surplus the taxing power should be invoked. Thus Mr. Hobson previsions, as does Mr. Laski, a government of industry, paralleling and interlocking with the government of the state and providing, through a system of functional representation, the elements of democratic social control now so visibly lacking in economic organization.

One additional step must be taken, however, to insure industrial peace. "A policy of sound economic internationalism, based upon equality of access to the resources of backward countries, and a fair treatment of their peoples with a view to the education and supply of their constantly expanding needs, may gain enough authority to break up the new and subtler forms of servitude devised to replace the crude slavery of the past." Whether the League of Nations may become the instrument

through which this ideal will be achieved is difficult to predict, but as long as the selfish greed of powerful economic interests, nationally organized, threatens the peace of the world through their competition for economic control of the natural resources and markets of undeveloped areas, no program of industrial adjustment, confined to the limits of a single state, can offer more than a partial solution of the problem of industrial conflict.

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD

Disarmament

General Disarmament or War? By Rennie Smith. On sale at the National Council for Prevention of War, Washington, D. C. Cloth, $1; paper, twenty-five cents.

RENNIE SMITH is the kind of earnest evangelist whose conviction gathers strength from the very limitation of his vision. If you believe that the causes of war are so complex and deeply rooted in our economic system that the thing can be eliminated only by the concerted and intelligently disciplined action of those classes in each country which do the bulk of the work and bear the main brunt of war, then this little book of one hundred pages will not kindle you with its contagious faith. But if you are a practical person with your mind turned toward the immediate and not the remote future, if you are an optimist by nature and ready to work for mere next steps, you will find in this book a valuable program adaptable to the United States as well as to Europe.

First, says the author, we require the development of international institutions adequate for holding together the life of mankind and capable of attaining settlements of disputes—obviously the League of Nations, the World Court, the International Labor Office. Second, we need the preparation of minds for the achievement of the work of these institutions. Third—and here is where the author's contribution is really made—we need the adoption and practice, stage by stage, of general disarmament. The book, written before the failure of the recent naval conference in Geneva, records progress to date in this respect in the disarmament of the Central Powers, by duress, at Versailles in 1919; the achievements (such as they were) of the Washington Conference of 1921, and the Central American Disarmament Conference of five small Powers in 1923.

The author then makes very clear and very convincing the moral obligation of the other great Powers to meet, in the disarmament conference scheduled for the League of Nations for 1928, the terms that were forced upon the Central Powers at Versailles—namely, terms which would leave each country able to defend her territory against an outlaw nation but crippled as to aggressive warfare. He makes plain the obligation of Great Britain to take the initiative in naval disarmament, and of France to make the offer to relinquish part of her land and air force if the other countries will meet her proportionately. The vexed question of commercial airplanes which can in an hour's time be converted into bombers he meets candidly with the statement that "the only way to reduce this potential menace is to place civil aviation under an international authority such as the League of Nations."

The rest of the book is concerned with the technical discussion of what would constitute a proportionate disarmament schedule in the exact scale of that which the victors in 1919 forced upon the vanquished with the tacit understanding before the world that at the close of the war to end war they would voluntarily swallow their own disarmament medicine.

Of the feasibility and fairness of these schedules it is difficult for the lay critic to speak with authority, or the expert with disinterestedness. It is easy for the American critic to respond to the author's claim that England has far-flung colonies to protect, that the United States has a huge coast line on each of two oceans. The only opinion of demonstrable value on moot points would be that of Olympian groups of disinterested experts of all countries in military, naval, and aviation matters, speaking with the tongues of angels as well as of men. The recent naval fiasco at Geneva suggests that the Anglo-Saxon nations at least have not yet developed experts who are also great statesmen; which does not mean that in time we may not do so, but does mean that the basic premise of the book has yet to be proved.

Yet the book is valuable in the moral force of its appeal to the people of Great Britain to "put the mandate of an unmistakable national public opinion behind Britain's representative on the Disarmament Conference" of 1928 and thus to "justify and cover with the spirit of legality the compulsory disarmament of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria in 1919." Equally, public opinion in the United States will count, be she in or out of the League. The peoples of all nations will have to learn to think in terms of gradual voluntary disarmament if governments are to be persuaded to disarm.

CONSTANCE L. TODD

Wanted—A Literary Tariff

Conflicts. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.50.

WHAT should annoy the literary conscience of sophisticated American readers who find themselves ensnared by those tales is the obviously artificial devices by which two—and the most effective of them—are projected. Both of them are introduced by formalities reminiscent of the age of Washington Irving rather than of Ernest Hemingway. In the first tale, Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman, an elderly English woman is moved by an incident at her hotel to relate an episode of her life to one of the gentlemen guests in 100 pages of finished prose—including a complete, breath-taking melodrama, enacted on a gambling table by the telltale hands of the gamblers—a most remarkable piece of writing, but quite a miraculous improvisation for the lady in question. In the other, Episode in Early Life, a professor is moved by a presentation from his students to speak a novelette of 120 pages of concise dialogue and description. Yet not a bit perturbed over the stiffness and implausibility of such an opening, the author goes on as if it were the most casual introduction in the world, and before long there is built up in our mind a sense of experience which insinuates itself so subtly into our own backgrounds that we reach the end of the tale with a feeling of having been interrupted in a revery.

It is enough to set American authors clamoring for a literary tariff. Here are our own story tellers, from the gay adsandwiched pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* to the arid stretches of the *Dial*, at their wits' end for original ways of floating a story so that it should sound true, so that it should not be suspected of being fiction. If there is anything characteristically American about our literature it is this shamefacedness at telling a story, this fear of being found out, this apotheosis of the "real thing," smacking so suspiciously of the repressed scruples of a street faker. Highbrow and lowbrow have this in common. One will garnish a story with the latest slang, the other will get the indorsement of the newest psychological theory. The important thing is to produce a perfect alibi, to assure the reader that this is genuine and no fake. That, rather than the racial or geographic diversity of the country, has been responsible for the overemphasis on local color and dialect. For this the country has been zoned into a dozen local color areas, each with a school of its own. And contemporaneity has been developed to such a length that our fictional characters are sure to survive as authentic period furniture. With the apparent result that a highly specialized lit-

rary type has been bred, so peculiarly American, so differentiated from the rest of humanity, that it seems unreal—even o Americans. So that they turn with a sense of relief and ecognition to read about Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Scandinavians, Hungarians—foreigners, but somehow so much nore like themselves than the most perfect replicas in our ovels.

It is this sense of inner reality that holds one in these ales, which take place somewhere in human nature. Quietly nfolding out of a rich store of experience—rather than fevrsh attempts at snapshotting life—they give one a profound eeling of depth and flux instead of mere likeness. Thus they avoid the error of a realism that defeats its own purpose when t sets us seeing instead of experiencing. The characters of hese tales have no identity beyond that which they establish emotionally. They are like marble figures, naked, hard, and uncolored, but the shadowed concavities of their eyes are alive vith a life no colored wax can simulate.

It is interesting that the one story executed directly "from he life" is the weak link of the trio. A Failing Heart, the record of the last days of a dying man, is reminiscent of Tolstoi's Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and not to Zweig's advantage. It fails to impair, however, this intriguing introduction to America of an international literary personality.

ALTER BRODY

The Game of Research

Three Essays in Method. By Bernard Berenson. Oxford University Press. $14.

SCHOLARSHIP, to Mr. Berenson, rather than being a contribution toward the advance of civilization, etc., is a game in which a trained sensibility is pitted against the enigma of the past, and it is the sport of the game, rather than the result, which is of importance. In technique, too, he depends less on shibboleths than on facts. Long ago in his "Study and Criticism of Italian Art" he said that the study of art as of botany could take as its subject the result alone, and in the present volume this remains his attitude: What the work tells you quantitatively to determine the time, place, school, and original author; what it tells qualitatively to learn whether it is an autograph or a copy. While this method has its obvious faults, especially in the second part, no better one seems to have been developed.

The first essay or game is called, whimsically, Nine Pictures in Search of an Attribution. These nine small panels, two of which happen to be in the Metropolitan Museum of New York and one in the Jarvis Collection at New Haven, remained practically unremarked until Mr. Berenson took hold of them. To him they appeared closely related to one another. The problem then was: Were they by the same hand? Where and at what time were they painted, and, if it could be discovered, which painter did them? That they were by one painter Mr. Berenson thinks is shown by the treatment of costume, parts of the body, and landscape, and by the use of architecture in the arabesque of the panels. The landscapes the author quite rightly says are not very similar in detail. In fact none could be less so than those of plates 1 and 7; which is surprising considering the conventionality of landscapes in their day. But anyone would agree that the similarities are more significant than the differences, and that Mr. Berenson is justified in attributing the nine panels to one hand. The place and time he deduces from the types of costume, coiffure, and architecture shown in the panels; the result being Verona between 1480 and 1490. There remains, then, the who? This he decides may be Domenico Marone, because the only other painter of sufficient power to do them, Benaglio, painted in a manner too different from the panels to be admissible, and because these nine, in conjunction with twelve panels in the Este Collection at Vienna, mentioned by Dr. Suida as being similar to one of these, would fill a lacuna in the known career of Marone. This gap in knowledge is caused by the fact that the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi" (1494) and four works similar in style come between the Berlin Madonna (1484) and the S. Bernardino Libreria frescoes (1503), which seem to be inexplicably different in manner and subject. But these twenty-one panels, the nine originally in question and the twelve of the Este Collection, are similar in subject to the "Expulsion of the Bonacolsi," and a detailed examination shows them similar in technique to the works before and after the Bonacolsi period. These being attributed to Marone, his development becomes clear, for it is decided that toward the middle of the eighth decade of the century he came under the influence of Gentile Bellini, and remained there until the middle of the ninth, when he returned to his former style.

The proof is good, but it might gain force if, instead of considering the Berlin Madonna as the latest of the series of five, the André Madonna were given this place and the Widener Madonna placed earliest. Thus the series would go: Widener (fig. 60), Chalandon (fig. 58), Berlin (fig. 61) or Louvre (fig. 59), and finally André (fig. 57). This arrangement would, I think, have three supports: (1) It is difficult to explain why, in an age of naturalism, modeling should change from actualistic to decorative. (2) If the Madonna attributed to Benaglio is, as Mr. Berenson thinks, by Marone, then certainly the relationship between it and the Widener Madonna is too parental to be accidental. (3) If the André Madonna were the latest rather than the earliest, the transition from the monumental style to that of the "Bonacolsi" would be still clearer, for the background is a "veduta" and, as Mr. Berenson demonstrates, almost the simulacrum of the "King Receiving the Youthful Ambassador," one of the known Marones of the "Bonacolsi" period.

In the second essay the author restores to its rightful place a Botticelli of the Florence Academy whose legitimacy was long doubted. But it seems that, the original heads of the Mother and Child being injured, ones of a generation later were grafted. Remove these, regraft those in the "Madonna and Child" of the Lloyd Collection, and we have the Botticelli.

The third and the least enjoyable essay discusses a possible and an impossible Antonello da Messina. In this essay alone does Mr. Berenson rely on the connoisseur's as well as the archaeologist's eye. The principal and collateral results are interesting, but in the second part more evidence than is necessary is adduced.

WALTER GUTMAN

An American Old Testament

The Old Testament: An American Translation. By Alexander R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek, J. M. Powis Smith, Leroy Waterman. Edited by J. M. Powis Smith. University of Chicago Press. $7.50.

SEVEN years ago the University of Chicago Press published "an American translation" of the New Testament, by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, which was described as an attempt to reproduce in "simple, straightforward English" that common "language of everyday life" in which the Gospels and Epistles were originally written. What was begun thus with the New Testament has now been completed by "an American translation" of the Old Testament, which "tries," says the editor, "to be American in the sense that the writings of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson are American."

This Chicago translation of the Bible, now to be considered as a single work, rivals the scholarly achievement of the famous Revised Version. In addition it attempts the distinctive quality of a readableness in form and content which will commend it to the modern man. The publishers have done their part, in the

case of this Old Testament volume, by putting forth a book of surpassing beauty and convenience. The editor has cooperated by abolishing all the chapter and verse divisions of the traditional text and by arranging prose into paragraphs and poetry into verses, as in any contemporary book. As for the text itself, it is vivid, smooth, clear, not seldom noble and impressive. The antique, artificial character of the King James Version is altogether gone. This means a loss of sonorous dignity, of the great organ tones, as in Job and some of the Prophets. We miss the familiar form of certain immortal passages, as the twenty-third Psalm. But there is compensation in the liveness of the book. The translators have achieved a work of enormous difficulty with great success. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Anthony Comstock. By Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. A. and C. Boni.
Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.
The Rebellious Puritan. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace.
Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.
The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. Century.
Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. Boni and Liveright.
Marcel Proust. By Leon Pierre-Quint. Knopf.
The Magic Mountain. By Thomas Mann. Knopf.
The Counterfeiters. By André Gide. Knopf.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.
Blue Voyage. By Conrad Aiken. Scribner.
Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking.
The Place Called Dagon. By Herbert Gorman. Doran.
Lazarus Laughed. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
Marco Millions. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
Escape. By John Galsworthy. Scribner.
Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans, Green.
Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
Variety. By Paul Valéry. Harcourt, Brace.
The Road to Xanadu. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin.
Emerson and Others. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.
Discordant Encounters. By Edmund Wilson. A. and C. Boni.
The Realm of Essence. By George Santayana. Scribner.
The Social Basis of Consciousness. By Trigant Burrow. Harcourt, Brace.

Books in Brief

The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $10.50.

Long in preparation, these volumes constitute the best edition to date of Marvell's prose and verse. Mr. Margoliouth has gone to the manuscripts wherever they existed, and has given us for the first time an adequate commentary on one of the finest of English poets as well as on one of the most conscientious of English politicians. He does not indulge in criticism of Marvell, the best verdict on whose poetry is still the essay contributed by T. S. Eliot to the tercentenary volume a few years ago. It was time that Marvell be honored by an edition comparable to those of other poets of his century.

The Classical Tradition in Poetry. By Gilbert Murray. Harvard University Press. $3.

In these lectures, the first delivered under the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard, Mr. Murray attempts to show how the great poets have resembled each other. It is true that they have, but Mr. Murray does not very clearly show how or why; and the larger question still—how they can be at once so like and yet so different—he does not answer.

Father Mississippi. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. $5.

A devoted study, coming on down to the days of the recent great flood, of the greatest of our flowing waters and of the life which has been lived along it.

Annus Mirabilis, The Year of Wonders (1666). By John Dryden. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

This type-facsimile of the first edition of Dryden's first important poem is a valuable addition to the series which the Oxford Press has so admirably kept going.

Music

Haslemere and Baden-Baden

FROM the ancient village of Haslemere in England to luxurious Baden-Baden is a fairly direct journey for the traveler of about thirty-six hours by land and sea. For the musician, however, the route is not so simple. Some four hundred years lie between the two, both in musical ideas and in purpose. Haslemere seeks to revive the past, Baden-Baden to forestall the future; and even their common medium of "chamber music" is common in name only. Chamber music in the little Surrey village is that close communion among a small group of instruments long held as the highest and most refined form of music. Here viols and recorders, harpsichords and 'cellos hold intimate converse in stately "pavanes," grave "ayres" and "fantasies" and elaborately embroidered "concertos"; here, also, voice and lute woo or make common plaint. They are relics of the days when part playing, like part singing, was a regular function in every educated English household; and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the genius of this festival, has endeavored to bring back those days. Seated informally, with his wife and children, on a platform littered with instruments, he manages, somehow, to transform a small town hall into a drawing-room. It is not playing of great skill—except for that of young Rudolph Dolmetsch—but it is chamber music in its truest sense, chamber music as Bach and Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven knew it, and as the world itself has generally regarded it, calling for an exquisite sympathy between the players and from those privileged to listen.

This intimacy of expression and mood, however, has no place apparently in the life of the practical composer of 1927, if one judges by his recent efforts at Baden-Baden. Here, too, one heard brilliant "suites" and "toccatas" and "études" in the name of modern chamber music—but they were written for mechanical instruments! Even the tender and sparkling Mozart was represented first on a reproducing organ, and then repeated on a purely mechanical one to show the equality, if not the superiority, of the latter to any human medium. Other mechanical devices were also exploited—the synchronization of music with the film, known to America as the vitaphone; and a new instrument, the music-chronometer, which claims to measure time in space and was illustrated by timing an orchestral accompaniment to a film of constantly shifting masses of color blocks. On the human side came four miniature "operas" with Kammerorchester: "The Princess and the Pea," by Ernst Toch; "The Abduction of Europa," by Darius

ilhaud; "Hin und zurück," by Paul Hindemith; and "Mahogany," by Kurt Weill. The first was a fairy tale, the second a mythological episode, and the last two were nonsensical vaudeville sketches. There was a certain steely brilliance and charm about the Toch work, and a tremendous energy about that of Weill, and a curious affinity between both with the music written for machines. This last music was, indeed, strangely illuminating, for it fitted perfectly the mechanical instruments for which it was written. This then, apparently, has been the goal of those dull, metallic, grating combinations of sounds that have been coming to us from European laboratories ever since Arnold Schönberg began his search for what he called "a good, new music." We are indeed told that all music will be like this fifty years from now, for by then all music will be performed by mechanical instruments. Already young men, it seems, are turning to these instruments for their inspiration. Is it, then, the last phase of decadence in this emotionally exhausted post-war period of art, or are we to silence the viols and the lutes forever?

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

George Kelly

GEORGE KELLY'S new play "Behold, the Bridegroom" (Cort Theater) is by no means such good theater as either "Craig's Wife" or "The Show Off" and it is not likely to win the popular success which those earlier plays achieved; but it should do more than both put together to lift its author above the motley mob contending for Broadway honors and to place his name on that brief list of contemporary American dramatists who have really proved themselves worthy of the serious consideration of a critic of art.

There are, to be sure, various objections, both technical and moral, which may easily be raised against his treatment of this simple story of a spoiled and empty woman who read contempt in the eyes of the first man she ever really loved and who died of a broken heart when brought face to face with her own emptiness. Undoubtedly it is deficient in dramatic action; perhaps the almost fanatical severity of the moral code which it implies is as ethically unjustifiable as it is certainly unmodish; but the curtain has not been five minutes up before one realizes that one is in the presence of a work of which one cannot possibly say less than that it belongs in an entirely different realm from that tawdry one occupied by nine-tenths of even our better dramas. In the bottom of our hearts we despise the shallow vulgarity of most successful plays even while we applaud them, but whatever else we may withhold from Mr. Kelly's latest offering we cannot possibly withhold our respect. Here a passionate sincerity in the conception and a fineness of texture in the writing generate a particular quality which one could hardly parallel in English outside certain of our greater novels. Henry James himself never wrote more subtle or more finely tempered dialogue than that which constitutes some of the pages of Mr. Kelly's manuscript. And Henry James would never have allowed himself to give expression to such passionate moral earnestness.

Austerity is the last quality likely to be thought of in connection with a successful Broadway playwright, but it is the quality which most signally distinguishes Mr. Kelly's mind. Though he happens, in addition, to be gifted to an unusual degree with a talent for mimicry, and though the homely verisimilitude of his plays which results from this gift is chiefly responsible for his popularity he is, primarily, not only a student of character but one who studies it from the point of view of a rigid morality. Probably most people were made a little uncomfortable by the mercilessness with which justice was visited upon Craig's wife; some even suggested that a more knowing playwright would not thus have pushed retribution so far as to swing the sympathy of the audience around in the direction of its victim; but it was not a mere dramaturgic mistake which was responsible for Mr. Kelly's relentlessness. He is, though not in any debased sense of the word, a puritan and a puritan wishes to understand all, not in order that he may pardon all, but in order that he may know how all may adequately be punished: Craig's wife was struck where she had sinned and the heroine of "Behold, the Bridegroom" suffers a similar fate. She had wasted her emotional capacities on cheap loves, she was not ready when the bridegroom came, and she had forfeited all moral right to the thing whose value she had come to understand only when it was too late. She awakes, not in order to be saved, but only in order that she may know what she had lost, for only thus can the puritan sense of justice be served and the damned must be given one glimpse of paradise before they are plunged into hell forever.

"Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This we have upon the authority of one of Shakespeare's heroines and it may be urged against the conclusion which Mr. Kelly has given to his play, but the most serious of my doubts are not of this naturalistic kind. I can accept the physical features of his conclusion and I can respect the moral sincerity which has enabled him to develop an almost pietistic thesis without falling into mere priggishness on the one hand or into rant on the other, but I honestly doubt that nature is constructed upon any plan so in accord with a puritan sense of moral fitness. Perhaps a spoiled and empty woman should die of self-contempt when she sees herself; perhaps she should feel herself forever unworthy of love if she chanced at last to meet it; but I doubt that she would actually feel so or that there is anything to be gained by trying to make her. We forgive ourselves more easily and it is as well that we should. Artists and moralists both love to contemplate the irreparable—it helps the one to be dramatic and it helps the other to satisfy his sense of justice. But nature is more compliant. Time cannot be called back and what has been physically destroyed cannot be found again, but nothing else is irretrievably lost and there are no sins that ought not and cannot be forgiven, for we are not made of stuff so stern as the puritan conscience would wish.

Two other plays of the crowded holiday season deserve more notice than the exigencies of space will permit. "The Love Nest" (Comedy Theater) is a satiric comedy which gives June Walker the opportunity for some very excellent acting. Though a little uncertain just how Ring Lardner's story is to be expanded into a three-act play and hence a little wobbly in its action, it retains some of Mr. Lardner's biting satire and fills up the rest of the time with effective melodrama. "Celebrities" (Lyceum Theater) tells the story of a pugilist press-agented into fame on the basis of an alleged fondness for books. It is saltily written, amusingly rowdy, and, except for the presence of a little conventional love interest, refreshingly tough-minded in its treatment of the pugilistic world.

The other new offerings may, with less regret, be briefly dismissed. "Los Angeles" (Hudson Theater) starts out promisingly enough as a satire on Hollywood but being unable to decide whether it ought to be a fast, hokum comedy of the "Broadway" variety or a genuine character comedy it gets lost somewhere between the two. "Excess Baggage" (Ritz Theater) dresses up the old story of the broken-hearted clown with vaudeville features and serves it in the manner of "Broadway," "Burlesque," "The Barker," et al. "Springtime" (Bayes Theater) is a sober drama about the soul of an artist born in a village and it does not quite come off. "The Golden Dawn" (Hammerstein's Theater) is an elaborate and well-sung operetta whose chief defect lies in taking a preposterous story a little too seriously.

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International Relations Section

Cuba's Price-Fixing

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

CUBA hopes to put its sugar industry on a profitable basis by an ambitious and radical price-fixing experiment. If the scheme succeeds Cuba may gain virtual ontrol of the world's sugar market, but more important to ie United States, and this frankly is its purpose, success or the plan will lead to an increase in the price which the merican housewife must pay for her sugar. Already resident Machado's program has alarmed certain elements n the United States: the Democrats, who fear that the merican consumer is about to be robbed; the Progresives from the Grain Belt, who see Cuban planters profiting nder a government-controlled relief scheme which is being enied American farmers; the American sugar producers nd refiners (not including the group that controls the uban industry), who believe Cuba under the Machado proram is turning to the left, toward a sort of diluted socialsm. Only the Coolidge Administration remains unruffled nd apparently uninterested.

Briefly, Cuba has, so far as it is within its power to do o, placed the world on a sugar ration basis, restricting not nly production, but also the amount of the raw product hat may be shipped to any country on earth and most paricularly to the United States. Thus, by artificially manipuating the supply, Machado believes he can regulate the emand and consequently the price.

Cuba now produces roughly one-fourth of the world's upply of sugar and, because more than 80 per cent of its otential sugar lands are not yet under cultivation, it can ncrease its control over the available supply at any time. Another Cuban advantage arises from the preferential ariff rate which Cuban sugar is accorded under the Cuban-American reciprocity treaty of 1902. By virtue of his tariff arrangement the world price of sugar is deermined in the American market, being governed wholly by the flow of Cuban sugar through New York. United States producers can charge no more for their product than he price the Cuban product brings in New York plus the ariff duty and the cost of transportation from Cuba; the American consumer would naturally prefer the lowerpriced Cuban sugar to the higher-priced domestic product. Similarly foreign producers can charge no more than this price because here again higher prices would attract competition from Cuba, with its unlimited supply, thereby forcing the price down to the American level. Cuba can rush into any buyer's market in the world to take advantage of the rising prices of that market, because of its virtually limitless production capacity, but that very fact prevents Cuba from enjoying continued high prices. The only solution, from Cuba's point of view, is to limit production and to restrict exportation to the United States. Thus when the supply is reduced the demand, which presumably will continue to expand, will inflate the American and consequently the world price; and so long as production is curtailed the Cuban producers will be unable to dump their sugar elsewhere in quantities sufficient to upset the price equilibrium established in the New York market.

Though this plan may boost the price of sugar, yet when the increase reaches 44 cents per hundred pounds the Cuban producers will automatically lose the advantage they have under the 1902 reciprocity treaty, which is the keystone of the entire scheme. This figure represents the difference between the $1.76 duty on Cuban sugar and the $2.20 duty on all other foreign sugar. When the inflated price reaches that point the other foreign sugar will enter the American market on even terms with the Cuban product because the inflation will then be great enough to absorb the 44-cent tariff differential.

The scheme is the brain-child of Colonel José Tarafa, a government finance and economic expert, and is incorporated in the sugar law published in the Official Gazette in Havana on October 5. This act created a National Sugar Defense Commission, which

> shall inform and advise the President of the Republic on all problems of the sugar industry, as to the date on which the crop should begin, and particularly, during the months of October, November, and December of each year, with respect to the estimates of world production and consumption of sugar, taking into consideration the carry-overs from previous crops, domestic and foreign, the visible stocks, and so far as is possible the invisible ones; the probable production of other countries, the present and future requirements for domestic and foreign consumption, and, in short, whatever data and information may be necessary to enable intelligent and efficacious action to be taken. Once the commission shall have estimated in tons of 2,240 pounds the quantity of sugar of Cuban production to be required for consumption by Cuba and the United States of America on the one hand, and on the other hand by the countries which require our product in the corresponding year, the President of the Republic shall fix the amount of the authorized Cuban crop for the following year.

This done, the planter will be informed that he may cut so much cane and no more, the amount being apportioned among the planters in proportion to the extent of their cultivated lands. In the same way the mill owner or operator will be permitted to grind a predetermined amount of cane in proportion to the present capacity of his mill. A tax of $20 is to be assessed for each 325-pound sack of sugar produced in excess of the allotted amount. The President and the commission are further authorized to place a definite limit on the amount of sugar that may be sold in Cuba and on the amount that may be shipped abroad to countries other than the United States, thereby in effect restricting the amount of sugar that can be exported to this country. Last year Machado decreed that only 3,800,000 long tons could be shipped here; this year the amount will not be fixed, but under the operation of the law it is believed that fewer than 3,500,000 tons will reach the United States.

The Tarafa Act also created the Cuba Sugar Export Company to "dedicate itself exclusively to the sale, pro rata and for the account of all Cuban sugar producers, their successors or assigns, of the surplus production of this raw product, surplus production in this case being understood to be all sugar in excess of the domestic consumption and of that to be exported to the United States." All mill owners or operators are required under the law to become shareholders of this company, while planters may also buy shares. The $250,000 capital of the company has been supplied by the public treasury, which is to reimburse itself

by a tax of one cent on each sack of sugar produced during the present year.

The export corporation alone is authorized to sell sugar in countries other than the United States and the mill owners are obligated to turn over to the corporation for sale abroad sugar in amounts proportionate to their stocks or mill capacity whenever that is decreed by the President and the commission. To insure compliance with this provision of the law certificates of identity are issued to the mill owners and planters which specify the ultimate destination of the sugar stocks they have on hand. The sugar must be disposed of in accordance with the specifications made in the certificates and no sugar can be sold locally, shipped to the United States, or turned over to the export corporation without these certificates. Moreover, by special decree, the mill owner incurs a fine of $5 for each 325-pound sack of sugar under the amount called for by the corporation which he fails to deliver. The system is further strengthened by a provision which requires a landing certificate for each cargo sent abroad to prevent clandestine transshipment to the United States. Under the American law Cuban sugar when reshipped from a port other than one in Cuba does not enjoy the preferential tariff rate.

Besides the fines and extraordinary taxes already mentioned, the Tarafa Act provides that a fine of not less than $500 and not more than $10,000 shall be assessed for each violation of the law or of any of the decrees issued by the President or the commission.

II

"Sugar is Cuba," one writer has said, and if sugar does not pay all Cuba suffers. But the sugar industry of the island has been in a continual state of depression for more than a generation, having shown a decent profit in only one or two of the last twenty-five years. The evil, of course, has been overproduction and this evil was accentuated during the World War when, at the request of the British Government, the Cuban producers threw caution overboard and speeded up production to supply British requirements. During that period the industry went deeply into debt to finance the abnormal expansion of its plants and other physical assets. Since then the interest charges on these mortgages have eaten away the profits.

Immediately after the war the Cuban Government turned to legislation in its search for relief and many laws were adopted and Presidential decrees promulgated from 1919 until October, 1927, looking toward the restriction of sugar exports, toward the stimulation of sugar sales in Europe and Asia, toward the floating of loans to refinance the industry, toward increasing the production of sugar on sterile land, toward the discovery of new industrial uses for sugar, and toward some forty or fifty other means of relief. On April 19, 1926, President Machado decreed that no more land should be cleared for sugar growing; eight days later he was authorized by the national legislature to fix the size of the current crop. On May 3 he signed a law regulating the sugar crops for the two following years and on December 10 he decreed that the crop then about to be harvested should not exceed 4,500,000 tons. The Tarafa Act followed.

Colonel Tarafa was none too hopeful that the measure bearing his name would produce the desired results. He saw the possibility of a "sugar war" on a world scale, with the other sugar-producing countries dumping an increased output of sugar on the world market. Therefore he had written into the law a provision that it might be suspended by the President at any time for a period of twelve months. Meanwhile he planned to organize, if it was humanly possible, an international sugar combine to prevent a dumping war. President Machado is working along the same lines, principally through diplomatic channels. He hopes soon to convene a world sugar conference in Havana.

But while Colonel Tarafa is busy with these matters, his law is operating to stimulate the demand for sugar in Europe as well as in Asia and Africa. Under the law the Cuban Government is to contribute annually to the export corporation a sum not in excess of $25,000 for administrative purposes, a part of which sum is to be "employed in work of propaganda and advertising of Cuban sugar in those countries which do not now consume important quantities thereof, or in those countries in which it is possible to increase consumption, distributing in an intelligent manner large quantities of samples among the inhabitants of countries which are not familiar with the use of sugar, or which employ it in a very limited manner." The fines collected from the mills which fail to deliver in full to the export corporation their quotas of sugar are also to be used in this propaganda campaign.

III

The overly ambitious Tarafa-Machado experiment has already aroused two political elements in the United States, and they are busy calling upon the Government in Washington to do something about it. A commercial group has also assumed a critical attitude, but because it is not disinterested it may be dismissed with a word. Speaking for this group, Earl D. Babst, chairman of the board of the American Sugar Refining Company, asserted that in his opinion the Cuban "choice of restriction . . . was like turning 'left' when the traveled road (cooperative export marketing) and signboard said 'right.'"

But it is the Democrats and Western Progressives in Congress who have been the noisiest in their appeals to Calvin Coolidge and the Republican majority. Said Representative Oldfield, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee:

> It is significant that, although American consumers will have to pay substantially all the burden of increased Cuban sugar prices, neither President Coolidge nor Secretary of Commerce Hoover have voiced a single word of protest against Cuba's action. . . .
>
> Because of the peculiarly close relations between this Government and Cuba word from the White House or the Commerce Department would have had a marked effect on Cuban action and might have saved America a hundred million dollars in the cost of her sugar bowl during the next year or so. But the Administration that worked itself into a frenzy because France threatened retaliation against prohibitive rates in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill could not find it politically expedient to say a word in protest against increased sugar prices.

Since 90 per cent of the Cuban sugar industry is owned or controlled by American capital, according to an estimate made public by the White House, it should be apparent that this 90 per cent dominates the industry and therefore must have been the real author of the Tarafa Act. In the light of this, is it reasonable to expect that any action against the Cuban scheme will be taken by an Administration dedicated to Big Business?

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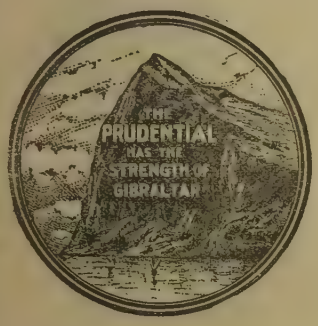

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DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
meets at
Hotel Manhattan Square, 50 West 77th St.
Mr. Saxby V. Penfold
British Journalist
Tuesday, January 10, 8:30 P. M.
Should Britain and America Unite for World Peace?
Admission 25c Organized 1918
Seymour A. Seligson, 285 Madison Ave., Sec'y

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It seems to *The Inner Sanctum* that the best omen for a gay and luminous 1928 is the return of HEYWOOD BROUN to the page apposite of *The New York World*.

Before *The Inner Sanctum* closes its first calendar year, the meaning of the three mysterious colophons which we use as our paragraph marks should be disclosed to an eager universe.

They are *not* hoop-rollers or dancing silhouettes of JOHN BARRYMORE, or the triple threat of ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN in his early football days in Lancashire (where he got his first gridiron experience).

They are simply three sowers in action—the sower being the symbol of the house of SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

According to HIRAM BLAUVELT of Oradell, New Jersey, who has made a special study of the subject, our *Inner Sanctum* watchword should, therefore, be the single word *dissemination*, meaning:

1. To sow, broadcast, or as seed; to scatter for growth and propagation, like seed; to spread abroad; to diffuse; as principles or ideas . . .
2. Syn.—spread, propagate, circulate, disperse, scatter.

On Friday, January 13th, *The Inner Sanctum* releases its first 1928 publication—*Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age*, by HALDANE MACFALL.

Not a huge audience but a distinguished and discerning one awaits this book, for MACFALL is not only a writer of grace and strength, and an art critic of the first rank, but was himself an outstanding figure in the Nineties of which he writes:

> BEARDSLEY knew he was a doomed man even on the threshold of manhood, and he strove with fresh intensity to get a lifetime into each twelve-month. He knew that for him there would be few tomorrows—he knew that he had but a little while to which to look forward, and had best live his life today. And he lived it like one possessed.

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—ESSANDESS

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an Editorial

Fifteen Cents a Copy | Five Dollars a Year

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"Ever since about the middle of the sixth century," writes Bishop Cooper, "the Christian teaching of the pre-existence and reincarnation of the soul has been lost sight of, primarily because of the intellectual and moral darkness which swept over Europe with the coming of the barbarians from the north."

"Whatever comes to us of weal or woe is the rebound of a force started by ourselves." It "is not in any sense a punishment, but a result, and the underlying purpose of it all is to teach us by actual experience what is right and wrong, wise and unwise."

"No hell exists except in the imaginations of men."

Great Thinkers and Reincarnation

THERE is, perhaps, no philosophical doctrine in the world that has so magnificent an intellectual ancestry as that of Reincarnation—the unfolding of the human Spirit through recurring lives on earth, experience being gathered during the earth life and worked up into intellectual faculty and conscience during the heaven-life, so that a child is born with his past experiences transmuted into mental and moral tendencies and powers. As Max Muller truly remarked, the greatest minds humanity has produced have accepted Reincarnation. Reincarnation is taught and illustrated in the great epics of the Hindus. The Buddha taught it. Plato, Pythagoras and Empedocles did the same. In the *Wisdom of Solomon* it is stated that coming into an undefiled body was the reward of "being good." The Christ accepted it, telling His disciples that John the Baptist was Elias. Virgil and Ovid take it for granted. The ritual composed by the learning of Egypt inculcated it. The Neo-Platonic schools accepted it, and Origen, the most learned of the Christian Fathers, declared that, every man receives a body according to his deserts and his "former actions." In later time we find it taught by Fichte, Herder, Lessing and Goethe who in his old age looked joyfully forward to his return. Schopenhauer says: "I have also remarked that it is at once obvious to every one who hears of it for the first time." Hume declared that it was the only doctrine of immortality that philosophy could hearken to, a view similar to that of Prof. McTaggart. Emerson observes: "We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight." Wordsworth, Browning, Rosetti, Walt Whitman and other poets believed it. Richard Wagner wrote: "Only the profound hypothesis of Reincarnation has been able to show me the consoling point where all converge in the end to an equal height of redemption, after their diverse life-careers, running severed but side by side in time, have met in full intelligence beyond it."—(*Letter 106a to Frau Mathilde Wesendonck, trans. by W. Ashton Ellis.*)

. . . if thro' lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

'I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

'As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state.

—*Tennyson.*

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THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

"MY SON SURVIVED honorable service throughout the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation," says John S. Hemphill, of Ferguson, Missouri. His son was one of the American boys killed in the Nicaraguan jungle. Another father, Harold Leavey, Jr., remarked when his son set sail from Brooklyn for Corinto:

> The boys are being sent to fight for the Wall Street brokers, not Uncle Sam. I'm only a poor milkman, and I need my boy more than they do.

These fathers encourage us. We are tired of sniveling parents who—in public, at least—are proud to "give" their children to their country. These men strike a warmer, human note, and they give us hope that a current of warm, human sympathy for the Nicaraguan patriots as well as for the sons of Missouri and New York will sweep across these United States.

WHAT MR. KELLOGG AND M. BRIAND are doing about a peace treaty one can only guess. The day of open covenants openly arrived at has not yet come. Months ago M. Briand offered to outlaw war between the two nations. Washington seemed, for a time, unresponsive. But after all, election is coming, so Mr. Kellogg started negotiating. Mr. Borah was indiscreet enough to suggest publicly that it would be nice to agree upon peace with everyone, and accordingly the phrase "multilateral treaty" has crept into the newspaper dispatches. But what are we to be multilateral about? The first dispatches from Washington indicated that we were making another of those familiar long strides toward peace, but the indiscreet French Foreign Office let it leak out that Mr. Kellogg's proposals were a long stride backward from the old Bryan treaty, which provided for methods of conciliation in all disputes. The new proposal seems to exclude the Monroe Doctrine, problems affecting domestic policies, and those touching third parties—and if this be true, it is difficult to understand what is left. Mr. Kellogg has published one amiable letter to M. Briand, but the texts of the proposed arbitration treaty and of the declaration "renouncing" war have not been made public. We should like to see them.

"MILITARIZING OUR YOUTH," a pamphlet just published by the National Committee on Militarism in Education (Bible House, Astor Place, New York City), reveals in detail the War Department's endeavor to goose-step the minds of the college and high-school students. The pamphlet lists 86 colleges and 20 high schools as still having compulsory R. O. T. C., despite the fact that compulsory training is not required under the National Defense Act or any other federal legislation. Land-grant colleges, notwithstanding propaganda to the contrary, are under no obligation to the government to maintain military training on a compulsory basis. The pamphlet gives an illuminating summary of the deliberate War Department campaign to popularize militarism. It is enough to quote the warning from John Dewey's introduction:

> The militaristic movement is well organized, is energetically active, unrelentingly aggressive. It has a definite program and is taking steps for its execution. The nature of the program and the steps in its execution are set forth on the authority of official documents in the pages of this pamphlet.

Single copies of the pamphlet cost ten cents. In bulk they are cheaper; and a small sum will go a long way to help the committee distribute 100,000 copies.

CHARLES SHAMBAUGH, GARAGE-KEEPER of Lafayette, Indiana, goes down on our 1928 list of Americans we like. In the end he may do more to make the nation laugh at the pompous flubdubs we call admirals than a dozen congressional investigations. Mr. Shambaugh, bored with selling cars, read about Admiral Brumby's efforts to raise the S-4, and—out of "pure, idle curiosity," as he put it afterward—wired the admiral that he was interested and wanted a conference. The good admiral, who was so busy that he could not stop to tell newspapermen whether the S-4 prisoners were still alive, wired back a long reply "so downright warm and friendly" that Shambaugh drove to Indianapolis and took the next train for Boston. He had never seen a submarine or a diver or

been on anything but a river boat, but the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard put him on the naval tug Mojave and sent him to Provincetown. There he dined with Admiral Brumby, spent the night in officers quarters on the mine sweeper Bushnell, inspected—and approved—the diving operations, and returned to Boston aboard a destroyer.

LATER THAT EVENING Boston newspapers were notified that "a civilian expert on salvage operations who has spent all day watching the work of raising the S-4" was returning, and would deign to talk to reporters. A flock of newspapermen rushed to the Navy Yard. Enter Garage-keeper Shambaugh, escorted by a captain of marines and an orderly. A group of gold-braided officers followed to hear the news. "The navy is doing everything possible," he announced. "I've been watching them all day. Say, do you realize those divers have to go a hundred feet down? Gosh, I think I'd be pretty good if I just got down on my feet, with all those weights and heavy shoes, to say nothing of getting up." Then the reporters started in. Within five minutes they had learned what Admiral Brumby had not suspected in a day—that Charles Shambaugh had been on a boat just once before in his life and knew nothing whatever about submarines, diving, or salvage. "When I saw his two suitcases filled almost to the bursting point I thought they contained data" on salvage, Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the navy yard, told reporters afterward. That, and Admiral Brumby's welcome, seem about typical. What a navy!

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, as we have already pointed out, has gained in prestige and effectiveness by Mr. Morrow's friendly and astute gesture in obtaining the help of Charles A. Lindbergh and Will Rogers in Mexico. Now Jacob Gould Schurman, our Ambassador to Germany, has won friendship for us there by starting a subscription among Americans for a building fund for Heidelberg University. Mr. Schurman, who once studied at Heidelberg, has already raised about half of the $400,000 which it is estimated the university requires. As far back as 1912 the Baden Ministry of Education asked for money for repairs and replacements, but the World War cut the hope short and since then the poverty of the country has led the Diet to postpone requested appropriations. As a preventive of war Mr. Schurman's modest building fund is worth a hundred times Mr. Coolidge's billion-dollar naval construction program.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES openly backing the stock-market gamblers? A few years ago that would have been unthinkable, but on Friday, January 6, the statement was issued from the White House that

> Although loans to brokers and dealers held by New York Federal Reserve member banks have reached the unprecedented height of $3,810,023,000 President Coolidge does not see any reason for unfavorable comment. . . . The President, it was said at the White House today, believes that the increase represents a natural expansion of business in the securities market and sees nothing unfavorable in it.

What was the result? On January 8, the New York *Times* reported, "stocks were turned over in huge volume on the New York Stock Exchange yesterday, largely as a result of enthusiasm aroused by President Coolidge's statement. . . . The market was the second heaviest for a Saturday in the history of the Exchange." No wonder the New York *Times* headed the story Coolidge's Optimism Gives Stocks a Lift. We had thought that the President had touched the bottom in his licking the boots of Big Business, but this open alliance with the stock-market speculators marks a new degradation of the Presidency. It should be a scandal to the country.

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR too late is a winter sport in Massachusetts. When Governor Fuller returned from his European vacation he was confronted with the recommendation of the Massachusetts Judicial Council that the Supreme Court be given the power to review in entirety a case submitted from a lower court. Now in his annual message the Governor makes the same recommendation to the legislature. Since it was not done before, it is proper that Governor Fuller should take this opportunity to suggest a much-needed change in the judicial procedure of his State. But he need hardly have been so churlish. This plan, he says,

> will make certain that the Governor will not be compelled to encounter the difficulties which were forced upon him in the year 1927 by the zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder.

Tut, tut! So the Governor was annoyed in the year 1927 by "zealous defenders of persons convicted of first-degree murder"! What a shame to bother the chief executive of a great Commonwealth with such an insignificant matter as the guilt or innocence of two ignorant Italian anarchists, who died unconvinced of the justice of government. Why should the fate of such humble men annoy the Governor of Massachusetts? Sacco and Vanzetti are cold in their graves. Forget them, Governor Fuller—if you, who sent them to their death, ever can.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME Senator Norris's "lame-duck" resolution has passed the Senate, this time by a vote of 55 to 6. And the House is expected presently to defeat it, also for the fourth time. The resolution proposes to advance the date of taking office for executive officers in the government and for Congressmen from the March 4 following their election to January 2 and 15 respectively. As everybody knows, March 4 was originally chosen because in the days of our country's infancy it took so long to travel to Washington. Now, not even the gentleman from Oregon or from New Mexico needs months to make the journey. Senator Norris's resolution, shortening the gap between the taking of office by an elected, and responsible, government and the holding of office by a defeated, and therefore irresponsible, one, is eminently sensible. But the House enjoys the little junket provided by those irresponsible two months. Senators, elected for six years, have plenty of time. The two-year member of the House sees things differently. Congress now sits a "long" term and a "short" one. During the short term, from the December after election until the following March 4, it is possible for a Republican House to tie things up so tight that a Democratic House, for example, although already duly elected, can hardly straighten them out in the long term succeeding. Thus the business of government hesitates and bungles and at the same time extra-curricular activities flourish. Everybody is satisfied—except the voters.

THESE ARE GREAT DAYS for automobile buyers, with Chevrolet, Overland, and Star rivaling Henry Ford's low rates, and all the makers slashing prices. What effect it will have on American business in general remains to be seen. Can the United States be made a two-car country? Is there a saturation-point in automobiles? Can the industry continue its amazing expansion, or must it settle down and stabilize? Automobiles have been the shakiest point in the nation's prosperity. Last year we produced three quarters of a million fewer automobiles than in 1926; and an analysis of November's production showed a drop of 50 per cent as compared with the previous year, and of 24 per cent even when the idle Ford plant was excluded from computation. The doldrums of the coal industry are another affair, due in part to mismanagement and in part to the use of substitutes for coal; but if automobiles stumble the whole house of industry will shake. The price war may mark a desperate crisis; it may bring the return to health.

THE *BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW* has analyzed the families listed by the New York *Times* in its holiday appeal for the "100 neediest cases." Fifty-one per cent, this journal reports, are needy for lack of knowledge regarding methods of contraception: mothers dead of anemia from the strain of bearing too many children; babies dying for lack of enough food and blankets to go around; fathers attempting suicide after a hopeless effort to support eight children on an unskilled worker's wage. Luckily the workers of the world are not everywhere subject to the legal puritanism prevailing in the United States. In England where the distribution of birth-control information is widespread if not scientifically controlled, the decline in the birth-rate among the working class was as great, between 1911 and 1921, as in the population as a whole. In London the average decrease for four poor boroughs since 1921 has been about 16 per cent; comparative figures in four wealthy boroughs show no greater decrease and in some cases an actual increase for the same period. In other European countries the figures are even more impressive. We quote from the *Birth Control Review:*

> The city of Bremen, which has a record typical of many German cities, had in 1901 an average of 1.27 children for the wealthy; of 4.49 for artisans and the poor. In 1925 it had 1.47, a slight increase, for the wealthy and only 1.92 for artisans and the poor. That is, these poorer classes had cut their families more than 50 per cent.

In spite of the stubborn bigotry of opponents of the movement, we cannot believe that it will be long before the workers of the United States insist on a similar right to limit their families to numbers they can decently support without recourse to the charitable efforts of the New York *Times* and other agencies of casual relief.

BY THE DEATH OF THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE December 9 America loses a pioneer in the field of Romance scholarship, and Cornell University the last survivor of the original faculty in 1868. He was a productive scholar: 1868-1924 are the terminal dates in his bibliography of 331 items, published as an appendix to his last volume, the Pez manuscript of the "Miracles of the Virgin," which he edited and printed at the age of eighty-one. Of these contributions, more than 200 were articles, reviews, and notices of foreign books written for *The Nation,* most of them before America possessed any periodicals devoted especially to foreign languages or literatures. He was a scholar who loved his work, and who found time for it despite his duties as professor and through all the distractions that came to him as dean and acting president. Besides many useful texts, he edited, while teaching, the "Exempla" of Jacques de Vitry and "Italian Popular Tales," and collected the materials for his monumental work, "Italian Social Customs of the Sixteenth Century." This scholarly volume is but one of the 65 items added to his bibliography after his retirement. His students have lost in this distinguished folk-lorist a critic, counselor, and friend.

Millionaires

VOLUMES have been written about the confiscatory character of the federal tax upon large incomes. Wealth has been pictured as groaning under an impossible burden of oppressive surtaxes, blighting business enterprise and discouraging investment in industry.

But just as Congress is being urged to grant retroactive corporation-tax reduction, the Treasury Department, with an amazing lack of team-work, makes public its preliminary annual report on income-tax statistics. They reveal a pyramiding of wealth beyond all the dreams of Solomon and Croesus. For the year 1926 228 persons reported incomes of $1,000,000 or more. The total income of these million-dollar-a-year men was $490,000,000, out of which they paid in income taxes $81,000,000, leaving them a paltry $409,000,000 to struggle along on during the year.

In the sacred $5,000,000-a-year bracket, the ratio of federal tax to income is still more astonishing. In 1926 fourteen citizens pocketed earnings totaling $101,000,000. The hard-hearted federal government extracted $17,000,000 in income tax, leaving the fourteen with only $84,000,000 to pay their expenses for the year!

Time was, and not so long ago, when a millionaire was something of a rarity. It is no longer a distinction to have a million dollars. There are literally thousands of millionaires, according to the Treasury's figures. In order to rise into the charmed golden circle now, one must not merely have a million dollars but make a million dollars income a year. In the antediluvian year of 1914 only sixty persons reported incomes of a million dollars a year. In the prosperous year of the "war babies," 1916, the number of million-dollar incomes rose to 206. There was a falling off in subsequent years, due to post-war deflation and the discovery of more up-to-date ways of evading taxation. But in 1926, the number went back again to 207, and in 1927, the million-dollar-income bracket broke all records with 228, while the number of $5,000,000 incomes doubled.

It is interesting to compare these figures of the higher brackets with those of incomes ranging from $1,000 to $5,000. Incomes between $1,000 and $2,000 declined from 1,071,992 to 1,016,153, those between $2,000 and $3,000 from 842,528 to 835,711, and those between $3,000 and $5,000 fell from 1,327,683 to 1,256,966. There was a corresponding decline in the income reported by all these classes.

Prosperity can hardly be called healthy unless well spread out and these figures would seem to indicate that there is something radically wrong with our distribution system. They ought at least to silence the nonsense about relieving the impoverished rich while we still have an $18,000,000,000 war debt hanging over our heads.

When Is a War Not a War?

WHY, obviously, our government declares, in Nicaragua. In the very week when our Secretary of State has published his correspondence with France urging an agreement to "renounce" war between the two historic republics, we are sending the major general commanding the Marine Corps, with one thousand more marines and perhaps half a dozen warships, to Nicaragua. They will not, of course, engage in "war." They are sent merely as police to put down an uprising of "bandits." It is no war, although, seven days after the attack upon the American column which resulted in five Americans being killed and twenty-three wounded, the seriously injured could be removed from the scene of the attack at Quilali only by most daring work on the part of Marine Corps aviators. During that week the American public was informed that the country around Quilali had been cleared of the "bandits," yet the dispatches report that at each halt of the airplane to pick up a wounded man "Sandino snipers peppered at the plane with rifles from the surrounding hills," and a fighting bomber circled around Quilali dropping bombs on the hilltops so as to keep down the fire of the enemy. There are obviously "bandits" and "bandits"—the French in Syria who have been killing thirty thousand of the best Syrians also use the word to describe their enemies—but it is a new thing for an American government to be compelled to remove its wounded through the fire of "bandits" and under the cover of a bombing machine, and to admit that the losses have been proportionately as high as in our hardest battles in France.

The truth is, of course, that this is war, nothing more and nothing less, and the government might as well admit it. One does not send a thousand marines to reinforce a force of two to three thousand more if the adversaries are merely bandits. As it happens, there is official report that those who attacked the Americans at Quilali were well armed and equipped, and freshly uniformed. It is even reported that they are being trained by two American captives, which, incidentally, is the first word that we have received that there have been American prisoners in the "bandits'" hands. If further proof that this is a war were needed it would seem to come in the attempt of the marines to blacken the character of General Sandino. The intelligence bureau of that corps declares that Sandino is "a brave man but with a shady record, having served with Pancho Villa in Mexico"—a lie, as Mr. de la Selva points out on another page—and having been convicted "of a violent crime in Masaya." The Marine Corps further reports that this "bandit" carries "many flags, all with a red and black background with skull and cross-bones worked into the red and black." It fails, of course, to add that red and black are the colors of the Nicaraguan labor movement. Doubtless more atrocity stories and bolshevik bogies will follow.

The truth is that we are witnessing deliberate warfare—another case where the American Executive has usurped the power of the Congress to make war, precisely as did Wilson twice in Mexico and also in Haiti and in Santo Domingo. Everybody in Latin America knows that Sandino is not a bandit, but that he is a patriot fighting a madman's fight against overwhelming odds. It may be possible to fool the American people as to what has happened in Nicaragua; it may be possible to get the support of the bulk of the daily press of this country on the morally indefensible ground that having got into this mess we must see the thing through, but nobody will be fooled in Latin America. Undoubtedly the effort will be made to prove that the new uniforms and the arms and ammunition are coming from Mexico, and to portray this as fresh evidence of Mexican hostility to the United States. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. We have no right or power in law or morals to forbid the Mexicans to sell arms and ammunition in any direction that they please. We who have financed and made money out of a hundred revolutions in Central and South America cannot reserve to ourselves the right to a monopoly of this sorry business.

So, just as we are appealing to France to end the possibility of war, and endeavoring to define what is aggressive warfare and an aggressor nation, we are carrying on a peculiarly offensive aggressive war against a little neighboring country. The time-honored excuses that we have to defend American property, that if we did not restore order some European nation would do so, are being worked again. But worst of all is the plea that because we have blundered and lost American lives we must refuse to retrace our mistaken steps. Fortunately, there is an awakening public conscience on this matter. We have had a moving protest from one father whose son was slain; and a call has been issued for a conference on the bloodshed in Nicaragua, to be attended by such persons as Stephen P. Duggan, William Allen White, Everett Colby, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Raymond B. Fosdick, and George Foster Peabody. It is a time for mass meetings of protest all over the country, and we hope that they will be forthcoming. Above all we welcome the continued frank speaking in Congress of Senators Norris, Wheeler, Nye, and Heflin and of Representatives Huddleston and Bloom. Even Senator Edwards of New Jersey, who can hardly be called an habitual idealist, has been moved to protest.

It is time, indeed, for Congress to assert its rights as the war-making branch of the government. If there is any clause in the Constitution which is a dead letter it is that reserving to Congress the right to declare war. The failure in that document to define what war is constitutes an essential weakness. As a matter of fact, the Executive can and constantly does invade foreign territory with the armed forces of the United States without authority, and that fact is the reason for the growing Latin-American dread of us. Any President, as things stand today, can maneuver the country to the brink of war and then demand that Congress support him, assert that those who oppose war are unpatriotic and wilful men, summon to his side the press of the country, and appeal to the public to stand by the President and the flag. Every hoary device of the professional patriot to make people rally around the flag and to defend the national honor and prestige, however disgraceful the means by which we got into the fix, will then be used. Nicaragua today marks a disgraceful failure of American statesmanship. The real patriot will say so and will not for a single instant countenance the suggestion that rather than admit our blunder we should continue to fight an illegal and unwarranted war.

Who Is Hearst's Forger?

AFTER several dawdling weeks Mr. Hearst has admitted that his "Mexican" documents are forgeries; John Page, who paid Miguel Avila $30,000 of Mr. Hearst's money for the papers, has admitted that they are forgeries; Mr. Avila admits it; three handwriting experts hired by Mr. Hearst assert it; and the government experts are equally emphatic. We might add that as far back as our issue of November 30 *The Nation* expressed its disbelief in the papers; and the Senate committee investigating the case is expected shortly to report that it too has its doubts. It is a cautious committee, but we believe it will go that far.

Mr. Hearst, we understand, has retired to California in disgust, leaving his armies of executives to wriggle out of the mess as best they can. They will not, we predict, have to wriggle hard. The Senate committee has shown throughout a scandalous respect for the tender susceptibilities of the Hearst organization; it has acted as if it believed that the Mexican Government was obligated to prove the documents false, and as if Mr. Hearst were merely the dupe of unscrupulous forgers. It has, so far as we are aware, made no really serious effort to trace the source of the forgeries or to discover whether anyone in Mr. Hearst's own organization bore any responsibility for them. It has not asked the telegraph companies to produce the messages exchanged between Mr. Hearst and his agents in Mexico City, as it asked them to produce messages between the Mexican Government and its agents. Having established that the charge that the Mexican Government had bribed, or attempted to bribe, United States Senators, is false, and having thus cleared the honor of that august body, the United States Senate, the Senators seem to feel that their work is done.

It is not. The Senators are not guardians of their own honor alone; the American people have a right to ask of them that, having gone thus far, they dig deeper and expose the whole slimy mess. They have heard, without, apparently, being surprised or disturbed, that the New York *Times* paid a man secretly to copy documents in the archives of a neighbor-government; that a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* obtained the privileges of the United States government diplomatic pouch to transmit a forged document from Mexico City to Washington—though in the end, convinced of the fraud, the *Ledger* honorably refused to publish the document for which it had paid. They have confirmed the fact that the Hearst newspapers foisted upon the American public, apparently in a deliberate effort to foster international ill-will and distrust, a series of totally false documents. They have watched Mr. Hearst, caught printing forgeries, declare unashamed that even though the documents be proved false he believes their contents still, and they have established that Mr. Hearst made no effort to test the authenticity of these documents before printing them. The committee has no right to let such unscrupulous journalism pass unscathed.

Any layman could see the improbability of the Hearst documents. Any graduate of a high-school course in Spanish could see that they teemed with grammatical errors, misplaced or omitted accents, and misspellings. More than one careful observer noted that documents alleged to have been taken from Mexico City archives and others said to have been stolen from the New York City consulate appeared to have been written upon the same eccentric typewriter. After his publications had created an international scandal Mr. Hearst had no difficulty in getting handwriting experts to inform him that his documents were unquestionably false. He still calls his action patriotic! He held the documents for months without investigation, then printed them; and before the Senate committee he gave as his only excuse the fact that the man who brought them to his agent was a "former member of the Military Intelligence Department" of the United States army, and had been honorably discharged after the war. Miguel Avila must have been in his element in the army's band of secret snoopers, and the fact that he had belonged to the Military Intelligence Department might of itself have been ground for suspicion that he was unreliable. Mr. Hearst's fakes are on a par with the brand of evidence conjured up during the war against thousands of honest men of German extraction, pacifists, industrial radicals, or mere liberals.

John Page, Mr. Hearst's Mexican agent, was the procurer of the forged documents which the *Public Ledger* two years ago refused to print. Avila seems to have been almost a professional purveyor of dubious documents. Who made Mr. Hearst's forgeries? The Senate committee must not let that question go unanswered. And what will the committee say of Mr. Hearst? Will it dare to picture that would-be war-maker as the simple dupe of a semi-literate border adventurer?

Nicholas Murray Butler

AT the time of the World War liberals had several good reasons for distrusting the acts of the President of Columbia University but since those days they have found increasingly frequent occasions to approve of his words. If there is any satisfactory explanation of the disappearance from the Columbia faculty of Cattell, Dana, Beard, and Robinson that explanation has never been given; and under the circumstances it is impossible to banish wholly the suspicion that President Butler's liberalism may be the sort which resounds most boldly when there is nothing to fear. Yet many of his recent public utterances have seemed to have the ring of sincerity in them. He has confessed to no change of heart but he has said so many admirable things and said them so well that one cannot but hope that such a change has taken place.

In particular, his just published annual report is a clear, bold, and vigorous document. In the course of it he defines so clearly the claim of the university to freedom from governmental control and the claim of the scholar to intellectual freedom from the control of his university that we should like to give his remarks on the subject the widest possible circulation:

> Columbia University exists and does its public work in the sphere of liberty, not in that of government. All institutions supported by public tax are, and of logical and political necessity should be, controlled and administered directly by public officers. These institutions exist and do their public work in the sphere of government. They are part of government. On the other hand, those institutions, whether eleemosynary, educational, literary, scientific, historical, or other, that grow up in the sphere of

liberty, depend for their vitality and effective continuance upon the strength of the spirit of liberty among the people and upon the appreciation by the people of the moral responsibility which faith in liberty involves. . . . Men speak so much of government; depend, and increasingly, so much upon government; and so constantly seek, and increasingly, to use the power of government, that they quite overlook the fact that among a free people government is everywhere and always subordinate to liberty. Free men have themselves erected government and have given it for domain and occupation a very small part of all that constitutes their activity, physical, intellectual, social, moral, economic, reserving the vast and unlimited remainder for themselves as the sphere of liberty. . . .

One of the scholar's chiefest needs is protection in his becoming freedom and its exercise. The scholar who in sincerity and knowledge criticizes or dissents from some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity, is as much entitled to that dissent as his fellow who defends what this scholar condemns. This is one of the hardest lessons for public opinion in a democracy to learn. The persecuting instinct is so deep and so widespread and the passion for uniformity and conformity is so strong that many a missile will continue to be leveled at the devoted head of any scholar who dissents from a prevailing or a popular judgment. It seems to be forgotten, however, that if he does not dissent, such being his honest conviction, he ceases to be a scholar and falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them and in whose lives passion and quickly flitting emotions take the place of ideas and knowledge as controlling forces.

It has been suggested that the increasingly uncompromising liberalism of President Butler's public utterances is the result of the decline of his political ambitions, that he has indulged more and more in the luxury of sincerity as he has hoped less and less for high office to be won through the sufferance of party leaders fearful of everything except trimming. If this be true, then we wish that President Butler would speak frankly of his past. Did he or did he not during those war days give the scholar that protection which is one of his "chiefest needs"; did he or did he not insist upon the right of the scholars immediately under his control to criticize or dissent from "some well-established institution, idea, or practice, or some new exhibition of folly or stupidity"; and did he or did he not himself forget that if a scholar so inclined does not dissent he "falls back into the mob of those who have their thinking done for them"? His words seem to imply a confession and a recantation, but mere implication is not enough. He owes those liberals to whom his words seem addressed some more satisfactory explanation than has ever been given of events at Columbia during the period of hysteria, and if there is no such satisfactory explanation to be given then he owes a confession and an apology.

To ask such a thing of a politician would be obviously absurd—a politician who changes front never ceases to hope that he will gain a new constituency through his present words while holding the old one through past actions—but there are signs that President Butler is tired of being a politician. If he is willing to surrender the power which he has and has hoped to have in party politics he has the mind to make him one of the most valuable and influential leaders in those liberal movements which can tolerate sincerity because they work through human individuals, not through machines.

50,000 Words of Fact

GOVERNOR SMITH'S message to the New York Legislature is widely hailed as a campaign document intended for the voters of the nation rather than the citizens of the Empire State. Maybe that's the Governor's purpose; we are not enough in his confidence to say. But the document itself strikes us as notably free from general political flubdub and packed with concrete facts of importance to the citizens of New York. Even more than its predecessors the message reads like the report of the president of a great corporation to its stockholders. To the people of New York and other States the message illustrates how far our commonwealths have outgrown their original political functions—how they have evolved into enormous and infinitely complicated business, educational, and scientific organizations. In a document of 50,000 words Governor Smith gives us a facinating picture of the ramifications of a modern State government and a renewed respect for the civilian army which in spite of corruption and incompetence here and there nevertheless carries on an ant-hill of activity with industry and devotion. Besides this, Governor Smith shows the stockholders what he has been able to do for the company in eight years, six of them against a hostile legislature. And through it all one sees the astonishing mastery of detail possessed by this remarkable administrator who writes equally understandingly of straightening children's legs and adults' minds, of teachers' salaries and bovine tuberculosis, of prohibition and hydro-electric power.

The weakest part of the message is the few paragraphs in which it strays away from State business into national political controversy. The section on prohibition has no concrete application whatever and says nothing new, although it expresses an old truth neatly in the observation that "the people of any locality get the degree of law enforcement upon which they insist and for which they are willing to pay." It is encouraging to read that "the labor of a human being shall not be treated as a commodity," but one is disappointed to discover that the only protection here offered labor is a law making it impossible for a judge to issue a temporary injunction in industrial disputes without a hearing. The Governor is entitled to the credit he takes for the preservation or restitution of civil liberties, but his only new proposal is to abolish the motion-picture censorship. Of genuine national importance is the Governor's reiterated declaration in favor of public control of hydro-electric power and his new proposal that the legislature should pass on no amendments to the federal Constitution without submitting them to a State referendum. In his reassertion of belief in a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the ocean through United States soil he is possibly swayed more by local patriotism than by wide understanding.

Admittedly Governor Smith is a reformer rather than a revolutionist—above all he is an administrator. His spade does not dig deep into the terrific economic or political problems of the day. If this is not the best of all possible worlds, at least it seems good enough for him. One stumbles with some amazement upon a comment that "of all human agencies government is the slowest to meet new and changed conditions."

In Nicaragua

"What is that?"
"That is the Ambassador of Good-will!"

It Seems To Heywood Broun

"WE have embarked upon a dangerous enterprise, now we must make our way out of it if we can do so consistent with national honor and safety."

I quote not from a staunch supporter of the Republican Administration but from Huddleston of Alabama who rose in the House to attack the Nicaraguan policy of Coolidge and Kellogg. And I must say that the attitude of the Opposition is even more painful to me than that of the ruling majority. It should be perfectly possible for a President of the United States to confess error and scrap an enterprise clearly wrongheaded. Yet my memory includes no such act on the part of any executive.

We need not marvel, then, when a Republican Congressman announces: "I hold that it is the duty of my country to protect my life and property wherever I am in all the world." Begg of Ohio is speaking, and if he ever gets a notion to follow the Roosevelt tradition and hunt lions in Africa it will become the duty of the navy to send a few marines to act as beaters. Administration stuff must follow formula. Apologies, retractions, and withdrawals can be looked for only in Utopia. What puzzles me is the weakness of the Opposition which is at liberty to attack from any quarter. The Democratic doctrine as outlined by Huddleston is just as dangerous as that which Coolidge has put into practice. In effect the minority is saying that the country has made a mistake which is unfortunate and reprehensible but that perhaps it is too late to do anything about it now.

If Sandino, in the remote foothills of Nicaragua, menaces the United States there is no reason in the world why we may not find it necessary tomorrow to land marines in Monaco. Indeed it would be more logical since in that case there would be pertinence in the cry that American property was in danger. Nor have I ever understood this matter of national honor. How can a shining face be put upon a shameful deed by mere persistence in wrongful rubbing? And in the New York *World*, again, I find a repetition of this heresy. With considerable vigor the *World* has fought against America's policy in Nicaragua, but now it seems to feel that because we have persisted in muddleheadedness there is nothing to do but go on. "We are in Nicaragua now," says the newspaper, "and the *World* has no hope or expectation that it will be possible to pull out easily. That blundering led us in we believe to be the fact beyond a doubt. But there we are; we are committed to the guaranty of a free and fair election in the hope that such an election will lead to the establishment of a stable government, and pulling out at the present moment would only make a bad matter worse."

Let me see, is not this the same United States which is wrestling with the problem of Vare and Smith? If we actually have a capacity for guaranteeing free and fair elections it might not be a bad idea to get the marines back from Nicaragua in time to superintend the next balloting in Philadelphia. I am blessed if I can understand it all. If the plan which we set in motion for the Central American republic was a blunder in the first place I do not comprehend just what has happened since to make it seem more wise. The very best thing a man can do who has set out upon the wrong road is to wheel about and retrace his steps. How can an election conducted under the shade of alien riflemen be called fair and free? The story goes that the State Department hopes to save face with all the world by reason of its belief that in the next election the Liberals will win. We could not recognize Sacasa because of the feeling that his claim was unconstitutional. Nicaraguans were polite enough not to note such motes in our eyes as the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments.

Indeed, a new reason for our ferocity against Sandino has just come to light. According to an Associated Press dispatch, "Sandino is understood to have established prohibition in territory under his control." This may explain our puzzling policy. Possibly the United States felt obliged to take control because Sandino failed to make enforcement efficient.

I don't quite understand just how the United States will seem less tyrannical to Latin America if Nicaragua eventually puts the Liberal Party into office. This faction was already well on its way toward power when our interference first began. The charge that our influence was once thrown to maintain the Conservatives is not a whit more damning than the accusation which may be made later on that we gave the Liberals a lift. The plain fact of the matter is that the complexion of Nicaraguan government is absolutely none of our business.

Officially Sandino is a bandit. Even the big news agencies, which are supposed to guard against editorialization in their reports, have begun to call him that. Possibly the label fits although America has a habit of always inventing names for its opponents. He is said to be a bandit because he lives off the land as he moves about as Sherman did in his march to the sea. Also there is the charge that he and his men have taken loot. By a happy chance we have sent marines to punish this marauder, for there is in the corps a tradition dating back to Boxer days. Some of the allied soldiers are believed to have come home heavy laden with Chinese possessions, but our marines moved steadfastly and never once stooped for treasures of jade and ivory. Well, hardly ever. Also, the news comes through the Associated Press that Sandino has no friends at all in Nicaragua. The American correspondents say that even his old associates among the Liberal leaders have disowned him. This would seem to one unversed in diplomatic niceties to make the matter very simple. If Conservatives and Liberals alike are arrayed against this fellow why can't we gracefully step down and let his own folk go and get him?

Suppose it be true that Sandino is a brigand, a bandit, a bad man, and even a "reptile" as the Washington *Post* calls him, there still remains the fact that Quilali is a long way from Chicago. After all we have our own bandits, our own bad men, and here and there a reptile. Why can't we focus our attention on them and save time and steamer fare?

Sandino

By SALOMON DE LA SELVA

THIS is the story of General Augusto Calderon Sandino as we Nicaraguans who are in sympathy with him know it. Niquinohomo is a little village in central western Nicaragua, not much more than a thousand souls. It has about half a block of adobe houses with roofs of red tiles and perhaps three or four hundred wattle-cane huts, thatched with palm, shining golden in the sun. It is an ancient village founded by the Toltecs when they migrated into Nicaragua from Mexico a thousand years ago. Sandino was born and brought up at Niquinohomo, of parents born there. He was an illegitimate child, but his birth was not considered shameful in Nicaragua. We are not Nordics. When Augusto Sandino's mother died, his father, grown old enough to settle down, married. His wife, a typical Nicaraguan woman, reared young Sandino as if he were her own son. Other children have been born in the Sandino family, but all privileges of primogeniture are Augusto's. He is now in his thirties.

Sandino's father is an important man in the village of Niquinohomo and the boy received the usual education of his class; he learned the three R's and the catechism at an early age. He also learned to work. While still in his teens he became a produce merchant.

It was his business to buy the grain crops from the small farmers in the villages and sell them in bulk to wholesale dealers in the bigger towns. It was thus, going from place to place, that he gained a knowledge of his people, the real Nicaraguans who live close to their native soil. Nicaragua is agricultural. The professional classes, politicians included, live on the small farmer. Sandino early learned to understand the ways of politicians.

As a trader he prospered. With his earnings he bought himself a little farm. He could have made more money in business, but the land called him. His farm soon became a model. But in 1912, after armed intervention by American marines, American bankers acquired "by request of the Nicaraguan Government" full control over Nicaragua's credit and financial system. Farmers were driven to the wall. Augusto Sandino was ruined; his farm was taken from him.

Under Yankee influence Nicaragua's budget became a pork-barrel; the pro-American Conservatives grew fat as swine; the anti-American Liberals were starved. But twelve years of leanness is more than human politicians can stand. During those years the Nicaraguan Liberals gradually became converted to Jose Maria Moncada's philosophy that it is foolish to struggle against the inevitable, and that Nicaraguan Liberals should offer the almighty Americans more than the Conservatives had ever offered. Moncada was at first hated and called a lunatic. Gradually his views made progress. He has consistently preached submission to the United States. At about the time when Sandino was ruined financially Moncada was on the lookout for promising followers. Sandino left Niquinohomo and went to northern Nicaragua to work in the mines. Known already as an earnest, capable, and attractive young man, with wide influence among the people, he seemed to Moncada a good catch and an easy one. Moncada approached Sandino with guile. The story of his attempt to win him as a lieutenant reads like a troubadour's tale.

Moncada, on a certain evening, arranged a party for Sandino. *Cususa,* a native liquor of fine quality, flowed freely. Guitars were strummed, stories were told, songs sung. At the opportune hour an old woman brought in an untouched maiden.

"This beauty, this veritable pearl, this rival of the Graces," Moncada exclaimed, so the story goes, "I had intended for my delight. But as we are forever friends, and as you shall represent my policies in your Department, I cheerfully give her to you. Take her."

The girl, a frightened child of thirteen, was in tears. Sandino jumped up. "This girl," he said, "is the embodiment of Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away." And with that, he put the girl on his horse and rode off into the darkness. Toward dawn he arrived at a convent of the Sisters of Mercy. The girl has since become Sister Maria Augusta and is, I understand, ministering to the poor in the Philippines.

From that day Augusto Calderon Sandino was a man at whose name the politicians quaked. "This girl is Nicaragua. She shall not be yours or any man's to violate or give away," became a slogan. Sandino was tempted with political honors. He was offered a seat in the Nicaraguan Chamber of Deputies, money with which to recover his lost farm. He resisted bribes of all kinds. Finally the politicians sought to have him murdered. Paid assassins were hired to pick a quarrel with him at the village bar and kill him in a drunken brawl. They nearly succeeded but Sandino, wounding one of his assailants, escaped alive. On that day he swore off alcohol.

Sandino did not have to flee the country nor was he prosecuted. The politicians were afraid to attack him. But life at home became impossible and Nicaraguans were emigrating in hordes. He arrived in Mexico in 1924, months after Pancho Villa had been killed, years after Pancho Villa had settled down to till the soil at Canutillo. Sandino was never near Villa's country. The story that he was a Villa man and a raider of American border towns is a fantastic lie. Sandino went to Tampico and worked in the oil fields. He remained there until the Sacasa revolution was well under way in 1926.

Following an honorable international tradition, the Calles Government contributed arms to what seemed a movement for the liberation of Nicaragua. These arms General Moncada personally received at Puerto Mexico in behalf of Sacasa. Sandino knew of it, as did everyone else. But Sandino feared for Nicaragua. He wrote to a friend: "Mexico, God forgive her, is unconsciously leading us to our most complete national ruin. Moncada will at the very first opportunity sell out to the Americans. We must not oppose the Sacasa revolution but get into it and, as a part of it, save it from Moncada. Moncada will betray Sacasa. . . ."

Sandino went back to Nicaragua and asked Moncada for

arms. Moncada refused them. He was clearly playing a waiting game. Information had reached him that as soon as the American Congress adjourned, the Coolidge Administration would impose peace in Nicaragua. It was enough for him to hold his own and be within reach of Managua when the American pacificator should come. Sacasa, supposedly the head of the movement, cut a pitiful figure. Liberal politicians picked Moncada to be his army chief. Sacasa, in New York at the time, is said to have made a wry face; but he signed the appointment. He has now the leisure to regret. During the fighting Moncada broke off communications with Sacasa and received no orders.

Some of Sacasa's faithful officials gave Sandino forty rifles and a little ammunition. With this he began his career as a soldier. He kept clear of Moncada and Moncada of him, but each watched the other more closely, perhaps, than they watched the common enemy. Soon Sandino made connections with the forces of General Parajon, one of the field organizers for the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor. The federation considered the war no social or economic movement, but a political revolution from which the workers had nothing to gain. Indeed, the Sacasa revolution was not popular, and it became less so when Moncada was appointed its military leader.

With armed intervention by the United States in favor of Diaz, popular feeling swung to the side of Sacasa and Moncada. But the volunteers in the Liberal ranks went forth to battle not as Liberals but as Laborites carrying Labor's red and black flag. Parajon's and Sandino's men wore the red and black in their hats and even imposed the fashion on Moncada's army. Matters stood thus when Mr. Stimson arrived to impose peace.

Stimson made straight for Moncada. In half an hour Moncada's submission was assured. Diaz had already expressed to Mr. Stimson his willingness to become a figurehead. Moncada outdid Diaz. He said that he could guarantee the surrender of all the generals except Sandino. Parajon laid down his arms, believing that the Nicaraguan Federation of Labor could not wage war against the United States. Sandino held that if one were doomed to be crushed in any case, one might as well go to that doom bravely. Also Sandino trusted that the hearts of plain Americans might be moved by his action. He lined up his men; he knew them all by name. To some he said: "You are heads of families. You must not be sacrificed; I bid you farewell." To the others he said: "If there is any one of you who for any reason should not follow me, he is free to deliver his rifle and go home. You need give no explanations. I know that no one of you is a coward."

Sandino is not a bandit. If Americans read the Latin-American press they would realize that to a growing portion of Latin-American opinion Sandino is of the breed of Bolivar and Sucre and San Martin and Marti. Sandino is looked upon as a liberator. In the Hall of National Heroes at the Pan-American Union in Washington Nicaragua's pedestal is empty. She now has a candidate.

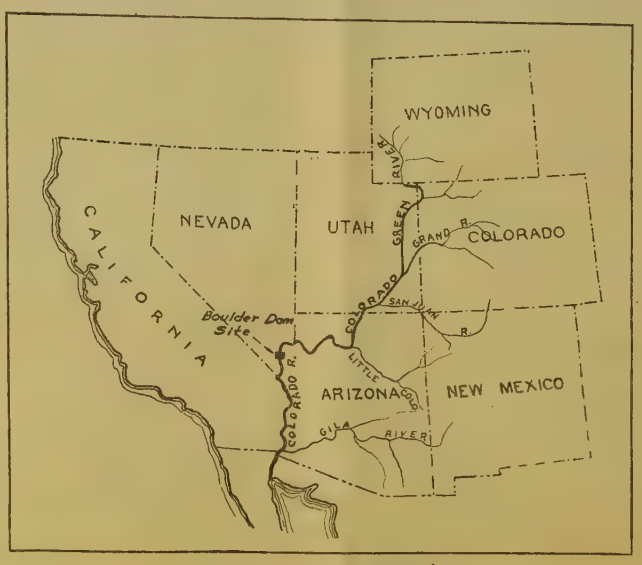
Who Owns Our Rivers?

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE Boulder Dam project supplies one of the most important problems before the present Congress. I would like to lead you to it along a winding trail.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. But when you step off an ocean liner and come ashore you do not leave the water question behind you. The problem changes from salt water to fresh, but it does not evaporate. Of all the natural resources water on land is in one sense the most fundamental and the most clamorous for attention, just as the forest is in another sense.

A great part of man's task on the land is dealing with water, because next to the air we breathe water is the most essential thing in human life. The number of people who can live in the United States is determined not by the available amount of land but by the available amount of water. We have land enough for a far larger population than will ever inhabit the United States for the simple reason that we lack water enough to make all the land fertile and productive. Millions of arid and semi-arid acres lie out under the sun to prove it. It takes many tons of water to grow an acre of corn. It takes additional tons of water to transform that corn into hogs. Forty acres without water will produce neither a single ear of corn nor a single pork chop.



Territory Drained by Colorado River

Water, then, is indispensable, but as with other good things it is easily possible to have too much of it. We are apt to speak of fire as the destroying element, but an excess of water is far more destructive than an excess of fire. The greatest natural calamity in the history of the United States, the recent Mississippi flood, was due to too much water at one time in the wrong place.

The chief conservation problem facing the people of the United States is the control of our river systems. There are three river problems which have become immediate issues before Con-

gress. One is that of the Mississippi, brought to a head by the great flood of a year ago; another, that of Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee; the third, that of Boulder Canyon. In all three the development of electric power has become a crucial question, and for precisely the same reason. Briefly the issue is, For whose benefit shall the power be developed?

I would not have you understand that the question of electric power is the only one involved in Boulder Canyon. Navigation to some extent, irrigation to a very large extent, and flood control are all intimately involved; and so is the domestic and industrial water-supply for more than a million people in and around Los Angeles.

The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and the Grand rivers in the State of Utah. From its headwaters to the Gulf it flows through or past seven States. There are along it thirteen principal power sites capable of developing three or four million water horsepower. Along its course in Arizona and California, and Mexico as well, are millions of acres of irrigable lands now desert; and near its mouth is the Imperial Valley, partly in California and partly in Mexico, inhabited mainly by American citizens, and redeemed from utter barrenness by water from the Colorado River.

Most of Imperial Valley, moreover, is below sea level, and there is serious danger that the Colorado, which flows past it at a high elevation, will break into this deep hole as it did into the Salton Sink and change a land of fertile farms into a Dead Sea.

In order to prevent this calamity it is proposed to build at Boulder Canyon a dam twice as high as the next highest dam in the world, and create a reservoir a hundred miles long, capable of holding the entire flow of the Colorado for more than a year. This dam will make flood control certain and secure. At the same time it will develop from 600,000 to 1,000,000 continuous horse-power. And that is what the trouble is all about.

If there were no power question involved the Boulder Dam Bill would meet nothing but smiles. The bill authorizes (but does not direct) the Secretary of the Interior to construct electric-power-generating works in connection with the dam, and sell the power for distribution to municipalities or to private power corporations. If the Government makes and sells that power, it can incorporate in the contract of sale such conditions as will insure ultimate justice to the consumer.

That is important to the domestic consumer especially (which means pretty nearly all of us) because the power companies have been making us pay several times as much as we ought to pay. It is important to the companies because they have been, and are now, charging us several times as much as they could afford to serve us for. Which brings us to the essential question: Shall the Government be authorized to build the power works at Boulder Dam, and so get a chance to protect the rest of us from the present extortion? Or shall the Government, having built the dam, let some private company build the works, and so lose the chance to prevent extortion? That is the gist of the whole matter.

There are, of course, complications. So vast a project could hardly be without them. Certain of the States through which the Colorado River flows demand that this great national project shall take second place to the States' Rights theory and the individual interests of the States. Arizona, for example, proposes to hold up the project unless she can be guaranteed what amounts to the right to tax national property used for the creation of electric power in the Colorado River. As a representative of Arizona said to me, "We propose to make the Government pay just as if it was a private company."

But the more serious danger comes from the electric-power companies, which are also suspected of being behind some of the obstructive demands of the States. The object of the power companies is to prevent the establishment of a government standard by which their own rates to consumers of electric power can be measured. Their objection to the construction of Boulder Dam has nothing to do with the dam itself but is wholly centered in the power-generating works through which the Government, under the Swing-Johnson Bill, is authorized to utilize the hydro-electric energy made available by the dam.

The Government does not propose to go into the business of selling power to the consumer. What it contemplates doing at Boulder Dam is what it is already doing at a number of government-built irrigation dams, namely, to transform into electric current the energy produced by the dam and to sell that current for distribution either by municipalities or private corporations. It does not propose to go into the power business but merely to produce the current, leaving to other agencies its distribution to the consumer.

That this is a proper function of the Government is attested not only by common sense but also by the man who has a better right to speak for the power industry than any other in America—Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company. In a speech on May 18, 1926, to the National Electric Light Association, Mr. Young said:

> There is a class of water-powers which, in my judgment, must be separately considered. No suggestion has yet been made which adequately meets their needs. Where vast rivers either on international boundaries or within the United States require development for several purposes, such as navigation, irrigation, and flood control as well as for power, there arises a new kind of question which is wholly unrelated to the old controversy of government versus private ownership. The discussion of this question has been clouded by the old animosities. The private-ownership people feel that if the Government has anything to do with the development of power in these composite situations, it will be merely the starting-point from which the advocates of public ownership will advance their operations. On the other hand, the public-ownership people feel that the privately owned companies which seek to throw dams in these great rivers, and incidentally perforce take over the effective navigation, irrigation, and flood control, are so intrenching themselves in purely public operations as not only to make all thought of public ownership impossible, but to create instruments of oppression rather than of service. While this debate goes on, vast rivers go unharnessed for power, waterways are undeveloped, floods drown us, and droughts devour us. May I not call for a broader view in the public interest from the representatives of both the utilities and the public? . . .
>
> Much has been made of the question as to whether these dams should be built and owned by the Government. If the dams really serve the great purposes of navigation and flood control, which are clearly governmental activities, then it seems to me public ownership of them cannot be objected to. Personally, I prefer that the construction and ownership of such an enterprise be in the hands of a public corporation, the stock of which should be government-owned, with the

provision that that corporation finance the enterprise with its own securities.

Mr. Young favors the public development of the Long Sault rapids on the St. Lawrence and the public construction of the power works there. Where he stands on the Swing-Johnson Bill I do not know, but the electric industry takes precisely the position which he does not take in the quotation above, and has today a great lobby in Washington to defeat the Boulder Dam project.

The power companies have four lines of defense against the establishment of a government standard at Boulder Canyon. The front-line trenches are built to prevent the passage of the bill altogether, thus destroying the Government's power not only to protect the consumers of electricity but also to protect the farmers of Imperial Valley against flood. This first line held at the last session of Congress. If the power companies can persuade Congress to defer action till the several States along the Colorado settle all their differences, and then can keep the States from agreeing, this first line may hold indefinitely.

The second line intends to restrict the Government's action solely to the construction of a flood-prevention dam, which need not be at Boulder Canyon and which would produce either a comparatively negligible amount of electricity or no electricity at all.

The third line is to prevent government-built electricity-generating works from being attached to the Boulder Dam project. The electric interests baldly offered at the last session to allow the passage of the Boulder Dam Bill provided the authority to construct these generating works was cut out.

But if they are defeated here and Boulder Dam is built with the government generating works attached, then the fourth line of defense of the power people is to saddle the government-made current with every possible or impossible expense, with the immediate hope of hampering the enterprise and the more distant hope of making the Government's undertaking fail altogether.

Here is where the demand of Arizona and Nevada for the right to tax government property fits the hand of the power companies like a glove. If Arizona can add its taxes to the cost of the power produced, if Nevada can do likewise, if later the similar claims of other States can add still further to the burden, then perhaps the power interests, driven out of their first, second, and third lines of defense, may still be able to hold out.

The vastness of the stake for which the power companies are playing must never be forgotten. Boulder Canyon is to them not a question of Los Angeles or California or Arizona or any of the seven States of the Colorado Basin. It is a question of the value to its owners of the gigantic electric monopoly now forming all over the United States—its value measured in excessive rates to the consumer. On no other theory can their nation-wide opposition to Boulder Canyon be explained or understood. And just there lies your interest and mine in what is about to happen at a spot in the Colorado River that very few of us have ever seen or ever will.

Americans We Like
Oscar Ameringer

By McALISTER COLEMAN

The Tenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

"WELL, folks, politics has got down to this. Politics is the fine art whereby the politicians extract campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the ground that the politicians will protect one from the other."

It is a farmers' picnic out in the grass roots of Oklahoma and Uncle Oscar is talking. The men slap their thighs and the women smile happily up at the sturdy figure above them. They have known Oscar Ameringer these many years, and they have come miles to hear him tell them what's what in this country of theirs which he knows so well.

Or, again, he is walking up and down the stage of a little motion-picture house in the coal-fields of central Illinois. It is Sunday afternoon and the union miners and their families have packed the place for a grand powwow over the state of the industry.

"They use long words, these highbrow fellows," says Oscar, "they come here and tell you about how economics is the reason why we haven't got work. Well, what is economics? Every one of you boys and girls have all the economics in the world in your right hand. Hold up your hands."

Oscar shoots a clenched fist toward the roof and all over the hall men, women, and children gleefully follow suit.

"Now," commands Oscar, "stick out your pinkie and your thumb." Pinkies and thumbs are thrust out.

"Good," grunts Oscar. "Now, listen, children. What are we all here for on this earth? Why do we go down into the mines and out on the farms and into the factories and work our arms off? Why, to make both ends meet. Isn't that so? Sure! You see my thumb up here? Well, those are the bosses, the big boys. They are the I-eats. Down here where my pinkie is, that's us—the We-sweats. Now it's the job of the I-eats to keep pushing themselves up as far away as possible from We-sweats down here." At this point he raises his thumb and depresses his little finger and from the front rows of the house where all the youngsters sit in goggle-eyed admiration of their hero, clear back to the elders in the rear, there is a grave wiggling. "Every time they go up, we would go down if it were not for one thing," continues Oscar, "and that thing is the lever that we call union; it gives us a lift whenever we have sense enough to use it." Here he makes a lever out of the forefinger of his left hand and up goes the little finger to meet the thumb.

As he walks down the street after the meeting in consultation with some of the local union leaders, miners' urchins acknowledge his approach with the sign of the thumb and the little finger.

Oscar Ameringer is one whose story follows a pioneering home-spun pattern of the sort that will never again be woven in this country. The fire of rebellion, first lighted in the obscure little town of Achstetten, Germany, where Oscar was born in 1870, still burns in him, in spite of disappointments, as brightly as ever. Not long ago he wrote in his *Oklahoma Leader:*

> God, is there not enough brains in this great, intelligent country to realize that we are smothered, suffocated, drowned under avalanches of goods and commodities the producing masses cannot purchase with their present income? . . .
>
> What's the purpose of industry? To supply human wants? To aid men in the struggle for life, liberty, and happiness? To relieve men from the fear of want? To feed, clothe, and shelter God's children? To give them time, leisure, and peace to enjoy the only worth-while things in life—serenity, love, beauty, and freedom? Banish the thought! The purpose of industry is industry. It's to make money to buy machines, dig mines, erect new plants, so as to make money to buy, dig, erect until we dig the grave of civilization in a bedlam of speed, noise, racket, rattle, smoke, dust and rust, woe and war.

This is a bit more somber perhaps than Oscar's usual tone but it contains the hard, sure thrust, the rebel slant, the deep hunger for "serenity, love, beauty, and freedom" that mark the writing of this dean of labor journalists.

Back in Achstetten Oscar's father would look up from his cabinet-making ("And how beautifully they made cabinets in those days!" says Oscar), to watch the boy practicing with flute or horn, and conclude that he was the parent of a musician of parts. He taught him cabinet-making and then Oscar went away to Munich to study painting and incidentally to hear the teachings of a new school of rebel economists who were saying strange things about proletarians and bourgeoisie. No doubt all intelligent artists are rebels at heart. But rarely is one found who sees as clearly as Oscar what might happen to the soul of man under socialism. So clearly did he see it, even then at the age of sixteen, and so sick was he of a Europe of strutting drill-sergeants and comic-opera kaisers that he set out for America with little else in his pack than his flute and his books and his cabinet-making tools.

He had no English, no money, no job. But he had mother-wit and an appealing way about him and all through the Middle West in those days were other German rebels who were willing to give the boy a lift. It is characteristic of him that the first thing he did on landing was to join the Knights of Labor, that romantic, mystical predecessor to the "business unionism" of today. Tending bar for some *Landsmann* down a back alley in Cincinnati, traveling with a troupe of jolly Germans under the ironic title of the "Street Pavers of Paris," dropping his tools to march in a workers' parade with the red flags ahead and the fifes shrilling the Marseillaise—always the lad kept the vision of an America where there would be enough love, beauty, and freedom to go around, for poor as well as rich.

In New Orleans the brewers' union waged a lively strike with Oscar on the picket-line every morning, the terror of the bosses. He was particularly successful in getting out the colored workers. Next he preached socialism in Texas, in the company of a phrenologist. "I would tootle on my flute to get the crowd. Then this fellow would read their bumps and then I would hammer socialism at them."

To Oklahoma Oscar went to tackle one of the most difficult organization jobs in the history of American socialism. With Dan Hogan, who had come over from his print-shop in Arkansas and Dan's capable and courageous daughter Freda, Oscar made Oklahoma the second State in the union in the number of Socialist Party members.

When the war came to smash the dream of a socialized America it did not sweep Oscar off his steady feet. In his paper, the *Labor World,* and later in the *Oklahoma Pioneer* he had been writing editorials prophetic of just such a calamity. In Milwaukee his old friend Victor Berger was making a gallant stand against the war hysteria and soon Oscar was by his side writing editorials for the *Leader* when he was not answering the numerous indictments for high treason that were showered on him and Berger. While the war never for a moment stampeded Oscar either to the Right or Left, it left its mark on him. He cannot to this day speak of those lunatic days without a boom of anger.

The labor press. Inadequate as it is, it is terrifying to think what it would be without Ameringer's swingeing editorials, his flashing humor lighting up the "miles on miles of desolation" filled with convention reports and the smug pictures of officialdom. The miracle is that he can keep it up week after week. Yet he runs not one but many labor papers in his beautifully equipped plant in Oklahoma City. There, again with Dan and Freda Hogan, Oscar keeps alive what sparks there are in the labor movement of the Southwest and somehow finds time to make the *Illinois Miner* one of the few distinguished working-class journals in the country.

To this day "make-up" remains a mystery to a man who has had many tempting offers from the old-line, "capitalist" newspapers. For the life of him he cannot write a head-line, and his copy has funny little grammatical twists that are the despair of the college men on his staff. Yet this proletarian-musician-painter-brewer-cabinet-maker, with never a day's formal training in the business of writing, has turned out two books, "Socialism—What It Is" and "The Life and Deeds of Uncle Sam," that have sold in the hundreds of thousands. He has written and still writes editorials and articles that are as widely read as the products of the most highly paid American journalists. And all this he does for wages, as often as not long overdue, that a cub on a New York paper would sniff at.

He sits at his desk with the temperature over 100 in the shade and proceeds to skin alive a treacherous governor whom he himself put into office. This perfidy of elected persons is nothing new in Oscar's life, and he knows just how to make this particular Judas wince. He groans a little in the agony of composition and the sweat runs down the ends of his spectacle bows, but presently he is finished (and so is the governor) and he turns to discuss with an engineer from the State university a plan for a giant power-plant in Illinois that will give the coal-diggers of those parts a chance for more work and a better life. Then there is a speech to be made in a little town forty miles away

where the Klan has been cutting capers. So Oscar climbs into the Ford and chugs off. The pockets of many of the men in his silent audience bulge meaningfully. But Oscar merely beams down from the platform as he says:

> When did Jews ever do you folks any harm? There's Jake runs the haberdashery. Didn't Jake give you credit in the last strike? Didn't he carry you long after it was bad business for him to do it? Jake's all right. And so are the colored people, the other side of the road. They don't bother you any, do they? And the three Catholics in town. Pretty good fellows, aren't they? Don't let's go off our heads. Come on, folks, take a vote. Are we sensible, decent, warm-hearted Americans or just jackasses in nightgowns? All who are jackasses hold up their hands.

As he leaves that town to drift back home to his work, its citizens are firmly convinced that in some manner they have voted out the Klan.

It is on Saturday nights, with the crowded week behind him and a group of big-muscled young miners or old comrades in the movement lolling beside him, that Oscar bursts into full and luxuriant bloom. Story after story he tells, the story of the America that was, of which he was no inconsiderable part, and which he saw with the shrewdest and kindest and most understanding eyes.

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter had his life to live over again, he always tells himself he would pick out some job more lucrative than journalism. Until lately he has thought that he would choose the profession of millionaire. There seems to be more money in that than in any other occupation of which the Drifter knows unless possibly the career of billionaire. And the circle of billionaires is still so small and select that the Drifter is not sure he could pass the entrance examinations. Recently, though, the Drifter has discovered a better paying occupation than that of millionaire. It is to be a telephone clerk in a New York stock-broker's office. In glancing over the New Year's changes in the financial district the Drifter observes that no fewer than four telephone clerks have bought seats on the Stock Exchange. As such a seat costs in the neighborhood of $300,000—and as telephone clerks are probably not often the heirs of wealthy fathers—it would seem to be a fair guess that the job itself was a profitable one.

* * * * *

TO return to journalism, billionaires, and entrance examinations, the Drifter recalls a story, doubtless apocryphal, once told of the former Emperor of Germany. Before a gathering of newspaper correspondents he is said to have observed scornfully: "A journalist? Bah! What degree does one have to have to be a journalist?" To which one of the group responded suavely: "And what degree does one have to have, your Majesty, to be an emperor?" To the Drifter it has always seemed that although no degree and no entrance examinations are required to be a journalist the job itself is an elimination race more ruthless and breathless than any other with which he is acquainted. Many are called—or think they are—but few are chosen, and fewer still survive any number of years. Once a teacher, always a teacher—if one wishes. So, too, in the law and in the church. There are posts positively aching to accommodate worthless or lazy lawyers and clergymen. But there are few openings clamoring for incompetent journalists, and practically none for lazy ones. At least the Drifter can't find any.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not a passionate devotee of the movies, but the announcement of the St. George Playhouse, a new motion-picture theater on Brooklyn Heights, is beguiling. One reads, for instance:

> The architecture of the St. George Playhouse is magnificent. Should it prove more profitable, only a few changes would be necessary to convert it into the most elegant gasoline station in Brooklyn.
>
> Our lobby is smaller but even more intimate than the Clark Street Subway Station.
>
> The seats in the St. George Playhouse were tailored to fit Chief Justice Taft—high, wide, and handsome.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hearst's War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Max Sherover in his "Fakes in American Journalism" cited cablegrams which told the story of Hearst's provocative attitude just before the Spanish-American War. The papers passed between Hearst and Frederick Remington, the American artist.

> Long before we, the common people, dreamt of war with Spain Hearst sent Remington to Cuba to produce "pictures that will stir up the blood of the people at home." When Remington arrived, being green at the business, he cabled back to Hearst:
>
> W. R. HEARST, New York *Journal*, N. Y.
>
> Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return. REMINGTON
>
> And here is the answer he got:
>
> F. REMINGTON, Havana, Cuba.
>
> Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war. HEARST

Lackawanna, New York, December 27 ALFRED KIEFER

Whose India?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust *The Nation* will follow Ramsay MacDonald's The New Indian Constitution with another article which will lead to a measure of understanding of England's latest manifestation of arrogant superiority, this all-British commission appointed to be judge and jury of England's actions.

Mr. MacDonald has left untouched the spirit underlying what all India regards as an irrevocable insult to the manhood and womanhood of the motherland.

Annie Besant, who has come out flatfootedly against the recognition by Indians of the proposed commission, went to the heart of the thing when (in offering to tear up her Government of India bill, if a better one could be constructed) she said that nothing mattered save that which "aimed at the freedom of India in the shortest possible time."

Indians realize—if Ramsay MacDonald does not—that there is nothing surrounding the appointment of the present com-

mission that can give an iota of hope that England looks forward to freeing India from her chains. Not since the jailing of Mahatma Gandhi in 1922 has India been so stirred from sea to sea; all parties are a unit on the question of "avenging the insult to [their] national honor"; communal differences are, for a time at least, forgotten in the contemplation of an act of supreme injustice and complete indifference to the desires of Indians—and when Americans understand all this, they will take their stand by the side of Annie Besant rather than of her countryman who heads the British Labor Party. Furthermore, not a few of the Labor Party regret exceedingly the presence of two Labor men on the commission, lending their aid to imperialistic designs rather than to human liberty and self-determinism.

Washington, D. C., January 7 BLANCHE WATSON

We Were Wrong

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In ascribing the resignation of President Trotter of West Virginia University to the recent controversy over the appearance of Kirby Page, the American Civil Liberties Union and *The Nation* are evidently misinformed.

President Trotter submitted his resignation several years before Mr. Page's visit, but attempts to find a successor failed. A newly constituted Board of Governors took office in July, 1927, and, after a search of several months, announced the election of a new president. This announcement closely followed the visit of Kirby Page, but could hardly be connected with it. The election of a new president had been extensively discussed in the press of West Virginia during the last year.

As stated in *The Nation* at the time, a few students organized an outside meeting, which Mr. Page addressed. A small admission fee was charged, which may account for the poor attendance. My estimate of the number of students present would be under 150—a poor showing for a student body of over 2,000. This is hardly a victory for tolerance, although it is something to have a *few* students and a *few* faculty members with courage to make a protest.

LELAND H. TAYLOR

Morgantown, West Virginia, January 2

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Books, Music, Plays

One Reason

By LAURA RIDING

There is one reason only, and my own.
And my own I know by shame
And foolishness, and cannot tell;
Or in shame and foolishness I tell
And am despised for publishing
What all in shame and foolishness know well.
Each has one reason only, and his own.

The Jesuits Indicted

The Jesuit Enigma. By E. Boyd Barrett. Boni and Liveright. $4.

DR. BARRETT, twenty years of whose life were passed as a member of the Jesuit order, has felt it his duty, now that he is free, to describe the order as he knew it and as its history reveals it. He expressly disclaims any intention of adding to the "revelations" of which the Roman church and its institutions have so often been the subject, and insists that his method is that of criticism rather than attack. The picture which he draws, while less appealing as a piece of spiritual biography than Alfred Loisy's "My Duel with the Vatican," and without the central thread of a great religious controversy which helps to make that book a classic, is nevertheless one of vivid interest, certain to be painful to those who have affected to see in the Jesuit order a model of intellectual ability or religious devotion, and disturbing to such as fear ecclesiastical encroachment upon religious toleration or the practice of democratic government.

Beginning with a summary sketch of the rise and development of the Society of Jesus, Dr. Barrett proceeds to dissect its organization, its methods of discipline and propaganda, and its spirit and achievements, supporting his examination with documentary evidence as well as with his own experiences. The outcome, at almost every point, is destructive. The claim of supreme devotion to the Pope is shown to have yielded more than once to support of temporal rulers with whom the Papacy was at odds, and irregularity and scandal have touched some of the elections of the head of the order. The famous "Spiritual Exercises" which Loyola devised for the spiritual discipline of the members appear in practice as a repellent agent of mental, moral, and nervous strain, especially for novices, producing, in all too many instances, abnormal mental phenomena whose characteristics Dr. Barrett, himself a psychologist of repute, unsparingly describes.

Where the roots are diseased, one must not expect the tree to be healthy. Constant espionage, extending even to the inner circle but exercised with special rigor among the rank and file, keeps the members of the order on edge and generates an atmosphere heavily laden with suspicion and intrigue. "Women," Dr. Barrett declares, "are the Jesuits' best friends," but while the grosser sexual irregularities are rare, the widespread disregard of rules relating to official and personal relations with women make the Society at this point very different in fact from what it is in theory. An antiquated system of education produces neither rational study nor good teaching, and the far-famed scholarship of the Jesuits, when it is not a thin veneer, is entirely incidental. A wasteful use of the personal property of the order, together with wide evasion of the rules against retaining or accumulating personal possessions, goes hand in hand, especially in the United States, with the shrewd amassing of wealth in land, churches, and schools, much of which is untaxed, and swelling revenues from periodical publications of large circulation, the sale of great quantities of religious objects, and fees for masses and other religious services.

The book closes with a chapter in which Dr. Barrett narrates his own harassing experiences as a student and writer, his treatment at the hands of the universities of Georgetown and Fordham, and the dramatic closing against him of the door of the Jesuit house on Sixteenth Street in this city. The existence of a Jesuit School of Foreign Service at Washington suggests some disquieting reflections on the possible future of the order in American public life. One wonders what reply, if any, the Society will make to the indictment which Dr. Barrett has framed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Steele MacKaye

Epoch. The Life of Steele MacKaye, Genius of the Theater, in Relation to His Times and Contemporaries. A Memoir by His Son Percy MacKaye. Two volumes. Boni and Liveright. $10.

STEELE MACKAYE was one of those restless and indefatigable projectors who live in a perpetual state of vague elation, who hypnotize their contemporaries by the intransigence of their personalities, and who leave behind them in the records of history little more than a name. Now his son has written a memoir of nearly a thousand pages, and in the course of it filial piety is more conspicuous than a sense of proportion.

In his day MacKaye was the successful manager of various theaters as well as a famous actor, but he had never been content to be *merely* an actor, or *merely* a playwright, or *merely* a manager, or *merely* an anything else. As a youth he had fallen into the habit of filling notebooks with phrases about the "current of our being" which "flows toward the sea of eternity"; he had approached the stage by means of a series of illustrative lectures "showing especially the connection of the laws of dramatic expression, in the system of Delsarte, with character, morality, aesthetics, and religion"; and whatever he did was somehow connected with what we should now call "uplift." William James remembered him when he was about twenty "effervescing with incoordinated romantic ideas of every description." He inhabited a vague world full of capital letters—Art, Religion, Progress, America, and the like—which lay somewhere between New England Transcendentalism and New Thought. He was always inaugurating, discovering, or reviving something of vast spiritual importance and in some ways nothing was more characteristic than the colossal failure of his "Spectatorium" for the production of a spectacle at the World's Fair, into the construction of which $500,000 is said to have been sunk before the project was finally abandoned. Indomitably energetic and incurably histrionic, he had the power of making all sorts and conditions of men believe that the world's great age was about to begin anew, but it is doubtful if he actually did much of any substantial importance.

Of the thirty plays which he either composed or had a hand in, only one—"Hazel Kirke"—survives even as a name, and though he is perhaps the father of that whole Civic Theater and Communal Masque idea which has never, in America at least, been much more than a solemn farce, it is probable that his chief tangible influence was the one which he exerted upon acting and the mechanics of stage production. And certainly if this view of him is unjust his son's memoir does little to correct it, for the memoir is too enthusiastically uncritical to carry much conviction. The MacKayes were a letter-writing, diary-keeping family, and from the materials thus provided the author draws copiously, presenting the inner details of the family history together with voluminous extracts from the opinions of all the

great and near-great who approved of MacKaye's schemes, as well as anecdotes and characterizations of others in all walks of American life. But there is very little left to support these contemporary judgments and the rhetorical enthusiasm of the son is not wholly persuasive.

Indeed few books have ever been more fatally overwritten. "Prophetically, his dynamic ideal shall yet constructively kindle a future grown more communal in the humanisms of art." This is a fair sample of the author's style, and to it I may add the following incomprehensible sentence from the preface: "Through the warp and woof of these years run threads of a biologic theme, which partly hints and reveals its subconscious designs in the Prologue and Epilogue." Nor is this indeed the worst. In the "Theme" which precedes everything else there is an "orb of dew," a "mystic seed," a "yearning heart," a "bitter fruit," and a "dreamless fen," all of which (inevitably) "beacon" "Onward." If MacKaye has a solid and substantial claim to fame it is from just such rhetoric as this that it needs to be rescued. He was himself proficient enough in that. His son has unfortunately carried coals to Newcastle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Tennessee Epic

The Tall Men. Portrait of a Tennessean. By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

TO most readers poetry means the lyric. Whitman was wont to complain in his day that everybody preferred the "piano-tunes" of parlor bards to the authentic but less polite native stuff, and things are no better today. Ask a hundred readers of poetry today what they admire and the answer is likely to be the work of Miss Teasdale, Miss Millay, or Mr. Walter de la Mare. The exceptions are a few hundred fanatics who mostly don't count.

These reflections emerge from reading Mr. Davidson's second volume, "The Tall Men." Mr. Davidson as a poet has directed the force of an inquiring and vigorous mind against this age. And the result is that he has visualized an unsung epic. Unsung, because his people were content to live by brooding on their store of past memories rather than by singing them. And still unsung, despite Mr. Davidson's best efforts, because when those who had lived this epic awakened to its beauty the theme itself had been already snatched from them to be played with and ground to powder by the combined forces of Rotary and Ford.

Yet the epic that began when the Watauga settlers followed Boone's trail across the Blue Ridge and became independent, down to the appropriate conclusion in the battle of Nashville, which Major Woods, the British authority, calls the last decisive battle of the Civil War, is worthy of a Homer. We need not lament that there are few Homers nowadays. The age does not deserve them, and Mr. Davidson does what he can. It is not his fault that he has to see his subject through the blinding dust raised by a million mechanical inventions—short-cuts to that "progress" which is either within the spirit of a man or a race, or nowhere.

Mr. Davidson's epic has three phases. There is the past, seen through the eyes of one McCrory, one of that little company of "tall men who fight with a lazy smile, speaking from long rifles" who beat back the bravest and most desperate attempt made by the Indians to break the grip of the white men, and who founded a new country, battling for it at King's Mountain. The second phase is that of the Civil War: federal scouts in the woods, farmers' boys creeping home to eat and being shot for Confederate spies, a white-faced body in a gray uniform laid upon a farmhouse table. The last phase is that of the late war, in which another McCrory, apparently descendant of the first, takes part, to emerge with appropriate modern doubts and dubieties.

All this has its appropriate dress of an easy blank verse line that has a conventional roll and drawl like the Tennessee speech itself, and that frequently touches the depths of indignation and irony. The material is interspersed with sharp modern comment, lyrics which I think are to be mostly regretted, and subjective broodings from which, alas, no poet of this generation can be ever free. But the tale is worth telling and Mr. Davidson has won his right to be called a major poet. If he has in a sense left too many loose threads, and not entirely confined himself to the tragic but more honorably forgotten past, if he has made one or two mistakes of judgment in his incursions on topics of interest today, he is still eloquent in his justification:

> I have come a long way, I tell you. I am attended
> (The brain is attended here) by motley splendors,
> Dust of battles, creak of wagons, vows
> Rotting like antique lace; the smiles of women
> Broken like glass; the tales of old men blown
> From rheumy beards on the vague wind; silk gowns
> Crumbling in attics; ruffled shirts on bones
> Of gentlemen in forgotten graves; rifles,
> Hunting-shirts, Bibles, looms and desperate
> Flags uncrowned. But is this then to be
> Dreadfully attended or to have bad dreams? I am
> Wherever I go in silent pomp attended
> By rivers where I dwelt in good times gone,
> The bending Tennessee, the Cumberland
> Between high wooded banks, the Father of Waters
> Receiving all the westward streams. I go
> With speech of the hills, an ancient tongue, on lips
> That know no other language.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Gibbon Versus Milt Gross

Commodore Vanderbilt. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.

IT seems clear that Mr. Smith has not as yet chosen a definite Muse. There is no reason, of course, why an author should burn incense before one goddess of style alone; but there is some reason for him to avoid attempting to blend two utterly incongruous styles within the compass of one book. In this book Mr. Smith veers back and forth between the uproarious devil that is Milt Gross and the thundering deep sea that is Gibbon. Throughout those sections that deal with the wholly serious history of Vanderbilt's life Mr. Smith pulls a long face and even longer sentences; but when he is concerned with the lighter phases of his hero's career he performs verbal handsprings and somersaults galore. He is obviously most happy when, taking his readers into his confidence, he writes in the first person, reports dialogues between Vanderbilt and his wife that certainly were never printed, and even plagiarizes Vanderbilt's own vernacular. When Sophia Vanderbilt mildly chides her husband for his long absences from home, Mr. Smith, without troubling to use quotation marks, puts this reply into Vanderbilt's mouth: "Aw, I can't help it, Sophy. Christ, gal, I got work to do. What? Another kid? How d'ye do it? No, send for Ma. I ain't a midwife. Waall, all right. I'll be down next week, then." The consequence is that there are times when, as Mr. Smith would put it, a criticizin' cuss gits damn' tired of the bizness.

But those who aren't critical will doubtless take huge delight in this book; for here is an up-to-the-minute fictional biography teeming with all those contemporary stylistic tricks that tickle the souls of the blurb-writers and readers. No one, not even a critic, can deny that this "Epic of American Achievement" is vigorous enough to satisfy the reddest-blooded American alive. Old "Corneel" Vanderbilt—he is called just that, of course—slashes, slams, and snorts his hilarious way through more than three hundred pages, spitting threats, curses, fire and brimstone on almost every page. From his ninth year—

"The leetle devil. . . . Will ye hark to him cuss—and the milk ain't dry on his lips!"—until his last gasp, he was enormously alive every moment. His wife, driven almost insane by excessive child-bearing, complimented him when he was nearly seventy for being as frisky as a "colt with a burdock in his tail." Yet despite his phenomenal energy the man differed but little from the other pioneer industrial magnates of the day—the Goulds, Fisks, Drews, and so on—save that he was possibly a shade more honest and powerful than they. When competitors tried to cheat him by underhanded means, he sent them this open defiance: "I will not sue you because the law takes too long. I will ruin you. Sincerely yours." Like most nobodies who have burst into notoriety, he was much worried about the family name. His jealousy of his social peers was forever bursting forth. "Damn 'em, I'm good enough to carry thar goods, 'n help swing thar deals. But not a one of 'em ever says: 'Stop in on your way uptown, Van Derbilt, and have a snort of licker.' Dudes, lily-livered dudes! I'm as good as they be. . . ." Indeed, his bluff, outspoken nature was his one admirable trait.

His end was rather pitiful. The various enticements of spiritualism, of Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, and of a dreadful Protestant parson named Deems had worked havoc in the simple soul of this dyspeptic old giant who, save for "Pilgrim's Progress," had never read a book. "Jesus was his friend, Deems said. . . . Jesus was better 'n spooks. Sounded damn' reasonable. But he mustn't cuss." On his deathbed he spoke thus to his son: "Main thing is to keep up the name, Bill. . . . Keep the money together. Keep up the name, hey? . . . Sing . . . hymn." The watchers sang, "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," and two other pieces. "I'll never give up trust in Jesus," he vaguely muttered and died.

R. F. Dibble

The Novel Tomorrow

The American Novel Today: A Social and Psychological Study. By Régis Michaud. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

M. MICHAUD'S clear and sober analysis of the contemporary American novel is instructive largely because it reveals by indirection the artistic limitations implicit in the productions of our most admired literary figures. M. Michaud is an intelligent Frenchman, thoroughly but unexcitedly familiar with the American scene. His remarks possess a coolness, a judicious detachment, and it is this very alienation from American passions and prepossessions that lends such pertinence to what he has to say. "May I suggest," he asks, "that a European observer may be better located, ideally speaking, to render American literature full justice than even native critics? He has less illusions and less prejudices. He views the literary revolution in recent years in America as a result of the moral and social advance." The last sentence is particularly noteworthy because it is a forecast of his pessimistic conclusion, a conclusion implied in the very subtitle of his book, a conclusion which is merely a confirmation of the feeling shared by so many young American artists today: that the highly touted and heavily advertised movement which had its origin in "Sister Carrie" is as important from a social viewpoint as it is unsatisfactory from an artistic one.

This intuition is formidably buttressed by M. Michaud's central thesis. He undertakes to explain the American novel today by recourse to a single concept, Puritanism, which he considers to lie at the basis of our national life. By analyzing the psychoanalytic implications of Puritanism he demonstrates what to the European is our most striking single characteristic: the contrast between our general prosperity and our individual discontent. This he decides is due to a series of inhibitions and repressions sublimating themselves in such typical American complexes as Big Business and Mother Love. After summarizing in clear-cut fashion the case against the Puritans he proceeds to show that the modern American novel is merely a function of, in so far as it is a revolt against, Puritanism. It is the individual discontent labeled a novel. He traces in Hawthorne the beginnings of this absorption in a single problem; passes to Henry James in order to exemplify the first effective literary revolt against our moral and social anemia; discusses the Puritan-Victorian compromise represented by Howells, and is then ready to examine his four major figures—Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, and Cabell. In Dreiser he hears the first crude revolutionary yawp; in him he salutes the first indignant discoverer of Darkest America; in him he points out the inevitable substitution—that of a behavioristic biochemical realism for the literary sentimentalism of the Howells epoch. In Lewis he acknowledges another and complimentary discoverer—the discoverer of dulness, standardization, the village pump. In Anderson exploration has taken the place of discovery. In reality it is a lyric self-exploration, ostensibly it is the exploration of half-souls, naifs, the groping, inarticulate American peasant. Cabell, the most sophisticated of the quartet and the only one of the four who never had to work for a living, has had the leisure requisite to the development of an ironic imperturbability. His reaction to the spectacle of American Puritanism is a complete escape mechanism. He turns his back on the discoveries of his confreres and makes a bee-line for Poictesme.

In this interpretation there is nothing very original or startling. The value of M. Michaud's book lies not so much in its lucid and witty demonstration as in the unspoken conclusions to be drawn from that demonstration. The author sets out to make "a social and psychological study." After he has made it we discover, curiously enough, that that was all there was to make, that he has said everything there was to say about Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cabell, Hergesheimer. His account of their rebellions is pretty nearly a total summary of their work. His statement of their moral and social reactions exhausts the major part of the qualities we have admired in them. When his cool analysis is completed we perceive that our excitement has been based not on the recognition of moving artistic qualities but on the recognition of familiar scenery—frustrations that have been our frustrations, rebellions that have been our rebellions. Our literary excitement has been merely an inverted patriotism—the indignant discovery of the Bad Boy, America. Great art shows us strange faces in a distorted mirror; contemporary American fiction shows us our own distorted faces in a smooth and truthful one.

M. Michaud himself tries hard to refrain from making aesthetic and evaluative judgments, as they are presumably irrelevant to his subject matter. Yet when he approaches a really significant figure, a man competent in his own narrow field, such as Henry James, he cannot forbear to acknowledge the fact. On the other hand, before he is through with Dreiser he has given us his candid opinion: "Dreiser is not a novelist. He is a historian." In a timid footnote, referring to Anderson's "Tar," he speaks with a sort of hushed wonder of that writer's artistic primitiveness. "One marvels how a would-be artist could save his soul from disgrace out of such a muddy and zoological chaos." Finally, at the very end of the book this sober sociological commentator cannot contain himself. After all, he has read Balzac, Flaubert, Proust. He concludes: "I am firmly convinced of the great value of the modern American novel from a documentary, psychological, moral, and social standpoint." *But*—"from the viewpoint of art and ideas there have never been in American literature works so defiant of the accepted laws of decorum, perspective, and harmony."

Technically speaking, M. Michaud is not talking about the American novel at all. He is merely examining the laudable, the sadly necessary achievements of a group of writers who have revitalized the moral conscience of the youth of America. One really first-class saint might have done as well. Now that that is all over, we are ready to write novels.

Clifton P. Fadiman

This is the thrill I've been waiting for all my life.

The early chapters of A PRESIDENT IS BORN are like going barefoot again with the boys and girls in Illinois. Maybe it's in Ohio or Indiana, no matter. Here is the American front yard, and enough of the back yard to prove to you it's true.

For years I have admired everything Fannie Hurst has written, and I believe I have read every word of her novels and stories. She has never done anything like—anything as good as—A PRESIDENT IS BORN. Of course, I know David Schuyler, but until now I never thought Dave would reach the White House. But if all people who like Fannie Hurst's novel vote for Dave, he will be elected by the largest popular majority in American history.

I don't know whether Dora Tarkington is related to Booth, but she is a Hoosier girl I'd be proud to own as a relative. Of course, Dave's big sister Bek is one of those figures that come about once in a lifetime. Your life isn't complete without knowing Bek.—***Don Marquis***

A President Is Born

A NEW NOVEL

By

Fannie Hurst

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The Inner Sanctum salutes JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, author of *Much Loved Books*, for this observation, first because it brings into use that puissant word "chaffering" and, second, because it gives us an opportunity to cite three best-sellers of our own that have been moving briskly for much more than the allotted three months:

The Story of Philosophy—21st month—third hundred thousand.
Trader Horn—8th month—second hundred thousand.
The Cross Word Puzzle Books—32nd month—the second million.

Among the outstanding items for the Spring, 1928, list will be another *Trader Horn* book—this time with a foreword by WILLIAM MCFEE.

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None of these books will be rushed, trimmed, "written down" or vulgarized for a best-seller market. Enduring excellence is the prime consideration. Some of the books will be ready in 1928, some two or three years hence, and one or two not for five years.

They will not be "outlines" but books with a biographical emphasis—what JOHN DEWEY and JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON call "humanizations."

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Interesting Books of 1927

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"Boss" Tweed. By Denis Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon and Schuster.
Diary of Samuel Sewall. Macy-Masius.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon L. Parrington. Harcourt, Brace.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
Hawkers and Walkers in Early America. By Richardson Wright. Lippincott.
The White Man's Dilemma. By Nathaniel Peffer. John Day.
The Youth Movement in China. By Tsi C. Wang. New Republic.
Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. Macmillan.
The American Songbag. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt.
The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. By Odell Shepard. Houghton Mifflin.
Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees. By Ruth Sawtell and Ida Treat. Appleton.
Negro Drawings. By Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf.
The Magic of Herbs. By Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt.
The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott. Harper.
Over the Boatside. By Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Page.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
The King's Henchman. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner.

Books in Brief

Man Possessed. Being the Selected Poems of William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

In this copious selection Mr. Benét appears to better advantage than one might have expected who remembered him only as the author of long-lined poems crowded with exotic imagery. Those are his least important pieces, however popular they may have become. He will be seen at his best in the third section here, dedicated to Elinor Wylie. He has warmth, wit, felicity, and form, as any reader of the volume will realize.

The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare. With a general introduction, biography, and an introduction to each play by Frederick D. Losey. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.

Manufactured with surpassing hideousness, this is yet a convenient and sensibly edited book.

God's Drum and Other Cycles from Indian Lore. Poems by Hartley Alexander. Illustrations by Anders John Haugseth. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.50.

An ambitious performance, and in some respects a laudable one. Mr. Alexander knows Indian poetry, and Mr. Haugseth has clearly made Indian design his study. But Mr. Alexander begins better than he ends. He begins with pieces very close to the original stuff of Indian life and expression; he ends with "adaptations" and "interpretations" painful in their poetic conventionality. Mr. Haugseth's designs make the same sort of mistake; they grow ever more "interpretative," until we are removed quite definitely out of any world in which we might feel the Indian hand at work.

Music

Two Gentle Arts

A WISE old vocal teacher used to claim that the ideal instrument for a singer to practice with was the violin, as it held all the virtues of bel canto and trained the ear to all its niceties. If this be true then such a model is the playing of Jelly D'Aranyi, for it is like nothing so much as superb singing. Other fiddlers have come to us in recent years with as splendid a tone and technique; but none with such a complete musical equipment. In the short time she has been here she has already been heard as a solo virtuoso, as co-artist in a sonata recital, and in the exacting and self-effacing duties of ensemble; and from all three tests she has emerged as a supreme musician. Her mastery of style and tone color alone make her stand out from other fiddlers, while her tenderness, warmth, humor, and impeccable taste are rare even among so-called great artists. Because of these things, and because, too, of the freshness and high quality of her programs, she is to me the most all-round satisfying violinist before the public. Moreover, in these days of this one's and that one's pupil, it is interesting to note that this great-niece of Joseph Joachim has had no teacher since she was thirteen years old—a fact of which Kreisler also boasts, and which makes one wonder about our generally accepted theories about child prodigies.

Coming back again to singers, Farrar's recent return will perhaps stand out as the most noteworthy vocal event of the New York season. Certainly it is unique in vocal annals as a *tour de force* of courage, brains, and human will. When Farrar left the stage a few years ago, it was considered as more or less final. Her voice had been impaired by abuse and her artistic reputation by vulgarities. Apparently the most wayward if brilliant of singing talents had gone the way of all flesh and sensationalism. The announcement of her concert this autumn was therefore received by even her most loyal adherents with the utmost skepticism. One can well believe that it was the trying ordeal which she publicly admitted. But what makes one pay unconditional tribute is not this so much as that she made no attempt to come back as an old stage idol; she came as a better stage artist. Never has she been more beautiful and fascinating than now, with her white hair and serene demeanor. Never has she sung with such technical and interpretative skill or such beauty of phrasing as now, with a voice one-half the size of its former volume. If one feels a little sad at the loss of an entrancing madcap, one cannot but rejoice in this new-found artist. For by some curious paradox of fate, Geraldine Farrar, who won her fame with "Butterflies" and "Zazas," will probably hold it as the last exponent of a great and passing art.

That it has already passed, to all practical purposes, is the theme of a book, "The Gentle Art of Singing," by Sir Henry Wood (Oxford University Press). In this first volume of what Sir Henry calls his *opus magnum* he gives many wise truisms on the vocal standards of today, and other arguments not so irrefutable, perhaps, on means of correcting these standards. His general theme is that vocal technique has been steadily declining these last thirty years in proportion as the technical standard of instrumentalists has risen; and that this is due partly to the "voice producers" of today, and mostly to the public, which usually gets what it wants. While one may not always agree with Sir Henry's ideas on voice production—when, for instance, he stresses rhythmic accentuation in his elementary exercises for tone placement, and a "metallic ring" as a qualification of this tone—nevertheless one can heartily recommend the book to all singers for its sound musical common sense. No one can fail to get something of use from it, practical or otherwise.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

A School for Wives

DESERTING the much-bepraised but commercially unsuccessful "whimsy" of two of his recent plays for the more orthodox manner of high comedy, Philip Barry has written an urbane and rippling little piece called "Paris Bound" (Music Box Theater). His story of a loving wife who forgives her erring spouse just at the moment when she is sure she can never do so skirts the edge of sentiment, but the morality it preaches is that compromise which is the essence of the comic spirit and the whole play has its being in a realm pleasantly illuminated by the shrewd wit of civilized people.

Marriage, says the raisonneur of the piece, is too serious a thing to be dissolved for trivial reasons. Doubtless neither husband nor wife should ever stray, but an adultery may be a very unimportant thing, and only an essentially light mind would consider it necessarily destructive of all the values which a hitherto successful marriage has built up. If a husband's extramural affair affects him so little that the wife does not even suspect its existence until someone tells her, then she can't have lost very much and it is she not he who is destroying the marriage if she clamors for a divorce. The lady in Mr. Barry's play first balks at this doctrine, but when she succumbs to an unexpected impulse to kiss an attractive young pianist with whom she happens to have spent an afternoon alone she learns how little such stray impulses may mean, and in a charmingly executed scene she forgives her husband because he, without knowing how much she knows about *him*, is so ready to forgive *her* for an infidelity of which he has reason to believe her guilty.

Now Mr. Barry's thesis is of course not new. The point of view from which it is developed is that which society has always held in those relatively rare periods when it has been neither so crude that it could not imagine any relationship between husband and wife except that of possessor and possessed nor so romantically befuddled as to make a complete identification between the spiritual union of which it talked and the physiological process which it pretended to despise. Obviously the brutality of the peasant and the lyricism of the sentimental lover come to exactly the same thing if both agree in regarding exclusive physical possession as the *sine qua non* of successful marriage, and the best comic writers have always insisted upon this fact. Mr. Barry's point of view is, indeed, the only one from which true comedy (as distinguished from sentimental comedy as well as from tragedy) can be written because it is the only one which makes possible that triumph of the critical faculties over emotional impulses which is the essence of comedy; but true comedy is always rare enough to seem new, and so it is with the present play. We have a dozen playwrights who can write acceptable drama or melodrama about the erring husband and we have a dozen playwrights who can write sentimental plays about the wronged wife who is big enough and tender enough to take back a thoroughly repentant sinner; but we have precious few who could sustain to the end the true comic spirit as Mr. Barry does when he makes the wife in his piece seal her lips, not because she is romantically forgiving (that, as the sentimental comedy says, "is woman's way") but because she realizes that there is nothing important to forgive.

Perhaps, however, I had better confess that nothing in "Paris Bound" amused me more than a comedy within the comedy which is only implied and which, quite possibly, the playwright did not intend. Husbands, as I said, have always been regarded as easily pardonable by all except excessively romantic people and our particular contribution is usually supposed to consist in our willingness to allow women the same latitude as men. This equality of footing is, indeed, quite

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clearly insisted upon in the present instance, yet it is quite worthy of note, first, that the wife does no more than merely stumble while the man falls prone, and, second, that most of the audience (particularly that part composed of applauding husbands) is undoubtedly more comfortable in having it so. Theoretically adultery is no worse for a woman than it is for a man, but most people still prefer to have the proposition remain merely a proposition and to have the woman rest content with either an "almost" or a bold assertion of what she could do if she wished. Undoubtedly sauce for the goose is equally well suited to the gander, but most audiences still shrink a little from seeing the recipe tried. Women are free and the "single standard" has been established, but Mr. Barry is a shrewd enough judge of popular feeling to make a wife's stolen kiss beside the piano roughly equivalent in the play to a husband's two weeks' *à deux* in the mountains. "Paris Bound" is acted with Madge Kennedy's usual charm and Gilbert Emory's usual suavity.

"The Royal Family" (Selwyn Theater) by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber is a rapid and amusing farce comedy dealing with the foibles of a famous actor family as they are exhibited in three generations. It is written with a good deal of verve and admirably played, especially by Haidee Wright as the representative of the oldest generation and by Otto Kruger as the spoiled idol of matinees and movies. "Bless You, Sister" (Forest Theater) is another of those rather unsatisfactory vehicles for that most excellent actress, Alice Brady.

"Lovely Lady" (Harris Theater) is quite the best of the new musical comedies largely on account of the presence of a delightfully impudent new comedienne named Edna Leedom; and the transcendent silliness of "She's My Baby" (Globe Theater) is redeemed by the always amusing antics of Beatrice Lillie. The much-heralded "Show Boat" (Ziegfeld Theater) is as lavish and expensive as it was alleged to be, but the values of Miss Ferber's novel can hardly be translated into mere spectacle and one's opinion of the whole will depend upon how continuously one can be entertained by relentlessly luxurious stage pictures.

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International Relations Section

Pan-American Union?

By ARNOLD ROLLER

THE most spectacular conference of the American hemisphere will open on January 16 in Havana, Cuba. President Coolidge, President Machado of Cuba, and Dr. Vazquez, President of the Dominican Republic, will meet at the sixth International Conference of American States and make the opening speeches. It is probable that President Calles of Mexico will also attend. President Coolidge's presence is undoubtedly intended to convince the Latin-American countries of the good-will and peaceful intentions of the United States. To complete the demonstration of friendship Lindbergh will fly over Havana at the opening of the congress.

The delegation of the United States will include Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State (chairman); Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Italy; Oscar Underwood, former Democratic Senator; Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico; Dr. Leo Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Morgan J. O'Brien, and James Brown Scott; the new ambassador to Cuba, Noble C. Judah; and possibly Secretary Kellogg.

Among the principal questions to be discussed at the congress as established by the governing board of the Pan-American Union are:

1. Organization of the Pan-American Union as a kind of American League of Nations under the hegemony of the United States.
2. Matters of a judicial nature, such as commercial law and other branches of legislation in which continental uniformity is possible or desirable; maritime law; the juridical status of companies organized in foreign states; legislation designed to prevent the loss of nationality by a woman because of marriage; commercial arbitration; regulation of the international service of checks and postal money orders; regulation of the use of water-power of rivers bordering on two states; frontier police, etc.
3. Problems of communication, such as the international regulation of railway traffic; regulation of international automotive traffic; means of facilitating river communication between the nations of America.
4. Intellectual cooperation, such as the revision of the convention on intellectual property, the establishment of scholarships, the exchange of professors and students, and the establishment of special chairs in the universities.
5. Economic problems, such as uniformity of consular fees, conferences of chambers of commerce, immigration problems, protection of trade-marks, etc.
6. Social problems, such as a Pan-American maritime sanitary code, public-health administration, eugenics, etc.
7. Reports on treaties, conventions, and resolutions.
8. Future conferences.

The program was submitted and signed by Secretary Kellogg, chairman of the Pan-American Union.

The Latin Americans, however, are much less interested in the exchange of professors, in eugenics and consular fees than in resolutions to prevent intervention by one state (i.e., the United States) in the affairs of the other republics. Five Latin-American countries—Argentina, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Mexico, and Paraguay—have drawn up resolutions to this effect.

The main points of the resolutions as reported by the *United States Daily*, November 17, are:

From Haiti: Any action carried out by a state, whether by means of diplomatic pressure or by armed force, in order to force its will upon another state, constitutes intervention.

From the Argentine Republic: A state may not intervene in the internal affairs or in the external affairs of another state.

From the Dominican Republic and from Mexico: No state may, in the future, directly or indirectly, or by reason of any motive, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state. The consent given to the occupying state by the state occupied will not legitimize the occupation and the occupant will be responsible for all occurrences resulting from the occupation not only with respect to the state occupied but to third parties as well.

From Paraguay: Intervention or any act of a state within the territory of another state without previous declaration of war, with the intent to decide by force, material pressure, or moral coercion, internal or external questions of the other state, will be considered as a violation of International law.

At the beginning of November a report that at the invitation of Cuba the League of Nations would send an observer to Havana caused alarm in Washington. Washington hastily announced that Cuba had no right to invite an observer of the League of Nations, since such a step could be taken only by the Pan-American Union and there was no time for such action. Immediately after this an assertion came from the Cuban Foreign Office that "it had not and would not invite the League to the conference." The new version was, therefore, that although the League of Nations would not send an official observer the League Secretariat would probably participate in the work of preliminary organization, and Christobal Rodriguez, a Panaman and a member of the League of Nations secretariat, might go to the conference.

Most of the Latin-American countries wish for the presence of a representative of the League of Nations. It is the United States which objects.

The first Pan-American conference was held at Washington in 1889 and the Pan-American Union of today had its origin in the organization created at that time. The United States tried to make the Latin Americans accept an American customs union which would exclude European goods and establish the United States industries in a permanent monopoly in this hemisphere. They did not succeed, but established instead the "Commercial Bureau of the American Republics," with its seat in Washington, which compiled and published a standardized dictionary in Spanish, English, and Portuguese of industrial products to facilitate ordering goods from the United States.

The second conference took place in Mexico City in 1901-1902. At this conference the administration of the Bureau, which hitherto was directed solely by the Secretary of State of the United States, was transferred to a governing board composed of the diplomatic representatives of the American countries accredited to the Washington gov

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PERSONAL

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ernment. The chairmanship of the governing board remained with the Secretary of State. Representatives of seventeen countries, including the United States, signed a treaty for the arbitration of pecuniary claims. Other resolutions referred to protection of patents, trade-marks, etc.

The third conference met at Rio de Janerio in 1906. It conferred greater powers on the governing board, and it enlarged the scope of the organization by giving it new functions such as compiling and classifying conventions and treaties among the American republics. The American Secretary of State, Elihu Root, though not a delegate, delivered a speech to the convention in which he warned the assembled delegates that "no political questions are to be discussed, no controversies to be settled, no judgment is to be passed upon the conduct of any state, but many subjects are to be considered," such as "removing barriers of intercourse, perfecting our knowledge of each other," etc.

The fourth conference took place in Buenos Aires in 1910 and it was there that it was decided to adopt the present name Pan-American Union. This conference provided that the union should compile and publish information on the legislation of the American republics. An important change in its constitution was accepted by the provision that representation might be had on the governing board by a member of the union having no diplomatic representative recognized in Washington.

The fifth congress took place in Santiago, Chile, in 1923. In the meantime the aggressiveness of American policy in the Caribbean and Central America had become quite apparent to the Latin-American countries. Eleven Latin-American republics formed a kind of opposition to the United States and attacked its activity in the Caribbean and in Central America. An unofficial Dominican delegation entered the meeting and accused the army of the United States of murder, arson, and pillage during its invasion of the Dominican Republic. A proposal for the limitation of armaments led to bitter discussions. Resolutions on trade-marks, rights of aliens, publicity of custom documents, etc., were passed, but the conference did not result in the development of a friendly feeling in the Latin-American countries.

Widespread discussion in all these countries has preceded this sixth conference. It is reported that Chile and Brazil urged its postponement on the ground that the time was inopportune. Over boundaries Chile is quarreling with Peru, Bolivia with Paraguay, and Ecuador with Peru and Colombia; and all Latin America feels bitterly toward the United States on account of its Nicaragua intervention and the continuous threats to Mexico.

The *Universal* of Mexico City, on November 4, referred in an article on the Pan-American Conference to the report made by Poindexter, the American Ambassador to Peru, that the Latin-American countries were hostile toward the United States. This he attributed, the *Universal* said, to the "phantastic propaganda of England and of the indispensable Soviet Russia." The paper added: "If this observer had made a tour in Central America and Mexico, he would have had the identical impression [of hostile feeling]. . . . It is, however, a crass error to attribute these sentiments to propaganda of nations who are rivals of the United States. The only propaganda which has obtained a result which is deplored by all men of good-will, in North America as in the rest of this continent, is the policy of the United States."

The Nicaraguan delegation will be headed by Gavry Rivas, inspector general of Nicaraguan consulates in Latin America, an appointee of Adolfo Diaz, who has traveled all over South America in order to make propaganda for the United States and to explain that American intervention was in the interest and at the demand of the Nicaraguan people.

The Chilean delegate, Carlos Silva Villosola, director of the *Mercurio* of Santiago, in an interview given to the Associated Press, on November 12, said that he had always been skeptical about the practical results of the Pan-American conferences and that he believed that the American nations were still as far from having created a Pan-American feeling as at the beginning.

Referring to the proposal of Mexico and the Dominican Republic that no state should "directly or indirectly, for any reason or motive, occupy even temporarily any part of the territory of another state; and that the consent given to the occupying state by the occupied state does not make the occupation legitimate"—the *Universal* of Mexico City writes on November 29: "Undoubtedly such a declaration would compromise in the first place and almost exclusively the United States, because any manifestation of imperialism can be conceived in the American hemisphere only as the work of the powerful republic of the North." The paper then adds that, interesting as questions of public sanitation and hygiene, postal tariffs, etc., may be, the only real questions in which the Latin peoples will be interested are "independence, self-determination, autonomy, continental equilibrium, sovereignty of weak peoples, and territorial integrity."

In Cuba the problem of hostile press comments was settled very simply by an order issued in the name of the dictator, Machado, to the press, on December 15, that no notes, news, or information should be printed during the conference which might injure national susceptibilities. The order pointed out particularly that everything must be avoided which might embarrass or hurt the national pride of any country. Havana dispatches add that the Secretary of State, when giving this order, expressly pointed out as examples the problems of the United States in Nicaragua and Mexico, and the occupation by the United States of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

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Associate Editor

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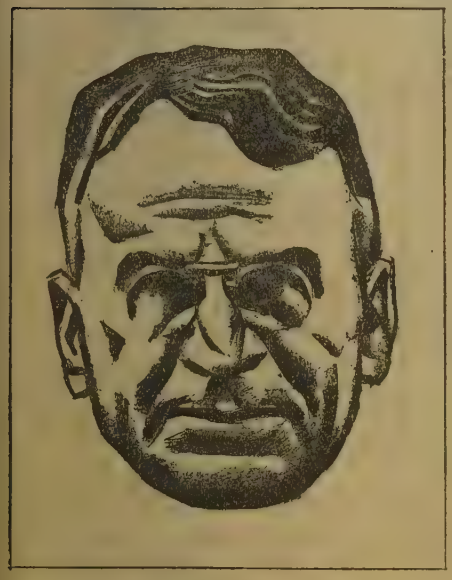

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by

Carleton Beals

President Plutarco E. Calles

Will Americans Learn to Fly?

by William P. Mangold

Mr. Coolidge at Havana—*an Editorial*

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APPALLING EVIDENCE of the way the big-navy mania has taken hold of Congress was given by the action of the House Committee on Naval Affairs in voting 15 to 1 not only to approve the $740,000,000 proposal of Secretary Wilbur for additions to the fleet, but so to bind the hands of the President that he will not be in a position to stop this construction if, during the eight years it will actually take to complete this "five-year program," he concludes a disarmament agreement with the only two Powers whose fleets approach ours—England and Japan. We do not believe that one Congress can bind another, or limit the President's treaty-making power, but if the House and Senate take the stand that this is possible, then neither President Coolidge nor his successor could possibly take part in a discussion of naval-armament limitation with other countries. Now this $740,000,000 request of Secretary Wilbur, which has been accepted by the House Naval Committee without public hearings or adequate discussion, is only the first instalment of $3,000,000,000 at which Secretary Wilbur and the author of the recent Geneva Conference aim. The utter wickedness of this proposal appears from these facts: (1) Having long since distanced the Japanese fleet we are now building *against England alone;* this is admitted privately in Washington. (2) If persisted in it will unquestionably mean war with our Anglo-Saxon mother country, our ally in 1917-1918. (3) This initial extra appropriation of $740,000,000 (which is in addition to the regular upkeep appropriation asked by Secretary Wilbur) is almost the exact amount of the *total endowment funds of all our colleges, professional schools, and universities* acquired in the three hundred years of our national existence. This is barbarism but not civilization; paganism but not Christianity. It is militarism pure and simple, of as bad and stupid a type as any German brand we denounced in the war. And it is all born of craven fear and totally unnecessary.

THE BIG STICK is swinging ker-whack and ker-bang in Cuba, where President Machado—notorious for his bloody suppression of labor organizations—is trying to curry favor with the Washington Administration by doing his utmost to keep out of the Pan-American Conference any mention of the topic uppermost in the minds of all—the aggression of the United States. Just as it goes to press *The Nation* is in receipt of the following cablegram, dated Port au Prince, Haiti, from Pierre Hudicourt, a distinguished and responsible leader, who is president of the Haitian Society of International Law:

> WENT TO CUBA ATTEND PAN AMERICAN CONFERENCE BEHALF MANY HAITIAN ORGANIZATIONS AND PAPERS WAS ARRESTED IN HOTEL VENUS AT SANTIAGO ON PRETENSE LACK PASSPORT WHILE HAVING LETTER FROM CUBAN LEGATION HAITI STATING PASSPORT UNNECESSARY TO ENTER CUBA WAS DETAINED QUARANTINE AND DEPORTED PROTEST AGAINST SUCH VIOLATION INTERNATIONAL LAW AND VIOLENCE BY GOVERNMENT OF CUBA REQUEST PRESS OF NEW YORK GIVE OPPRESSED HAITIANS HELP TO SHOW SUCH VIOLATION AND VIOLENCE AS ILLUSTRATION MEANS EMPLOYED BY BIG POWERS TO OVERWHELM FEEBLE NATIONS.

As Will Rogers, giving his impressions of the conference, cables from Havana: "It takes quite a sense of humor for these people to understand us shaking hands with one hand and shooting with the other."

THIRTEEN DEMOCRATIC SENATORS made it possible for the Administration forces to sidetrack into the Committee on Interstate Commerce Senator Walsh's resolution calling for an investigation of the power trust by a special committee. The names of these Democratic friends of the biggest business should be recorded. They are Bayard of Delaware, Broussard of Louisiana, Edwards of New Jersey, Glass of Virginia, Hawes of Missouri, Mayfield of Texas, Overman of North Carolina, Ransdell of Louisiana, Steck of Iowa, Thomas of Oklahoma, Tydings of Maryland, Tyson of Tennessee, and Simmons of North Carolina. Interviewed by Mr. Laurence Todd, most of these Senators were non-committal about their reasons for voting against the power investigation. Two

of them, however, were frank and revealing. Senator Edwards of New Jersey said flatly:

> I didn't propose to have any fool political investigation ruin the investments of thousands of citizens of my State. In New Jersey the Public Utilities Commission takes care of these companies, and I'm opposed to starting any investigation here that will raise hell with the country.

Senator Ransdell said:

> I did not think it necessary to stir up this thing too much. No complaints have come from down my way against the power companies. In fact, there is considerable new development going on, of gas-power to the amount of 120,000 horse-power from natural gas wells. There seemed no reason to stir things up.

WHATEVER THE EXPRESSED REASONS of these and the other Democrats for bringing about the defeat of Walsh's inquiry, substantial economic motives exist. As the Unofficial Spokesman pointed out in our issue of January 11, the power trust maintains an active lobby in Washington; it can chain Senators as it chains rivers. The Du Ponts, General Electric, Insull, the Dukes, and other groups—separately or in combination—have become dominant factors wherever rivers run and power waits to be developed. The thirteen Senators who voted against the prompt investigation of this economic giant will be tested again. Senator Walsh's resolution will eventually be reported out for further consideration; the Boulder Dam question and the question of the operation of the Muscle Shoals plant will come up for a vote. The attitude on these questions of this group of dubious Democrats will be watched closely by the country at large.

THE SENATE has acted wisely in authorizing its Committee on Public Lands to resume the investigation of the Teapot Dome oil-leasing scandal so as to bring to light the transactions of the Continental Trading Company. This company, it will be recalled, was the selling agent for the Teapot Dome oil, and resale profits to the amount of $230,000 have already been traced to the bank account of Albert B. Fall, ex-Secretary of the Interior. As it is believed that the Continental's total resale profits netted about $3,000,000, the purpose of the new inquiry is to learn what became of the remaining $2,770,000. Senator Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, has asked Senator Walsh of Montana to conduct the investigation—a guaranty that it will be sincerely and searchingly done. Meanwhile the retrial of Fall in Washington on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the leasing of Teapot Dome, has been postponed until April 2 on the ex-Secretary's representations that to come from New Mexico sooner would endanger his life. Of course nobody wants to do that, but it is well to reflect that if Fall were a poor man he would not now be out on bail in the South. No matter what the danger to his life, he would be waiting trial in a cold and drafty calaboose in the North.

EIGHT MONTHS after the devastation of last May the question of adequate protection has finally come before the Flood Control Committee of the House. In the discussions so far the main emphasis has been on the issue of finance. On this point the Administration has offered a plan calling for an expenditure of less than $300,000,000, requiring that the people of the flood States pay part of the cost. President Coolidge urges the latter provision, not because the federal government is not capable of paying the entire expense, but because he feels that sounder economy will be maintained if the people affected have a personal interest in part of the money to be spent. In contrast to this plan is the bill presented by Representative Reid, the Republican chairman of the House committee, asking the federal government to assume complete responsibility for the expense. At the first hearing of the committee most convincing evidence in support of this view was given by Colonel Charles L. Potter, president of the Mississippi River Commission, the principal government agency in maintaining levee protection. He testified that not only would the Mississippi Valley be unable to contribute further sums to protection but that already the levee districts in the flood zones were, financially, "about at the end of the rope." Will Rogers, too, testified amusingly and wisely to this. Furthermore, in view of the fact that the entire levee system from Cairo to New Orleans is an organic whole, if the Administration scheme is enacted into law, any levee district unable to meet its obligations would to that extent endanger the success of the whole program.

"MOTHER YALE has been publicly dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged in the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." Such is the editorial reward conferred by the Yale *Daily News* upon the members of the Yale Liberal Club who were recently arrested in New Haven. The offending students, it appears, were determined that the people of New Haven should learn of the neckwear strike in that city, of the efforts of two factories, Stern & Merrit and Berkman & Adler, to saddle sweatshop conditions on the New Haven workers, and of the struggle of the United Neckwear Makers' Union to establish a local. Since the New Haven newspapers refused to print anything relating to the union side of the strike, a committee of the Liberal Club conducted its own investigation, and after three months of careful study printed a pamphlet covering all issues of the controversy. It was when the students tried to distribute the pamphlets that they were nabbed by the alert New Haven police, ready at hand. On the police blotter they were charged with distributing "advertising" matter without a permit! And now to quote the *News* again: "From coast to coast perturbed alumni are holding indignation meetings and anxious fathers are wondering if Yale is a safe place for their sons." It is not that the "empty-headed" students failed to make an accurate and fair study of the neckwear industry; their report entitled "Is This Fair Play?" was authoritative, and simply maintained that "sweatshop" conditions that had already been forbidden in New York should not be permitted in New Haven. No, the real offense of the students, according to Dean Clarence W. Mendell, consisted in their "trespassing on the hospitality of the city." Well, if that is ungentlemanly, we commend the Yale students for their crude behavior.

THE HIGHEST TRIBUNAL of the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, has just uttered some healthful doctrine in overthrowing an injunction obtained from a lower bench by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company against several of its employees. The Interborough, operator of New York City subways, sought to prevent a campaign

among its men to lead them to desert the company union in favor of the National Association of Street Car and Electric Employees. The Court of Appeals says:

> Where employees have freedom of choice a labor union may not be accused of malicious interference when it urges the employees to make that choice in its favor; even though the choice may involve termination of present employment and consequent disruption of a business organization.
>
> The defendants have the right to induce the plaintiff's employees to join the Amalgamated Association, though that may involve termination of their employment. They are under no obligation to the plaintiff to inform it that some of the plaintiff's employees are joining the union, so that the plaintiff may exercise its choice of retaining or discharging the new members.

The injunction thus overthrown was granted in 1926, and is distinct from a restraining order which the company is now seeking to obtain, but the decision will probably have a beneficial effect upon the pending issue.

KENTUCKY'S COURT OF APPEALS has affirmed the verdicts of criminal libel found against two Negro editors, under which I. Willis Cole of the Louisville *Leader* was fined $250 and William Warley of the Louisville *News* was fined $500. Both editors had questioned the fairness of the trial of two Negroes, Fleming and Bard. Mr. Warley went to the trial at Madisonville, but it was suggested that he leave, and he walked to the train with a militia captain at his side. Without attempting to argue the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, Mr. Warley said in his newspaper that a fair trial was impossible with a mob outside the courthouse and militiamen called upon to escort the jurors to and from the premises. To us the inference seems reasonable and the criticism legitimate. Had the editors been white men writing in wealthy and powerful journals we think they would not have been prosecuted and that in affirming the verdicts the Court of Appeals—like the highest tribunal of Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—has been more swayed by a desire to uphold the power of the State's judicial machinery than to protect citizens.

THE SIXTEEN HARMON AWARDS for distinguished achievement among Negroes have just been announced. At least two of the recipients—James Weldon Johnson and Eric Waldron, both of whom received awards for literature—are already nationally known. In science, the first award goes to James A. Parsons, a twenty-seven-year-old metallurgist, for his research in aluminum bronze; in music, to R. Nathaniel Dett, director of music at Hampton Institute, and Clarence C. White, director of music at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute, both of whom are composers. The first awards for religious service, education, fine arts, and business go, respectively, to William De Berry, pastor of St. John's Congregational Church at Springfield, Massachusetts; John D. Davies, president of West Virginia Collegiate Institute; Laura Wheeler Waring; and Anthony Overton of Chicago.

MORALS AND MANNERS, ethics and etiquette, were never worse confused than in the case of Maude Royden, the well-known British evangelist. The Women's Home Missionary Societies of Chicago and of Boston, who believe that smoking renders her unfit to lecture, have not questioned her orthodoxy. But the ladies who declare that smoking in this country "is not done at all by women of our churches," have succumbed to the theory that certain ways of satisfying the appetite are inherently sinful. Thus a man who takes a glass of wine or smokes a pipe is immoral while a man who dies from indigestion brought on by over-eating is merely guilty of bad taste. Whiskey and tobacco are devices of the devil; chocolate eclairs and roast fowl and alligator pears and baked Alaska ice-cream are very nice, though if you eat too much of them they will make you sick. Tobacco depletes the family exchequer; so do apple-pie and chewing-gum and the radio. But to date not a missionary society has uttered a word against any of the latter.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, and that part of our people which is interested in foreign policy, have sustained a severe loss in the death of Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, since 1893 a teacher of history at Cambridge and for the last five years editor of the American *Foreign Affairs*. A man of considerable private means, he gave largely of them to his university, especially for its library, on the development of which he exercised a large influence as chairman of the library committee. In this field his loss is really irreparable, for he brought to it wisdom, astonishing knowledge and foresight, and an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. In foreign lands he was an inveterate traveler and a penetrating observer, and his talents were properly recognized by his selection as one of the experts of the American peace delegation, as head of the American Economic Mission to Austria and Hungary, and as a member of the American Relief Mission to Russia in 1921. Singularly modest and entirely unwilling to have anyone blow his trumpet for him, his point of view was by nature conservative. But if it was not possible for Professor Coolidge to indulge in passionate outbursts against any international wrong, he was a most useful recorder of facts and viewpoints and above all a teacher beloved of his students.

LOUIS F. POST, who died in Washington on January 10, bridged a chasm between two generations. He ran for Congress on the Labor Party ticket in 1882, and in 1887 presided over the New York State convention of the Labor Party. Most of us are unaware that there was a Labor Party in America forty years ago; our short memories do not go back of Samuel Gompers. Those were the days when Henry George stirred New York in a warm-hearted labor campaign, when class-consciousness was probably as acute in America as it has ever been. The Knights of Labor faded out, and with them the Labor Party of the eighties, but Mr. Post remained Henry George's staunch disciple, and it may be as an apostle of the single tax, and editor for fifteen years of the single-tax organ, the *Public*, that Mr. Post will be most remembered. We recall with gratitude that throughout the Wilson Administration he served as Assistant Secretary of Labor, and worked steadily to mitigate the meanness of the Mitchell Palmer regime. He kept his head and studied the facts. Palmer's "red-hunters" issued more than 2,500 warrants for deportation; Mr. Post issued deportation orders in only 562 cases; and after the worst was over, setting down the vile record for all time in "The Deportation Delirium of 1920," he wrote that no bombs or explosives had been discovered and that an instance of even violent opinions "was as great a curiosity as a sport in a herd of cattle."

Thomas Hardy

THE death of Thomas Hardy closes a long and famous career, and removes a literary figure so familiar that he had begun to seem almost immortal. If Hardy as poet has been a subject in recent years for the younger critics to grow excited about, Hardy as novelist was the theme of their grandfathers. Few careers have been so copious or so interesting; none, perhaps, has presented the spectacle of an author practicing the art of prose fiction for thirty years and then for thirty more devoting himself to the production of a vast body of important verse. How much he was a world figure it is difficult just now to say. There were many complaints while he lived concerning his neglect by the Nobel Prize committee, and it is certain that he outshone some of the European writers who received the prize. But he may turn out to have been so purely English that he called for no recognition outside of that region to which he consecrated himself, those limits within which he so steadfastly worked.

Hardy died, as he was born, and lived most of his eighty-seven years, in Dorsetshire. This fidelity to a single locality which he made known as "Wessex" has had much to do with our notion of him as an author possessing in a peculiar degree the quality of consistency; though it is probably not true that he was more consistent with himself than other great artists in words. Hardy's advantage was that his universe had geographical character; it had name, color, form, and a history, so that we could not have missed its features if we would. And in general the advantage of this man who began by being an architect was that he knew how to draw his subjects, whether they were landscapes or men, with hard, sharp lines, all the more unforgettable because a mysterious light played over them.

The fascination of Hardy's novels, and later of his poems, for at least two generations of British and American readers is something of which no one even now may know the measure. How many more generations there will be to fall under his spell is an interesting question. Doubtless his greatest value will prove to have been for us who were his contemporaries, who lived in the world he bent his strange eyes upon, who met more or less at first hand the materials which he shaped so bitterly and so doggedly to his vision. To the extent at any rate that this vision was conditioned by purely nineteenth-century attitudes and discoveries, Hardy was for our time. How much he was for all time—how much he was a man whose point of view can be comprehensible and important always—time alone will tell.

It is significant that he began to write during the years which followed the publication of "The Origin of Species," and that he was never without concern over the meaning of natural science to the future of man's imagination and morals. His "pessimism"—he never liked the word—was in large part determined by his discovery that Nature, if she has a plan at all, has one which, far from being conceived in the interest of human beings, makes no reference to them whatever. Every serious nineteenth-century writer had to face this new fact, if fact it is, and most of those who did so ended with the smile—or the sigh—of compromise upon their features. Hardy never compromised. With a bitterness which at first was tolerable only to a few but which, as it grew upon him, grew in favor generally, he hewed his path straight through to what was for him the central problem of life—how to understand, how to accept the discrepancy between desire and destiny, between man's hope for himself and Nature's ruthless way with him, between personality and fate. His novels, like his poems later on, took for their background a Nature beautiful but sinister, and somewhat larger in scale than the people who lived their lives in its shadow. And the people were most of them designed to show how little provision has been made in the universe for the subtle brain, the sensitive heart, the intricately trained passions of that oddly developed and perhaps superfluous creature, man. Such was Hardy's theme, and such his motivation as he maneuvered his characters into the cruel jaws of frustration or mischance.

Chance was cruel, but Hardy was not. Called so by readers and reviewers, he rarely retaliated with a word, though in the end he gave up novel-writing altogether, in disgust, he intimated, because he had been so consistently misunderstood. (He gave it up only to become the greatest of contemporary English poets.) His own view of himself was of one overborne with pity, of one whose heart was wrung by a spectacle which nevertheless he must go on describing because it and no other was there to be described. In 1922 Hardy took the occasion of a preface to state his whole position:

> What is today, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be "pessimism" is, in truth, only . . . "questionings" in the exploration of reality, and is the first step toward the soul's betterment, and the body's also. . . . But it is called pessimism nevertheless. . . . Happily there are some who feel . . . that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge, and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have "the balancings of the clouds" happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

Such a statement may not be exactly comforting; but it is clear, and it comes very near to being a complete statement of Hardy's view.

Elsewhere he protested that he had no "view"—the thing so called, he said, being "really a series of fugitive impressions which I have never tried to coordinate." To the extent that this is true Hardy's works may be destined to long life; too strict a philosophy dooms a story-teller to death as soon as his generation has passed. And it is true to the extent that one can suspect the existence behind the philosopher of a temperament which might have disposed him to melancholy and pity no matter in what century he had been born. Otherwise, surely, he would not have begun so early on a certain note and kept on it so

long. Otherwise he would scarcely have treated a limited theme with so exhaustive a passion. Otherwise he might not have been the convincing artist he is. For he is convincing. Though his fiction has undoubtedly suffered some degree of eclipse during the past quarter-century behind the new marvel of his poetry, though there are more than ever now to say that his plots are too complicated, his scenes too theatrically lighted, his prose style too stiff, he must still be acknowledged as one of those masters of narrative who can make the reader follow wherever the story goes, as one with unexampled powers of creating and sustaining illusion. Whether or not he was a world figure, he was a great artist in that his character came profoundly out of his temperament. In any other century he might have given these reasons for refusing an invitation to the United States:

> My ardors for emprise nigh lost
> Since Life has bared its bones to me,
> I shrink to seek a modern coast
> Whose riper times have yet to be;
> Where the new regions claim them free
> From that long drip of human tears
> Which peoples old in tragedy
> Have left upon the centuried years.

New York Kills Again

AGAIN the State of New York has taken human life deliberately—as an act of vengeance. It has at once violated the Fifth Commandment and that Scriptural injunction which reads: "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord"—this by way of inculcating respect for Scriptural law and obedience to the highest teaching. In putting to death Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray it has committed in cold blood the very crime for which it punished these particularly revolting criminals, who acted under the pressure of drink and passion. Not in many years has there been as sordid and disgusting a crime in New York; never has there been more general agreement that if the death penalty is ever to be enforced this man and woman surely merited it. Yet never, we believe, has a punishment more completely failed as a deterrent. And never, we are glad to say, have so many protests been voiced against it.

Warden Lawes himself issued a statement denouncing capital punishment the day before the execution, to the scandal of some of the daily newspapers who were increasing their circulation by publishing great headlines or extra editions. Judge Townsend Scudder, who tried the case, declares that capital punishment offers no remedy for murder. The New York *Telegram* well says:

> What does it do to our souls when we, the citizens of this great State, insist that the cold-blooded, measured law of vengeance—eye for eye, tooth for tooth—be meted out to any human being? . . . Each of us might as well have pulled the switch.

Counsel for the condemned also called for the abolition of this whole terrible procedure. In the most fashionable Episcopalian pulpit in New York the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood made his protest against the spirit of hate and vengeance which finds its expression in capital punishment and in war. Wherever one talked with people the justice of the penalty was admitted, but it was coupled with a denunciation of the penalty itself. Every one who witnessed the execution must have felt the wrongfulness of it; certainly no humane person could have left the death chamber without a feeling of revulsion.

As for the deterrent effect, we leave it to the psychologists to estimate the amount of harm done by the sensationalism of the press, especially of the tabloids, which stopped at nothing. We cannot but believe that the wholesale suggestion given, the morbidness created, and the brutalizing of the public, by the playing up of this crime as a matter of greater importance in the amount of space awarded to it than almost any other contemporary event, has done more harm than any good it may have accomplished. Yet, if there is no publicity given to the punishment, those who believe in it as a deterrent demand greater publicity. What a confusion of ethics, of morals, and of reasoning!

Now the truth is that the death penalty was never a deterrent, not even in the days when it was bestowed for the stealing of a handkerchief or the taking of a purse. It is of record that when men were publicly executed for such a crime in London the same crime was committed innumerable times in the crowd around the scaffold at the very moment of the punishment. If execution is a deterrent then there ought to be public executions. But modern governments have found that they were too brutalizing and too revolting to the conscience of every decent person. Hence the killing is done behind closed doors with as few witnesses as possible. It is something to be hidden away and concealed while the abominable pretense is kept up that the state must commit murder to prevent murder. No, there is only one sound principle for the state, and that is to admit the inviolability of human life at all times. When it takes this stand it will concentrate an outraged public opinion upon the murderers of civil life and the murderers of the battlefield.

What They Die For

THE marines are pouring into Nicaragua; in the end, we suppose, they will occupy the villages, send columns into the mountains, and round up the recalcitrant patriots—as Pershing's men, and Wood's, and "Hell-roaring Jake" Smith's troops did in the Philippines a quarter century ago. Flames of decency still burn in the United States, as the stirring letter from Sergeant Hemphill's father, quoted by our Unofficial Spokesman, shows; but the heart of America, blunted and corrupted in the struggle against Philippine freedom, still further dulled by the hypocrisies of the World War, seems to beat to other rhythms. Yet the war in Nicaragua is about the meanest, least justifiable enterprise in which this nation has yet engaged.

Everyone seems to agree that we have "blundered." Few seem to think that the way to repair a blunder is to shift gears and head in the other direction. And few seem to realize that anything is happening in Nicaragua except battles with Sandino. Behind the battle-line, however, American control is being riveted upon the little country in a fashion which no election can repair; its resources have been used to fight America's battles, and now they are being pledged for years to come to New York bankers.

There is open talk of a new loan to Nicaragua, on terms which even the puppet Diaz resents. It will be recalled that the marines kept President Diaz in office when he had lost all control over his own country. We did not come to his

aid free. We compelled him to buy peace. Colonel Stimson's "peace plan," forced on Nicaragua last spring, was one of the most sordid maneuvers in the history of imperialism. Stimson went to the Opposition leaders, and told them that if they continued to fight the whole force of the United States would be employed against them, but that, if they would surrender their arms, they would be paid in gold dollars for their guns and ammunition. Craven Moncada, the Liberal leader who is now defending American policy, accepted the bribe. The "bandit" Sandino patriotically refused it, and faced death to defy the dollars and bullets of the Yankee colossus. But Diaz had no money to pay Moncada to surrender; and our Government did not foot the bill. Indeed, it persuaded the Guaranty Trust Company to lend the money to Diaz. And the terms of that loan were a scandal, even in Wall Street.

For a one-year loan of $1,000,000, Diaz was forced to put a mortgage on the capital stock and dividends of the National Bank of Nicaragua (a corporation with a paid-in capital of $300,000 and worth twice that) and on the entire capital stock of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua (worth more than the total amount of the loan); to pledge the export tax on coffee, the new customs duties on tobacco, wines, and liquors, and the increased tolls on other commodities; to give the bankers a five-year option on new Nicaraguan loans; and to transfer to New York, for the benefit of the credit-givers, the bank's and railroad's deposits (said to be above $400,000). The contract also provided that the money would be used primarily to buy (American) munitions and, apparently, to bribe Moncada —and would be expended under the direction of a special committee of three, two of the three being Americans, one named by the State Department, the other by the bankers.

That loan expires on March 31—although it includes a provision by which it may be extended for another six months. Negotiations are now under way for another loan to replace it, and also to cover the enormous expenses incurred by Diaz in maintaining himself in power against the wishes of his countrymen. Diaz signed that loan contract willingly enough, but apparently the terms proposed for the new loan are worse still—they stump even Diaz, who is reported to be about to resign in disgust. A letter received by a certain large business house in New York from another business house in Nicaragua asserts that the difficulties of the business situation there are not due to war depression but to the fact that the Diaz Government

> is negotiating a loan with certain New York bankers to obtain money to pay the war debts and damages, and the Government does not want to accept clauses of the contract which the bankers demand and, therefore, to force the Government to come to terms, the bank has stopped all operations with the exception of collecting. This, of course, as they control the custom-house revenues and the Banco Nacional de Nicaragua, establishes a short and vicious circle. Currency is getting scarcer every day, and in the end it will all go to the Banco Nacional, for the customs duties are the most exorbitant ever heard of.

The business man adds his prediction that the legislature will have to accept the bankers' terms. Meanwhile the State Department, supporting the bankers, is demanding that the legislature also revise the Nicaraguan Constitution to permit United States marines to supervise the elections. A pretty business indeed for the United States of America to be supporting! A fine cause to die for!

Mr. Coolidge at Havana

URIAH HEEP spoke at the opening session of the Pan-American Congress at Havana and never did that oily person mix to a greater degree sanctimonious preaching of the Golden Rule, shameless hypocrisy, and platitudinous humbuggery. With all the meaningless words squeezed out of it, Mr. Coolidge's speech boils down to nothing. There is not an original thought in it, not a new policy, not a constructive suggestion—merely that assumption of American supremacy in all undertakings and ideals which invariably infuriates all of Europe. No man with any sense of humor could have made such a speech. He has only himself to blame if everywhere in South and Central America people conceive of him as speaking with his tongue in his cheek, as the personification of Yankee boastfulness and vanity. He talked exactly the same kind of bunk which he would have offered to a convention of Rotarians or of the American Legion.

What could he have thought that his audience was? He lauded the Cubans for their intellectual qualities which, he declares, "have won for them a permanent place in science, art, and literature." The other nations represented have also reached high points of cultural development. Yet he expected them to swallow things like this at the very time when Haiti is ruled by our marines and at the moment our aviators in Nicaragua reported that they had killed forty Nicaraguans—sex and age not stated:

> We have kept the peace so largely among our republics because democracies are peace-loving. They are founded on the desire to promote the general welfare of the people, which is seldom accomplished by warfare. In addition to this we have adopted a spirit of *accommodation, good-will, confidence, and mutual helpfulness.* We have been slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. [Italics ours.] . . . We must join together in assuring conditions under which our republics will have the freedom and the responsibility of working out their own destiny in their own way. . . . We shall have to realize that the highest law is consideration, cooperation, friendship, and charity. Without the application of these there can be no peace and no progress, no liberty. . . .

The men who heard this canting stuff have memories. They recall not only Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and recent Mexican history; they remember also the Mexican War with its theft of Mexico and Arizona—that war which Ulysses S. Grant, Mr. Coolidge's predecessor, called not an act of consideration and good-will but the most despicable and indefensible of wars. They remember when Mr. Coolidge spoke of Cuba's possessing her own sovereignty, and being free and independent and peaceful, that it was the United States which forced Cuba into the World War merely in order to gain possession of a few German ships; that American garrisons are encamped on her soil on territory ceded to the United States under compulsion—and that Cuba lives under their threat; that Cuba's independence is gravely limited by us through the Platt Amendment.

No, Mr. Coolidge's smooth words at Havana will butter no parsnips. Say what you will about Latin-Americans, their weaknesses and their vanities, one cannot accuse them of being fools or dolts. They know the value of ceremonial politeness and of palavering as well as Mr. Coolidge. The Havana Conference is open. It should demand that the United States square its deeds with Mr. Coolidge's words.

Criminal Ineptitude

REAR ADMIRAL FRANK H. BRUMBY, if he has either heart or conscience, spent a bad hour and a quarter before the naval court of inquiry into the sinking of the submarine S-4. The Admiral began by saying "the final decision was mine and the responsibility is mine." He accuses himself, therefore, of as monstrous a piece of ignorance, negligence, and delay as has ever been spread upon the public record. This his own words prove.

It was shocking enough to discover that at least thirty-eight of the S-4's crew died not by drowning but by asphyxiation. Upon getting down an air line, therefore, thirty-eight lives depended. And with regard to the all-important air line, hear Admiral Brumby before the court of inquiry:

QUESTION: Why did it take so long for air to be started into the compartment?

ADMIRAL BRUMBY: *"I just can't be positive about such things. I just can't remember. Ask the technical people."*

Q.: At the time the first diver went down on Sunday, December 18, and heard tappings from the torpedo room, why did he not connect up the air-hose then?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I am not familiar with the details of the construction of submarines, but those who were there thought the steps being taken were the proper ones."*

Q.: Why was not the salvage compartment line, constructed to send breathing air into the torpedo chamber, connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"Well, I don't really know. I can't answer that question. My impression is the divers did all they could do. As to details I can't tell you. You'll have to ask the technical men."*

Q.: When was the compartment air line connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I don't know that it was ever connected. I'm not sure."*

The Admiral was asked whether he thought the Falcon well equipped for rescue work.

ADMIRAL B.: *"There is none better anywhere, but I don't know. I can't be positive about such things."*

This record would be merely pitiful if twoscore human lives had not been at stake—not to mention thousands of others over whom this particular officer of the United States Navy is in command. It may be that the "technical men" in whom Admiral Brumby was willing to put all his trust did everything possible to save the crew of the S-4. But Admiral Brumby ended his testimony by saying: "All that could have been done by anybody was done there." Not quite all. It would have been more accurate for the Admiral to have said: "I believe my subordinates, brave and honest and capable men, did their best. But I, their commander, *in charge of all the submarines on the Atlantic Coast,* did not know my job. I know nothing of submarines; I know less of submarine rescue work; I am no more fitted than the merest sailor to be in command of men in this line of work. In short, it may be that through my own ignorance I sent forty men to their death." It would be the veriest impertinence for Admiral Brumby, provided he made any such admission, to add: "And this I regret." It is too late for regrets. The forty are dead. But others are in danger, and will remain so as long as the navy is commanded by men who are confessedly incompetent and unfamiliar with the details of the ships intrusted to their care.

Autos and Then Autos

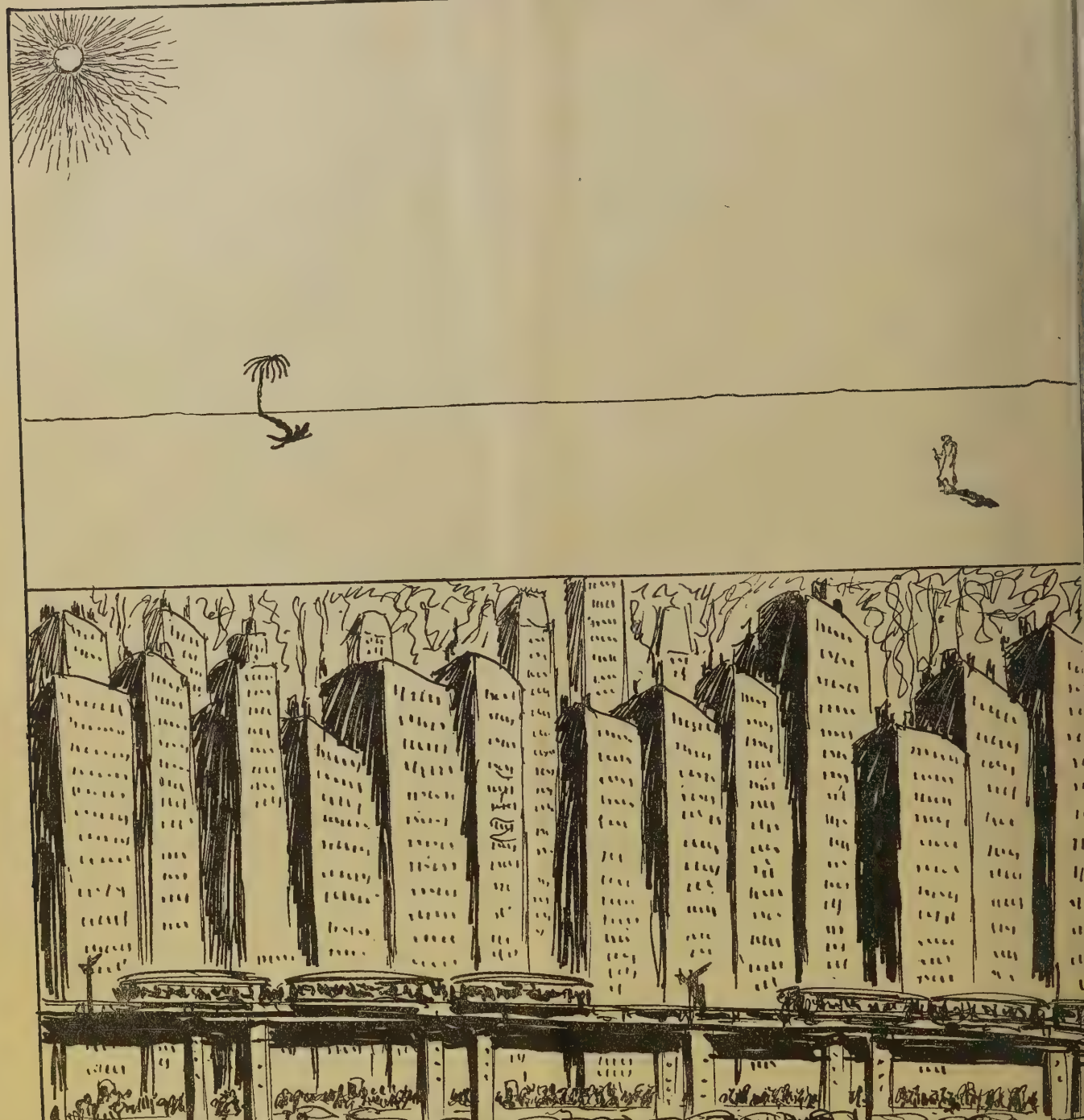
CROWDS and crowds; new models, new beauty, new colors, new styles, new prices, and new inducements; greater public interest than ever—this was the New York automobile show in 1928. "We must put on this year a better and more extensive sales campaign than ever," declared the head of one of the companies to his assembled salesmen at their annual feast. Undoubtedly he was right, despite the proof of unparalleled public interest, despite the crowds at Mr. Ford's rival show at the Madison Square Garden, despite the large number of sales made. For the public showed this year a much keener understanding of technical problems, an insistence on studying engines as well as bodies, and a thorough appreciation that it holds the whip-hand to an unprecedented degree, that it may easily make or break important manufacturers before another show comes around. For there is a price war on and a production war too, and the American public, especially the younger generation looking forward to its first cars, finds as much of a thrill in critically studying car-progress as it ever has in baseball or football or prize-fighting.

For some of the companies this is, therefore, a serious year. Their stock-issues are selling at very low figures in Wall Street and they are struggling to make a living in the face of the competition of General Motors with its slogan of a car for every purse. Between its Chevrolet and the new Ford—for which already 740,000 orders have been taken—there will be a race indeed. Mr. Ford has his work cut out for him. His old model had road qualities which made it indispensable to farmers living in remote regions. The new Ford is without them and must, moreover, prove to the public that it will "stand up" to its work. Mr. Ford must also face the difficulty that his dealers are even now unable to fill new orders prior to August next.

Again, take the Paige car. It has been acquired by the three Graham brothers who turned out the most original and attractive appearing cars at the show. Obviously these skilled makers of trucks must now produce an unusually good automobile or go to the wall; there is no room in the Paige field for a mediocre car. Indeed, as time passes, we believe that there will be still further consolidations even though the one talked of in connection with William C. Durant has never come to pass.

How long the motor industry's prosperity will last no one can say. But there is little or no talk of the "saturation-point" being reached. We are no longer merely a one-car people; two-car garages are the order of the day. And what is growing increasingly serious for the dealer is the problem of disposing of used cars. It is impossible to fix prices for second-hand motors when those for new cars are changing hourly, when the public is being urged by dealers to change its cars oftener by reliance upon purchaser-credit plans. Cars which a few years ago could have been sold for $600 are now almost given away, and still the cry is buy, buy, and turn in your old car.

Altogether the industry will bear close watching in 1928, not wholly because of the competition within it, but because it is an index to at least part of the country's prosperity. If it begins to weaken and to lose ground, it will not only endanger the whole structure of credit-buying, but will create consternation in all related industries.



Which Landscape Is the Lonelier?

It Seems To Heywood Broun

I DON'T wish to seem annoyed every week. Many things in the world are doing as well as could be expected. In spite of sun spots the weather has been satisfactory. Fine books are being written and a few fine plays. Most people are agreeable and one or two heroic. Still, sooner or later, I must say something about the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He is the Protestant Pope but, unlike the one in Rome, he writes a daily piece for the papers.

Not everything about this man is by any means deplorable. The Christian virtues are excellent and many of them dwell in him. But he was in the baggage car when the announcement came that humility was now being served in the diner. Meekness, to be sure, can be overcome. Some humble folk seem almost to cry aloud "Please put your foot upon my face," and, God forgive me, I cannot always remain adamant against this request. But no man should ever preach without some sanctification of uncertainty. One may accept each word of Scripture as a literal revelation and see nevertheless that some things were left still misty for the mind of man. There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that it was God's intent to lay bare His full purpose before the coming of His kingdom. So a minister should be constrained to say upon very many occasions, "I don't know."

This is a statement I've seen only once in the voluminous writings of Dr. Cadman and even then he used it roguishly as one writing less from conviction than for the record. The daily communique is done in the form of answers to questions from correspondents and, as one versed in the style and moods of people who write to the papers, I gravely suspect that the good Doctor is often interlocutor as well as end man. Against this base thought there lies the fact that sometimes a hard one is slipped over on the Doctor. And it is in handling these that he manages to arouse my resentment. God must be mocked by some of the arguments made in His favor by His creatures. Undoubtedly Dr. Cadman believes that the wisdom of the Creator is infinite and yet he never hesitates to expound it.

Fresh laid before me lies a question in the Cadman column from a woman in Ohio assailed by doubt. She is troubled because it seems to her that women play a wholly secondary role in the Bible. In particular she singles out St. Paul as one belittling her sex. Again in natural law, which she feels must be God's law, the correspondent finds woman bearing more than an equal share of agony. And her last fling is the assertion that the civil rights won by women in America have been gained without benefit of clergy.

Now these are all matters which should give pause to a minister. He ought to try and shift the blame to the imperfections of man-made law, of government, and of medicine rather than accept the conditions as palpably part of God's plan. No such caution assails Dr. Cadman.

"Natural law," he writes, "does not discriminate against woman. True, her body is more finely articulated than man's, but her observance of the rules of hygiene and health promotes her physical welfare equally with his, and she also possesses a peculiar resistant power against pain. To be sure, maternity costs heavily, but is not the baby worth all it costs? Ask any mother."

I might allow Dr. Cadman to speak for God, but I must say I bristle when he undertakes to provide from his own experience a "peculiar resistant power against pain" for women in the pangs of childbirth. Dr. Cadman, you were never there. This insulation against agony is not a thing demonstrable in any laboratory. No doctor could, with full knowledge, say as much and this is not wisdom particularly given to the clergy. Until recent years the medical profession has been not overly interested in the sufferings peculiar to women. Possibly there are sound medical objections to Twilight Sleep and later techniques but openly in convention physicians have stood up to say: "The pain of childbirth is God's intention and we should not interfere." Dr. Cadman seems prepared to say the same thing but I believe it blasphemy to assume that every bungled fact in life must be accepted as part of a divine scheme. After Eden, man's very definite instructions were to work for his own salvation. Nor can I quite understand how Eve, being "more finely articulated," is also more richly endowed to withstand shock and pain.

But in his final answer to the woman's complaint I find Dr. Cadman even more audacious and arrogant. "The consideration shown your sex in our republic," he writes, "is due entirely to man's reverence for the will of God concerning woman. . . . That other nations and some men in our own have been unpardonably tardy in this respect is the result of their disregard of that will. There is therefore every reason why women should love God and follow Christ, asking daily for wisdom and guidance in order that they may not abuse the freedom upon which they have entered."

I have no knowledge of the Creator's attitude toward the Nineteenth Amendment but surely the churches of Christ in America played a meager part in the winning of the suffrage. Neither among Protestants nor Catholics have women by tradition been granted an equal share in management. And "man's reverence for the will of God" had nothing whatever to do with the vote. As a matter of fact man did not hand the franchise over to the woman as a free-will offering. He yielded under pressure after she had kicked and screamed and picketed. Render unto God the things that are God's and unto Caesar's wife the things that are hers.

I have not quoted Dr. Cadman in the entirety of his answer but I read him through and the query about St. Paul was left unanswered. It was convenient to omit him because, you see, St. Paul was beyond any doubt a man who believed that woman's place was in the home—if even there.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 16

IT is a lie, the editorial banquet speakers invariably tell us, to say that newspapers ever deliberately suppress news which is worth printing. Every experienced newspaperman, they invariably add, knows that the charge is absurd. Speaking as an experienced newspaperman, the writer would like to know how many newspapers, other than the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, published in full the open letter to President Coolidge, which appeared in that newspaper January 4, and of those editors who did not publish it the writer politely inquires whether in their judgment it was not a good story. It follows:

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.;
DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

According to dispatches of today (January 3) from Managua, my son, Sergeant John F. Hemphill, was killed in action against General Sandino's troops.

For the death of my son I hold no malice against General Sandino or any of his men, for I think, and I believe that 90 per cent of our people agree with me, that they are today fighting for their liberty, as our forefathers fought for our liberty in 1776, and that we, as a nation, have no legal or moral right to be murdering those liberty-loving people in a war of aggression.

What we are doing is nothing less than murder, for the sole purpose of keeping in power a puppet President, and acting as a collector for Wall Street, which is certainly against the spirit and letter of our Constitution.

My son was twenty-nine years old, served three years of his third enlistment, survived honorable service through the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation.

My father served through the Civil War, both my grandfathers died in action in the same war, and I am proud of their records, so this is not from the pen of a red radical, but from one who loves justice and fair play.

I have four sons, and if necessity arose I would be willing to sacrifice not only all four sons, but my own life as well, in a war of defense, but I am not willing to shed one drop of blood in a war of aggression, such as this one is.

You have lost a son and know the sorrow, and we as a nation mourned with you in your hour of grief. Suppose that son had fallen, as my son has, a victim of the greed of Wall Street, would you feel that the financial gain was worth the cost?

Ferguson, Missouri JOHN S. HEMPHILL

I repeat, I would like all those editors who contend that this story was not worth printing to raise their hands.

THE Senate committee investigating Mr. Hearst's forged documents let him off with a love tap, as everybody expected. What else could it do? Of the five members, four are from States where Mr. Hearst has from one to four papers, and three of them are candidates for reelection next year, the fourth having been reelected last year with the support of a Hearst paper. As chairman, there was Reed of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hearst has recently well-nigh cornered the newspaper market in Pittsburgh. Johnson of California not only has enjoyed the fervent support of the San Francisco *Examiner*, but on at least one occasion he has represented Hearst in an important lawsuit. Bruce of Maryland had the Baltimore *American* to think of. Jones of Washington enjoyed the support of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* in his campaign last year. Vice-President Dawes (of Chicago, home of the *Herald-Examiner and American*) may not have packed the committee for Hearst, but he certainly was the victim of an extraordinary set of coincidences.

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BY the time this letter is printed the old Teapot probably will be seething again. The purpose of this supplementary investigation, which again will be dominated by Senator Walsh, is to discover what became of the $2,770,000 in Liberty bonds which remained in the treasury of the bogus Continental Trading Company after $240,500 worth had been secretly forwarded to former Secretary Fall by his son-in-law, Everhart. Senator Norris introduced a resolution authorizing the Public Lands Committee to take up the trail of the remainder, after it became apparent that the Department of Justice had no intention of doing so, and that President Coolidge had no intention of directing it to do so. For several years there has been a story that a part of these bonds was used to pay off the heavy deficit suffered by the Republican National Committee in piling up seven million majority for Harding and Coolidge in 1920. That possibility will be explored, together with a number of others, equally exciting.

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TO Reed Smoot, the high priest of protection, we are indebted for the most naive betrayal of the iniquity of the whole tariff system ever uttered in the United States Senate. He did not mean to do it, bless his stupid soul, but he managed to strip it of its hypocritical pretenses and leave it standing naked before the public in all its ugliness. He confirmed the formula that greed multiplied by greed makes a tariff bill.

Irritated by the Progressive demand for a revision of the tariff, Mr. Smoot lost his patience and read into the record a compilation of the votes of his low-tariff colleagues when the Fordney-McCumber bill was under consideration five years ago. He showed that when products from their own States were affected, most of the low-tariff men rose above principle and voted for the highest duties they could get.

It did not seem to penetrate Mr. Smoot's ponderous intellect that he was exposing the rottenness of his own precious tariff. Bills are deliberately laden with such bribes to catch men who might otherwise vote against the tariff.

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FEW men in public life have ever received more generous treatment from the press than Herbert Hoover. Correspondents and editorial writers vie with one another in singing his praises. Yet few statesmen have ever been so thin-skinned. Woodrow Wilson used to wish he could hang his Senatorial critics, but even he had the hide of a rhinoceros compared to Mr. Hoover.

Write an uncomplimentary piece in the newspapers or magazines about Mr. Hoover, and you are likely to be visited by one of his bright young henchmen who will want to know just why you did it. It makes one wonder how he will act when the campaign gets under way and his enemies go after him in earnest.

Already they have started a mysterious anti-Hoover propaganda sheet in Washington. Its name is *Politics*, published by the Politics Publishing Company. In its first issue it proclaims itself "independent and non-partisan" but there is good reason to suspect that it is pro-Lowden. Editorially it discusses Mr. Hoover's candidacy in the light of his party irregularity, winding up with the statement that "the political hybrid doesn't flourish on American soil." It probably will give the super-sensitive Mr. Hoover many uncomfortable moments before the campaign is over.

Dwight Morrow Agrees With Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, January 13

THE amendment to the petroleum law submitted by President Calles to the Mexican Chamber of Deputies toward the end of December and on January 11 published in the *Diario Oficial* as the law of the land, represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of, for the most part, shameful and inept and unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. With all due respect for Ambassador Dwight Whitney Morrow, this move by the Mexican Government constitutes one of the most astute maneuvers in international negotiation which it has been my lot to observe at close hand. At no time since the 1917 Queretaro Constitution went into effect would Mexico have refused to enact for us the law just passed. After more than a decade of harassment, strained relations, border antagonisms, hostile notes, and, on at least two occasions, imminence of war, we have obtained what we could have obtained at any moment had we been willing to accept it; we have probably obtained much less than we might have earlier in the game by an earlier pat on the shoulder. Such is our victory. For the oil people, a brick in a bouquet.

In other words Mr. Morrow's victory is over the imagination of the American electorate; his victory is over the dying political elements revolving around Teapot Dome, and over the traditional short-sighted, heavy-footed, hairy-breasted cudgel diplomacy of the past. The real test of Mr. Morrow's success in Mexico will be its sustained sincerity. The new petroleum law is initial proof of Mr. Morrow's capacity to secure better relations; it is equally a symbol of the failure of our previous diplomacy of harassment.

The test will be continuity after Mr. Morrow leaves his post. The American public is dreadfully short of memory. We are now observing the four-year recurrent tragi-comedy of our relations with Mexico. Every Washington Administration begins, like the March wind that witnesses its inauguration, to demand blusteringly of Mexico a satisfactory and immediate acquiescence to every pending American demand. It usually ends, just before election time, by hastily patching up relations and selling to the American public the belief that the Mexican question has been settled for all time. Wilson did this. Harding did it. Long ago, Hayes did it. Coolidge is doing it; and Morrow is helping him.

A remarkably pat comparison with the Coolidge policy toward Mexico may be found in the Hayes Administration. Mr. Hayes came into office after a questionable victory over Tilden and after one of the most sordid campaigns in the history of American politics. Partisan feeling ran high. It was necessary to discover a live issue to divert public attention from recent domestic squabbles. As Mr. Foster, Minister to Mexico, put it in his "Memoirs" (I, 92):

> Certain gentlemen . . . conceived the idea that, in view of the tension . . . created by the partisans of Mr. Tilden and of the disturbed conditions of affairs in the Southern States, it would divert attention from pending issues and tend greatly to consolidate the new Administration, if war could be brought on with Mexico and another slice of its territory be added to the Union.

And so the Men of Measured Mirth began to belabor the new-born Government of Porfirio Diaz, which, emerging from the revolutionary period of Juarez and the troublous French intervention, found itself in much the same position at home and abroad as the present Calles-Obregon regime. Washington seized upon frontier difficulties, and numerous punitive expeditions dashed across the Rio Grande, on one occasion attacking and burning an Indian village and carrying off a number of the women. Hayes took up the questions of forced loans levied against American citizens, certain "unequal exactions," the Free Zone which gave rise to smuggling, the right of Americans to purchase property on the frontier, indemnity for alleged insults and injuries to American citizens, and protection of American life and property.

For three years this harassment continued, but Diaz maintained himself and even consolidated his position. He was playing trump cards. He was arousing the sentiment of Latin America against the United States. To Yankee financiers coming into Mexico he made tentative overtures; he sent agents into the United States to awake American public sentiment in his favor; the merchants and manufacturers of the West organized excursions to Mexico; Congress entertained bills designed to stimulate Mexican trade. And so the Diaz Government withstood every de-

mand of the United States. And Hayes, with the elections approaching, was obliged to make a *volte-face*, instruct Foster to be friendly, and so "solve" the Mexican situation.

Recent times have witnessed almost similar phenomena, especially the Administration of Coolidge. Coolidge came into office with the stench of the Teapot Dome scandal in the nostrils of the country. Difficulties with Mexico soon distracted public attention. The irony in this later instance, however, has been that 75 per cent of the petroleum property that Mr. Kellogg was trying to protect belonged to the very elements involved in the Teapot Dome brew; much of whose property had been acquired in ways even more reprehensible than in the United States, and 90 per cent of whose titles were imperfect.

But Calles, like Diaz, resisted every demand. The large financiers (and after all the half-billion foreign debt is the largest single American stake in Mexico) were not entirely in accord with the petroleum fight. Also, trade began to suffer in Latin America, over the length and breadth of which the press was singing a chorus of hate against the "Colosus del Norte." Everywhere new anti-American organizations were mushrooming—the UCSAYA, the APRA, numerous students' federations. A congress of Latin-American students was called at Montevideo "to combat American imperialism." The Latin-American Union was active. All of which might have been ignored temporarily were not our own elections due this year, and if we did not have to confront twenty irate republics in the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

And so Mr. Sheffield, fortunately for everybody, was shelved; Mr. Morrow, fortunately for everybody, came upon the scene, and proceeded, with honey in his mouth, to win Mexico's friendship. His tactics have revealed the genius of an Oxenstierna—ham-and-egg breakfasts with Calles, trips with Calles, dinners at the Embassy attended by Calles and his entire Cabinet (unheard of for decades), Will Rogers, Lindbergh, Lindbergh's mother—a rapid-fire process. For those of us who, for the past ten years, have risked our reputations and financial welfare advocating decent relations between the two countries, the spectacle is decidedly agreeable, if somewhat amusing.

Hurriedly forced friendship between the United States and Mexico has its price for everybody concerned, which is as it should be. The gulf is so great! The wide differences between the economic, social, racial, and cultural lives of the two peoples, the overwhelming preponderance of American industrialism, the semi-colonial and feudal character of Mexico, our own aggressiveness, Mexico's sullen resistance—all this is not easily bridged, certainly not without surrenders.

Take the century-old characteristics of the Mexican Government. The Mexican state is an *ego sum qui sum*. Its traditions are derived from the Spanish super-state, plus the psychology of the Conquest. Its dominant character is imposition rather than responsibility. It is a closed corporation in its historical antecedents and traditions, aloof from the intimate life of the country. This has been true, though in lesser degree, even in these later revolutionary days. And though every regime must, sooner or later, answer to the Mexican nation—that amorphous, non-unified ensemble of races, creeds, and cultures—which gave it being, nevertheless the Government of Mexico may assume various dominant roles.

At the present juncture there are three major highways open to Latin-American governments. The first is that taken by Porfirio Diaz, who gradually turned his back upon his own people and allied himself with foreign capital. This is also the way of Diaz in Nicaragua, of Gomez in Venezuela, and of Leguia in Peru. The second possible road is that of Juarez and of Obregon and Calles, who allied themselves with the popular aspirations of their own country. The third possible way is to serve, not as a true government—except in part—but as a mediator between the popular and national needs on the one hand and Washington and American capital on the other; as a sort of lightning-rod for domestic and international storms, to keep the house from burning down. This is the role, not a very enviable one, to which the present regime now seems fated. Calles has been valiantly attempting to synthesize the national life, to unify its aims and aspirations, and to build up a native mechanism, a native bourgeoisie. But this, evidently, will not happen in our day. Obregon, on the other hand, has accepted the new mediatory role in his usual intuitive and bold fashion, planting himself, for national support, upon the radical peasantry, and for foreign support upon concessions to Washington and American capital. To do this he has had to clip the wings of the organized city workers, who are agreeable neither to the peasantry nor to foreign capital.

And so the Mexican Government now enters the role of mediator, and from this it may shift on to a somewhat modified Diaz position. It grows more apparent that the solution of the petroleum controversy was a condition to a broad financial scheme which Morrow brought in his pocket from the House of Morgan, a scheme which will permit of a readjustment in the foreign-debt payments; the reorganization, perhaps the abolition, of the claims commissions; the funding of all claims as a lump sum with the debt; the lifting of the embargo against war supplies to the Mexican Government, etc. The interests Morrow represents are probably not so much desirous of pushing the petroleum issue to its last legs as they are in assuring the ultimate payment of the debt, laying the bases for new loans, and securing other concessions which will be fully as valuable as the petroleum stake. Certainly the Morgan oil interests in Mexico, the Marland Oil Company, represented in Mexico by the Consolidated and the Franco-Española, promptly obeyed the original fifty-year concession law, as did other allied companies. And lately it was the De la Huerta-Lamont financial agreement, as much as anything else, which finally broke the 1921-1922 intervention drive by the Mexican Association of Producers of Petroleum.

Certainly the new law does not represent any substantial gain by the oil companies, to many quite the contrary. The November Supreme Court decision, shortly after Morrow's arrival, seemed to cede all. Calles in submitting the amendments which have now been passed declared that they followed the decision. The text tells a different story. It is hardtack on a silver platter. The move is clever, astutely diplomatic. Calles has chosen a moment when the hands of the oil people and the State Department are tied. The State Department cannot, at this moment, jeopardize its campaign for amity with Latin America; it cannot upset the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress any more than they will be upset by Sandino; and the people out Nebraska way will be suspicious of any new move by the oil people to precipitate a new controversy.

Just what is the status of the oil question? Mexico undoubtedly has gained much since the initial stages. Originally the State Department, a decade ago, refused to recognize any nationalization of Mexican oil "either by decree or by law." This position had to be hastily abandoned. The State Department next asserted that it would not accept the nationalization of the subsoil on any pre-1917 American properties. This was tantamount to declaring that Mr. John Doe must be guaranteed his subsoil rights on his vast tracts of land out toward Coahuila, bought before 1917 for investment and pasturage purposes, must be guaranteed them *para eternidad*—especially as oil has since been discovered in the vicinity. This contention was also abandoned. Washington trimmed its demands to cover the subsoil on pre-1917 *oil* lands. This was the gist of the Warren and Payne recognition negotiations in 1923. The question then became: What constitutes pre-1917 oil lands? In the 1925 law and concordant regulations such lands were defined as those on which a positive act had been committed, i.e., high purchase price, contracts, strategic location in a developed oil field, mention of purpose in original deed, exploration for oil, etc.—a sufficiently broad definition. But the law further declared that these rights would be confirmed by fifty-year concessions renewable for thirty years, which soon precipitated controversy and the hysterical outbursts of Mr. Kellogg—the straining of relations to the breaking-point.

War was in the air. But gradually the State Department acquiesced in the Mexican Government's contention that until American property rights had been actually violated and all Mexican legal recourses exhausted, no diplomatic or other coercion was in order. Came Mr. Morrow. Came the Supreme Court decision setting aside certain objectionable features of the law. Came, finally, the recent Calles amendments. The law, as it now stands, abolishes the fifty-year concession feature on pre-1917 lands, but it creates a much stricter interpretation of pre-1917 rights. Pre-1917 oil lands are now those which were actually worked prior to 1917, thus ruling out vast tracts previously considered as possessing pre-1917 rights in the subsoil. Furthermore the new amendments still insist that these pre-1917 rights be confirmed within one year by application for concession. But the oil companies, like the priests, do not want to register their properties, for the real crux of their fear is their dubious titles and the uncertainty as to how lenient the Mexican officials will prove in considering them. In Mexican law, largely derived from Spanish law, there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as an absolute title in the Anglo-Saxon concept. All property is a "concession" from the powers that be. The oil companies, however, declare that they will never accept "concessions" though in the last analysis that is all they ever have possessed.

And so, all in all, the Mexican Government has granted but little more than it has been willing to grant all the time. It is Mr. Morrow's ironic fate to secure this. And so it may be said, with irony, that this law represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of shameful but unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. The tragedy of the whole business resides in the fact that we were stirred so close to war-pitch over petroleum technicalities that we jeopardized our entire peace and good-will with Latin-America, and to some extent with the world, in a futile conflict in which, little by little, we have had to yield to the Mexican position and to respect the sovereign right of Mexico to enact its own legislation.

Will Americans Learn to Fly?

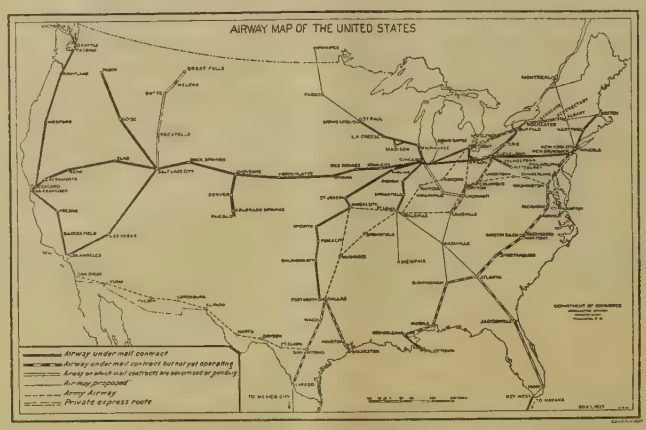
By WILLIAM P. MANGOLD

THE majority of air-mail contractors lost money in 1927, yet the aeronautical industry has entered the new year with an impressive record of development and expansion and confidence in its future. The air-mail contractors themselves, despite their financial losses and despite public apathy toward the use of airplanes for traveling or for shipping goods, are optimistic and enthusiastic. They predict that the next few years will witness the establishment of an enormous aeronautical transport system uniting all the important trade centers of America in a net of airways. All that is needed, they say, is to develop in the American public a proper appreciation of commercial aviation—to develop, that is, an "air-mindedness" here comparable to that existing in England, France, or Germany where people book a passage on an air liner with almost the same nonchalance that a New Yorker drops a nickel in the subway turnstile. It was, of course, to create this "air-mindedness," that Colonel Charles Lindbergh was converted into a traveling air salesman upon his return from Paris and sent to visit 152 cities in forty-eight States—with the result that a 23 per cent increase in air-mail poundage was recorded during the three months of the tour. And now he is selling aeronautics—along with good-will—to Mexico and Central America. To make Lindbergh the unofficial ambassador and chief popularizer of aviation was a happy choice. For he epitomizes perfectly the mind of the aeronautical industry, a mind convinced through its own experience of the efficiency, safety, and economy of air transportation, and confident that once the public is assured on these points commercial airway losses will turn to profits.

But whether or not the public takes to aviation, the groundwork of an extended national airway system has been established. There are operating today sixteen air-mail contract routes over 9,500 miles. Within the next few months eight new routes are expected to begin operation, making a total of twenty-four airways with seventy-five stops serving 65,677,209 people in the trading areas along these routes. Most impressive and important in this development is undoubtedly the transcontinental airway uniting New York and San Francisco with a night and day air-mail service of thirty-two hours—less than half of the 87-hour schedule of the transcontinental trains. This main trunk line has several branches, one from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and another from Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington. Radial routes go from Chicago to Dallas, St. Louis, Detroit, and Minneapolis, and there is a line from Boston to New York.

A very large portion of this growth can be credited directly to the government. It started the first experimental airway in 1918 between New York and Washington. And much of the subsequent development was due to the initiative of the Post Office Department which spent $17,685,000 for the government routes in the years 1918-1928 inclusive. Now, however, in accordance with the Air Mail Act of 1926 the entire system is in the hands of private transport companies.

In many ways the transfer is to be regretted; here was an example of a commercial service of a peculiarly experimental sort successfully organized and efficiently operated by the government; it would have been interesting to continue such a novel enterprise. But even though it has relinquished actual operation, it would be a mistake to assume that the government has withdrawn from civil aviation completely. Through the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce it is, in fact, very active, with a 1928 budget appropriation of $3,091,500 for developing air-navigation facilities. The expenditure of this sum as an indirect subvention for aviation comes very close to the substance, if not the form, of the European governmental subsidy. It will pay for such necessary functions as surveying and mapping new routes, marking towns, helping in the upkeep of airports and emergency landing fields, licensing pilots, and maintaining minimum standards of efficiency. In addition the Aeronautics Branch is installing lighting systems for night flying; of 7,512 miles to be lighted by July 1, 1928, 4,121 miles have already been completed. It is also partly responsible for the construction of airports of which there are now approximately 1,000.


AIRWAY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
Airway under mail contract
Airway under mail contract but not yet operating
Airway on which mail contracts are advertised or pending
Air map proposed
Army Airway
Private express route

In operations during the first six months of 1927 aircraft in various services flew a total of 12,377,933 miles. Of this total 2,642,364 miles were flown by air-mail carriers, while operators engaged in miscellaneous "taxi" services were credited with 9,735,569. The air-mail contractors carried 621,236 pounds of mail, a figure which will be exceeded by at least 240,000 pounds for the last six months of the year. In all it represents an increase of 80 per cent over the air-mail poundage of 1926. But there is still much room for improvement before the air mail becomes profitable on a national scale. The expense of the air-mail service ending June 30, 1926, was $2,944,648. The total receipts for the same period were $980,271—a loss of $1,964,377 chargeable to the taxpayer.

When the air-mail operations were let to private contractors it was thought that they could operate profitably by combining air-mail express and passenger-carrying services—something which the Post Office Department refused to do. This has failed to materialize, partly because the public has shown no widespread desire to travel by air and partly because the transport companies have taken few steps to make passenger-carrying popular. Most of them will carry passengers upon request, but only eight have published passenger rates which average about 13 cents per mile—from New York to San Francisco the fare is $400 one way. During the first six months of 1927 only 774 passengers were carried by eight of the regularly operated lines, seven lines carrying no passengers. Such insignificant figures are hardly worthy of consideration. In a few instances special passenger routes were established, notably between Boston and New York, between Miami and Atlanta, and Detroit and Grand Rapids. Each of these after carrying a few passengers ceased operating. The Colonial Air Transport ended its operations between Boston and New York, stating that it could not compete with the fast Boston trains. Generally speaking, regular passenger-carrying service has never been more than intermittent in the United States and it has yet to be demonstrated that it can be maintained profitably for any length of time.

Until recently, air express was in nearly the same condition as passenger carrying. The 1,045,222 pounds carried during the first six months of 1927 is not very impressive, particularly when one considers that 1,020,000 of it was carried by the Ford Motor Company Lines, leaving, after one has discounted 21,651 pounds of flood-relief material carried free, but 2,768 pounds carried by the other four lines accepting express for transportation. In September, however, the American Railway Express contracted with four of the air lines for the joint carrying of express. This service has been profitable and shows promise of developing further, since the rates are considerably cheaper than those for the air mail.

By far the greatest amount of flying has been done in the so-called "taxi" and miscellaneous services. These have been of various sorts; sightseeing, photography, crop spraying, exhibition flights. One of the most striking industrial uses of the airplane is that of "dusting" the boll weevil in the South, a process that has proved cheaper and more effective than ground dusting. Banks have also found a use for airplanes; $24,000,000 in checks is brought by air into New York daily, reaching the clearing house a day earlier and saving thousands of dollars in interest. But it is in the field of miscellaneous flying that most of the airplane accidents occur. For the first ten months of 1927 there were 165 accidents with 109 persons killed. Only eight of these accidents were in the field of air transport; the others occurred in the various activities of miscellaneous and itinerant fliers.

Ordinarily, when the majority of entrepreneurs in an industry are sustaining losses for their operations one does not expect them to be optimistic about their business. Optimism among the manufacturers of aircraft is understandable—their exports for the first ten months of last year were 43 per cent above the preceding year and the entire output trebled that of 1926. But optimism among those whose passenger-carrying services have failed and whose air-mail and express carrying is not on a firm basis is more difficult to accept. Success, for them, depends on the American public's becoming "air-minded."

Rationalization in British Industry

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, January 3

TO move the British business mind toward new thinking and new methods needs a conjunction of adversity, an arresting personality, and a novel caption. Our bad industrial and commercial plight, with its solid immovable block of unemployment and its shrunken export trade, is common knowledge. When, therefore, a powerful, successful captain of industry comes forward with a confident gospel of industrial prosperity and peace, we accept from him even the repellent term "rationalization." Sir Alfred Mond's name has been prominent, alike in business and in politics, for many years, but it is only recently that he has figured as industrial reformer. The successful merger last year, by which Brunner, Mond and Company absorbed the entire chemical trade of the country, is the first really large experiment in full business combination that has taken place. The completeness of this exploit, with its huge capital and its forty thousand workers, has given a dramatic interest to what is here, though not in Germany or in America, a new idea. Before the war the terms trust, cartel, and combine bore a sinister significance. Our business men believed in competition as a guaranty of efficiency and successful enterprise. Now "rationalization" along the Mond line signifies first and foremost the repudiation of competition as a wasteful process, and the substitution of a completely organized and unified trade, planning its production and conducting its buying and selling as a single body. When it is stated that the two prime objects of this organization are increased productivity and industrial peace, it is easy to understand how powerful an appeal it makes to nerve-racked English business men.

To stop waste and to reconcile conflicting interests, however, is by no means an exhaustive account of the economy of rationalization. These are in a sense negative gains. What Sir Alfred Mond and other advocates of this policy seek is the positive gains of scientific technique and business administration. One definition that is tendered runs thus: "The full application of science and scientific method to industry secured by unification of all the processes of production and distribution." Put simply, this means the amalgamation of hitherto competing businesses within a trade, their organization for a single volume of production, by local and plant specialization of processes, so as to utilize the full economies of standardization and mass production. The benefit of scientific research, very backward in Great Britain, will be attained by substituting an expert directorate for a number of hereditary business owners and their ill-equipped "managers." Obsolete or inferior plants will be closed down, larger quantity and better quality of output will be produced upon a lower cost-basis, not at the expense of reduced wages, but by raising the efficiency of all grades of workers and tools, and by planning a full continuity of employment.

But, tempting as the proposition seems, it is not an easy one to "put over" in this country, steeped as it is in the temper and tradition of competition. Even trades which are in dire distress, like coal-mining and cotton, are only beginning to nibble at plans of cooperation. Mr. Keynes's gallant attempt to cartelize the cotton-spinners in Lancashire has been defeated by the obdurate individualism of the ordinary business man. It looks as if no appeal to the obvious self-interest of our coal-owners would suffice to bring the requisite consolidation without some legal compulsion. There are, however, many trades fully alive to the advantages of unification, some of them strongly fortified in regulation of output and control of selling prices, as trusts, cartels, or other combines.

There remain of course two outstanding questions. How does labor regard the new policy? and What security will the consumer have against high prices? In a measure these questions overlap, for the reward of labor is largely contingent upon the prices of the goods he buys. Now a large section of organized labor is not unnaturally suspicious of what seems to it a new device for strengthening capitalism in its control of wages and prices. Hitherto a worker had some choice of employer; now he has none. Capital will be so much stronger to enforce its terms on labor. The advocates of rationalization point to experience in attestation of their assertions that rationalization means and demands a more intelligent cooperation between capital and labor, based on high wages, good general conditions, continuity of employment, and a share in management for labor. Sir Alfred Mond explicitly avows that high productivity and high wages are mutual determinants not merely in the sense that labor's cooperation can only thus be got, but because the higher consuming power of the workers is necessary to purchase the enlarged output. Indeed, much of the support given to this project in its early stage comes from business men famous for their welfare work and for their liberal aspirations in the cause of labor. It may, indeed, be taken for certain that rationalization could not succeed in any great trade if it were utilized either to depress wages or to impair trade unionism. Some prominent trade-union leaders are openly favorable to the movement in its general form, and an attempt is already on foot to secure a conference between the National Confederation of Employers Organizations and the Trade Union Congress General Council, or if this seems premature, between smaller groupings of capital and labor.

The Mond scheme contemplates something like a representative government in which labor through its elected members shall take part. "Local works councils will function for the separate shops and from these will be drawn delegates for the general works councils, which is to have similar but wider functions. The coping-stone to the edifice will be a Central Works Council, assembling regularly in London and coordinating the activities of the local and general councils from which its personnel will be drawn." Demand for higher status is to be met by the formation of a Workers' Staff Grade open to workers of five years' service and carrying various rights. The whole fabric is to be cemented by a workers' shareholding scheme,

enabling workers to purchase ordinary shares below the market price.

By most "class-conscious" workers any proposals of profit-sharing or copartnership are flouted as dodges to break the solidarity of labor. But Mr. Citrine, general secretary to the Trade Union Congress, is not unfavorable to them, provided they are operated not on an individualistic basis, "but on a collectivist basis with the union acting as steward and trustee." He also recognizes, what is certainly true, that if rationalization is to be a sound industrial policy, it cannot be confined to the action of separate trades. For in reality trades are not separate, they are intricately related parts of an organic body with contacts through the price system. Rationalization by separate trade action might easily lead, not to industrial peace, but to conflict on a new plane between trades inherently strong because their product is a prime necessity for other trades, and trades inherently weak in the character of their product. Such conflicts are already visible. Their settlement demands some organization of trade as a whole, some national industrial council, where the representatives of capital and of labor in the different trades shall meet and hammer out a common policy of peace and progress for national industry. For it is idle to pretend that divergence of interest between capital and labor, between producer and consumer, between strong and weak trades can be bridged by uttering the blessed word "rationalization." The power to fix prices by the fiat of each trade organization, assigned upon the theory that it must be to the interest of a trade to enlarge its output to the utmost and lower its price so as to sell this maximum output, cannot be accepted as a solution of our difficulties. A rationalized trade may choose to earn high profits for its shareholders and high wages for its workers by restricting output of some necessary supply and extorting high prices. Or at any rate it may keep to itself the whole of any economies in production resulting from its organization. The consuming public will always require protection against such practices.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter intimated last week that there were few openings for lazy journalists! The letter about Riga which he prints below shows how right he was—here is activity indeed—and at the same time offers a well-deserved respite to a hard-working man like himself.

The first time I served as a Riga correspondent was in London. An editor made a correspondent of me by giving me an editorial leader clipped from one of the morning papers. He instructed me to recast part of it in the form of a dispatch and date it from Riga. The editorial was one reviewing in some detail the pernicious activities of the Third International. I must have rewritten it rather well, for later I was intrusted with other tasks of the same delicate nature. I became the paper's regular Riga correspondent—"from our own correspondent," as they like to say in Fleet Street.

A year later I was in Paris and attached to a newspaper there. And in Paris I found myself again a Riga correspondent. The work was twofold now. There were French journals and English journals to rewrite. All of them, including the one in London which formerly employed me, seemed to boast Riga correspondents. In all their dispatches there were revelations —Bolshevist atrocities, Cheka executions, Soviet economic difficulties, dissatisfaction of the people with the government. As in London, this material was turned over to me; and out of the mass another composite Riga correspondent was born.

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WHENEVER I think of Riga now I do not visualize a city but a newspaper office—old desks, paste pots, shears, typewriters, waste paper. Riga is a newspaper office city. It may have a geographic location. For all I know it may be populated with individuals absorbed in their own affairs; eating well, sleeping well, dreaming of owning automobiles. You cannot prove it by me. Once, in a moment of inexcusable curiosity, I went to the trouble of hunting up Riga in the Encyclopedia Britannica. That fount of current information describes it as a thriving port on the Baltic Sea, from which agricultural products, chiefly oats, are exported to England. Obviously, it was an old edition of the Encyclopedia. By this time the rumors far outnumber the oats.

If cities ever receive decorations for signal service, the Western world should confer prime honors upon Riga. By its mere existence as a four-letter word used for a dispatch date line it has served as a barrier against the plots of the Soviets, thus keeping sacred and inviolate the idealism of Western Europe. Riga defends the world against the insidious propaganda of the Soviets. Red lies break against its intrepid front. While agents of the Third International, liberally supplied with money gained through the pawning of the crown jewels, seek to corrupt proletarians the world over, Riga counters with bracing truths which nullify the Reds' activities. Riga is near Soviet Russia, and yet not of it. Naturally, one cannot tell the truth from Moscow. One cannot even affix a Moscow date line to Moscow correspondence written in Paris or London. That might imply that the tyrannical Soviet censorship was asleep, and that the ruthless Cheka, or Ogpu, had not bitten off the correspondent's head, as Chekas so often do.

* * * * *

PERHAPS it works both ways. The Soviets have their human frailties, and of course know the value of propaganda. Perhaps they have a little Riga of their own, to give them exclusive news of bourgeois tyranny. It may even be the same Riga. For the good of my soul I hope so.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Nebraska's Hero

[*The following letter was not intended for publication but it seemed to us so extraordinary a contribution to American history that we asked and received permission to print it.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very much touched by the article written by Mr. Babcock which appeared in *The Nation* for December 21. Perhaps you and he would like to know more of the incidents he describes.

After the famous filibuster in which I participated and which resulted in the defeat of the armed-neutrality legislation asked for by President Wilson, the little group which was dubbed the "Wilful Twelve" by the President, became the subject of almost universal condemnation not only in the Senate but outside. Calls came from the press of my own State and from all kinds of organizations, demanding that I resign.

The Legislature of Nebraska was then in session. It was Democratic in both branches and the Governor was also a Democrat. As I remember it, one or both branches of the legislature passed resolutions of condemnation. I prepared a letter to the Governor of Nebraska in which I said that I held

my commission from the people of my State; that I recognized they had a right to have a Senator in Washington who voted their convictions; that under no circumstances would I have voted for this bill even if every voter in the State had demanded it; that I believed that if I was misrepresenting them, they ought to select a Senator in my place who would represent them; and that, while Nebraska had no law providing for it I believed in the recall, and that if the Governor would ask the legislature to provide a method by which a recall election could be had, I would abide by its result and, if it went against me, place my resignation in his hands. I asked only that a reasonable time be allowed to debate the question before the people of our State.

Before I sent this letter I called into conference some of my friends who were members of the "Wilful Twelve." Not one of them agreed with me. Some of them thought I was extremely foolish to think of such a thing. They said I would be beaten because at that particular time the people were very much excited and against the position which these few insurgents had taken. We discussed the matter way into the night, but, when it was all over, I still held to the opinion that I ought to send the letter. It looked to me then as though I would be beaten in that kind of a vote. We had, however, gathered our opinions mainly from the newspapers; we did not know the real sentiments of the rank and file of the American people.

The Governor declined to make the recommendation to the legislature. But I had given my letter to the press, and both it and the reply of the Governor received wide circulation. I decided to go back to Nebraska and debate the question before the people. I had only a few days' time, but I rented the Auditorium in Lincoln, Nebraska, the capital of the State, and announced what I had done and the date when I would appear there to defend my position.

I got into Lincoln on a Sunday morning. The meeting was to be Monday night. There had been no advertising of the meeting. As Mr. Babcock says, I was not met with a brass band. In fact, I received an exceedingly cold reception. I had anticipated that the newspaper correspondents would meet me soon after my arrival, but in this I was mistaken. The few people who called on me urged me to get out of town. I was told that the meeting would be broken up, that I would be mobbed. One friend told me he had inside information that an organization had already been perfected—they were going into the hall and break up my meeting, and he had no doubt but that, if I made any resistance at all, I would be severely injured if not killed.

All day Sunday I waited in the old Lindell Hotel. Those who saw me did so under circumstances that would not show they had even seen me. Even my friends were afraid to be seen with me. Some of them insisted that I should get sick and leave town, letting the morning papers announce that the meeting had been called off. I declined to pay any attention to any of these suggestions, but it was a day of terrible suspense. I cannot remember a day in my life when I have suffered more from a lonely feeling of despondency than upon that particular Sunday. The manager of the Auditorium asked me how I wanted things arranged and whether I wanted any reserved seats, either on the stage or elsewhere. I told him I wanted the scenery taken off and the stage filled with chairs. Under no circumstances was anything to be reserved. He was to arrange tables for reporters, open the doors at the appointed time, and let anybody come who wanted to.

The day wore on without a single newspaperman calling. It was not until after dark on that long Sunday that Mr. Babcock appeared on the scene. I was not acquainted with him. He told me he represented the *Nebraska State Journal* and he wanted an interview. It seemed to me at that dark moment that there was no one in the State who was with me, and I feared that the *Journal* would not publish what I had to say. So I told him I was willing to give him an interview only if he would print everything I said, just as I said it. He assured me he would do this. I asked him how he could control the editorial policy and assure me that what I gave to him would actually be printed as I said it. He told me that everyone on the *Journal* who had any authority over him had gone home and would not be back until the next morning, which would be hours after the morning edition had gone to press, and that he could therefore assure me absolutely that what I gave him would be printed just as I said it. He also let me know that he was not out of sympathy with the course I was taking. It was the first kind word that had come to me. It was the first intimation that I had a friend anywhere, and I suppose this young man did not know then and has never known since how his visit renewed the hope that had always lingered in my breast that, after all, the rank and file of the great common people were not crazy, and that while they might not agree with me they were at least willing to give me a fair hearing.

I remember that Mr. Babcock asked me "Who is going to preside at this meeting?" I told him there would be no presiding officer; that I was going to officiate not only as speaker but as chairman. The truth was, I did not believe I could secure a chairman if I tried to get one. No one had offered any assistance so far, excepting this young man who agreed to print what I might say and who had given me to understand that he was my friend. I gave him quite an extended interview. He wrote it in long hand, in my presence. It was published exactly as I gave it to him. He made good 100 per cent on his promise. I do not remember that I ever saw him again. I did not know his name, and never did until I read his article in *The Nation*.

Long before it was time for the hall to open, the street in front was crowded with people and, when the doors were opened, this Auditorium, the largest audience-room in the city, was filled to overflowing. Extra chairs were carried in and the aisles were filled. Every seat on the stage was occupied. When I walked out from one of the wings I was met with absolute silence, but I had not proceeded far until I knew that the common sense of the Nebraska people was awake. The first sentence I uttered was that I intended to tell them the truth about the difficulty, and that it would be something that they had not been able to get from the newspapers. That was when the audience broke loose. The people stood up and yelled. I realized then that if an organized bunch of fellows was scattered through that audience, intending to break up the meeting, they rather than I would be the victims of the mob. The audience included members of the legislature and people who had come to Lincoln from 150 miles away. These people had become impressed with the fact that the press had not been fair; that it had not told the truth.

It seemed to me a demonstration that the American mind demands fair play; that it insists that the under-dog shall have his hearing and his day in court; and it demonstrated to me that underneath the deception and the misrepresentation, the political power and the influence, there was, in the hearts of the common people, a belief that there was something artificial about this propaganda, and that so-called leaders of public sentiment, both in and out of public life, were being carried off their feet by misrepresentation and even by falsehood. In that hour I felt repaid for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering that I had endured. I would be willing to go through it all again, for a vindication such as I received on that occasion. I was deluged with requests to deliver other speeches on the subject of the Armed Neutrality Bill, but, as my stay in the State lasted only two or three days, I was unable to accept many of them. My experience was the same, however, in every meeting that I addressed while I was in the State.

I have always wanted to meet Mr. Babcock, but I have never seen him since, and I am writing this letter for you to forward to him, wherever he may be. I am anxious to convey to him, through you, the gratefulness I felt toward him, and to let him know I realized it was as much through him as any other source that this meeting was the success it turned out to be.

Washington, D. C., December 21 G. W. Norris

Books and Plays

First Glance

"A HISTORY of American Life" is an ambitious title for a set of books, however large the set may be. But no one knows this better than Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox, who are editing such a work in twelve volumes (Macmillan: $3.50 each), and who say in their foreword to one of the four volumes already published: "This short book, like other volumes of 'A History of American Life,' makes no claim to 'covering' its subject—perhaps that is impossible; it will serve its purpose if it reveals the richness of the field." Such a statement, coming as it does at the threshold of 350 pages by so competent a historian as James Truslow Adams, is surety enough that Messrs. Schlesinger and Fox know what they are doing. It appears to me, who am no historian, that they worked with an extraordinary combination of enterprise and care to produce a series of books which must recommend itself to every American curious after his country's past. There have been other attempts to do something of the sort—notably in the series called "Chronicles of America," which among its fifty volumes contains many brilliant essays. But nowhere else will there be found so much, I fancy, in so little space—so many facts put under the light of so many ideas. Certainly I have found these first four volumes interesting. And certainly they reveal the richness of their respective fields; not the least exciting chapter in each was the last, called a Critical Essay on Authorities. Add to this the illustrations, which are numerous and in all cases from contemporary sources; add the fact that it is not merely political history we get here but the history even more of health, disease, marriage, virtue, vice, punishment, wages, inventions, canals, coaches, railroads, farms, furniture, cuisine, recreation, medicine, law, education, literature, architecture, art, and a hundred other things; add the general excellence and authority of the writing; and the value of the result must be apparent.

In "The First Americans," the second volume of the series but the earliest to be published, Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker treats the period 1607-1690 and by no means confines himself to New England in the process. His account of seventeenth-century New England is full and critical, certain parts of it being wisely based upon concrete examinations of typical Massachusetts towns; but his account of Virginia, based upon researches of his own and upon such monumental works as those of P. A. Bruce, is equally full, and in its analysis of the economics of tobacco-growing becomes fresh and informing. James Truslow Adams's "Provincial Society: 1690-1763," which comes next, is the best written and the most philosophical of the four, though its array of facts is perhaps not quite as striking as that in one or two of the others. The American scene begins to widen in this century, and the mind to complicate itself. Mr. Adams must describe the first penetration of the Alleghenies; he must decide the importance of a growing slave economy, an expanding ocean trade, a multiplication of European stocks (particularly in the middle colonies), and a tendency toward conflict between the sections; and beneath all this he must make us aware of an emerging culture. His well-controlled wit and his power of subduing data to a narrative are already known; both things are decidedly in evidence here.

We skip two unpublished volumes to come to Carl Russell Fish's "The Rise of the Common Man: 1830-1850," written with the lightest hand of the four, though with an expert one. For all the extent and variety which Mr. Fish's America offers him—the frontier was being pushed into the Pacific, wealth was accumulating, machines were coming in, and a great war was preparing—Mr. Fish chooses to define that America in simple, delightful terms. It was our democratic day, and as such was both absurd and fine. Mr. Fish relishes both aspects, and balances them neatly as he talks. "The Emergence of Modern America: 1865-1878," by Allan Nevins, takes us on to Reconstruction, the new industrialism, the new corruption in politics and finance, the new humanitarianism, the new education, and the new maturing world west of the Mississippi. It is a lurid time, and Mr. Nevins, whose gift is for detail rather than analysis, makes the most of that quality. He has written the most picturesque volume of the four, and the one most competent in its treatment of literary events—Mr. Fish, for instance, reminding us by the superficiality of his comments on Poe and others that the series after all is but a superior Outline. The dangers of the Outline are for the most part, of course, avoided by these scholars. But they are there, and I trust that each of the eight to come will satisfactorily dispose of them.

MARK VAN DOREN

Philip Hone

The Diary of Philip Hone. Edited by Allan Nevins. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company. $10.

TWO full generations have come and gone since Bayard Tuckerman made the highly entertaining and important "Diary" of Philip Hone available to the general reader. The manuscript, a huge bulk, and a rich mine of information for the social historian, had then lain for thirty years unedited. Now, with the Tuckerman edition out of print, Allan Nevins has given us a new and better one.

For many years Philip Hone was a personage in New York City, having entered business as a mere boy to accumulate a fortune by 1821 and to retire to the lordly life of a gentleman of fashion which was to extend through thirty years. He lived pretentiously for the times, entertained lavishly, and gathered about him at his dinners the worth-while celebrities from all lines of activity—actors, artists, poets, novelists, inventors, financiers, and statesmen. Though not born to opulence, and having few cultural advantages in his youth, he cultivated a taste for the arts, patronized the artists, and contributed liberally in both time and money to the development of the artistic life of the community. A little pompous, perhaps, on parade, he was unassuming in the presence of the great, and therefore popular. There was just a touch of Boswell in Philip Hone; and so he kept a diary which has made posterity his debtor. For nowhere can we enter so intimately into the social life of the thirty years he covers. There was a suggestion of the snob in him at times, and he dearly loved the proximity of people of importance. That was fortunate, for it brings us into close contact with them too. Nowhere, we think, can one get a better impression of Daniel Webster off the stage.

However, Philip Hone was a business man of ability, with sound practical judgment, and while his own political career was comparatively unimportant his advice was sought by the distinguished Whig leaders who ate his meat and drank his

wine. In a sense he was the Lord Holland of the American Whigs. The political opinions we find recorded in these pages are extremely prejudiced. He reflected the views of his class. Covering the period of Jackson's fight for the popularization of government, and against the corrupt and corrupting National Bank, Hone's entries are important in reflecting the mental process of the Whig aristocracy. Here Biddle appears with a halo even in the midst of the ruin he had wrought in his attempt at the intimidation of Jackson; and when he died after the scandal of the State bank failure, and the poet Bryant wrote that he had "died at his country seat where he had passed the last of his days in elegant retirement, which if justice had taken place would have been spent in the penitentiary," Hone was moved to wrath.

The average reader will be more interested in the pictures Hone presents of the theaters, hotels, drawing-rooms, smoke-laden caucus rooms, and occasionally, when political necessity impelled, the beer gardens; in the people he describes—actors, artists, men like Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, Sheridan Knowles, Tyrone Power, and the Kembles; and in the intimate glimpses he gives into the social life of the city of these three decades. For he was a leader of the fashionable society of the better sort, and merely affected politics. He goes to the play and gives us his impressions. He characterizes men sometimes with uncanny penetration. He keeps abreast of the literature of his time and jots down his reactions on what he reads. In spots there is no little charm in his style. Thus when Fanny Burney dies he recalls the thrill with which he read her novels in his youth—"dear to my recollection as identified with and forming part of the enjoyment of that period of my life." And then, in the manner in which each generation is prone to brush aside the "puerilities" of that preceding, he tells us that "this class of writings is completely passed away," and that "the plum cake school of novels in which love was the raisins" has given place "to the glorious prose stories" of Scott. Would it surprise him to come back after sixty-seven years to find beautiful editions of "Evelina" in the stalls and to learn that love has returned—with most of her clothes off?

To Mr. Nevins we are indebted for a charming introduction and a clever piece of editing which gives us, through occasional summarizations, all of value to be found in the whole of the manuscript.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Philosophy?

Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

WHEN a man who has the reputation of being a philosopher writes a book called "Philosophy" one is reasonably justified in expecting something definitive. Except, however, in the case of Mr. Russell. Familiarity with his intellectual temper, or perusal of the first chapter in which the author hopes that "modern science may enable us to see philosophical problems in a new light," may save one from the discomfort and disappointment experienced in reading this volume for any other purpose than to discover the sources of confusion in a mind that was once so clear.

The discovery will be made that the sciences teach no philosophical lessons and that a philosopher who sifts incompatible scientific doctrines in order to wash clear an underlying coherent system of beliefs is a doomed prospector. What shines like truth today may have a duller and a baser caste tomorrow when research shifts its grounds and stakes new claims. Though this seem mere prophecy, it is already sadly fact, for, even as Mr. Russell wrote this book in which he attempted to compile and juggle the theories of behavioristic psychology, electronic and relativity physics, and his own private version of introspective psychology, Ivan Pavlov published a report of twenty-five years' research on the conditioned reflex which must inevitably alter the behavioristic doctrine; a fundamental statement of the *gestalt* psychology, which heretofore has been given only fragmentary presentation, is promised by Wolfgang Köhler; and there is no reason to suppose that physics will not prosecute the quantum theory beyond the present Heisenberg-Schredinger formulations.

"Philosophy" is divided into four parts, the first three being devoted to a lightly popular summary of recent physics and psychology. In the latter case, at least, Mr. Russell's scholarship is far from being impeccable, and his rendering of behavioristic theory must appear distorted to the actual investigator in the laboratory. His knowledge of behaviorism seems to be limited to a survey of the philosophical writings of John B. Watson. "If Mr. Russell is as naive and superficial in his physics," the psychologist may start to protest, only to be stopped by a similar if opposite complaint from his brother in physical research.

However, it should be remembered that this is only a philosophical treatise, and philosophy of this sort can be practiced, perhaps more easily, in the face of such inadequacies. The argument's the thing! But when one looks to see under what encompassing canvas Mr. Russell tents this three-ring circus of "modern science," the patched and perforated fabric of an ancient piece of dialectic is found. It has been used to cover many forgotten shows. It may be summarily stated in two dilemmas. Since the behaviorist assumes the "facts" of physics and confidently uses its instruments, and since physics is a theoretical construction based upon the sense-data described by introspective psychology, the behaviorist must face this dilemma: either deny physics or accept psychology. But Mr. Russell in order to state this dilemma has had to argue in a circle to arrive at the sense-data of psychology. To avoid subjectivism he has been forced to assume, as much as the behaviorists, the independent existence of physical events which cause the sense-data from which the said physical events can then be inferred. This raises another dilemma which Mr. Russell himself must face: either accept behaviorism or deny physics.

After many false alarms and excursions Mr. Russell puts one and one together and comes to two conclusions in Part IV: the skeptical conclusion that a solipsism of the present moment is the logically tenable terminus of the argument, and the credulous conclusion that realistic dogmas are still worthy of belief, however the logical argument runs. Mr. Russell is still critical enough to reach the one, and enough of an English philosopher to prefer the other. He is only half-heartedly skeptical, however. On the way to these conclusions the number of common-sense opinions about which he has no doubt offers a surprising exhibition of the critical acumen of a mathematical philosopher.

Skepticism and animal faith, in other words, is Bertrand Russell's philosophy; but where Mr. Santayana needed only forty-one pages of direct and cogent analysis to achieve the center of this position, Mr. Russell wanders to it through 291 pages of irrelevance and ambiguity, during which the focus of his criticism is changed many times and the argument blurred. The comparison of the two books should be made in order to understand why it is so invidious to Mr. Russell's logical powers. Where both men have the same essential insight, Mr. Santayana's presentation not only is more clearly written but has throughout a coherent logical structure and is philosophical in its exposition. The explanation of Mr. Russell's utter failure in these respects is to be made, I think, in terms of the insight which closes the preface to "Skepticism and Animal Faith." I quote:

> There is now a great ferment in natural and mathematical philosophy, and the times seem ripe for a new system of nature, at once ingenuous and comprehensive, such as has not appeared since the earlier days of Greece. . . . I wish such scientific systems joy, and if I were compe-

tent I should gladly avail myself of their results, which are bound to be no less picturesque than instructive. But what exists today is so tentative, obscure, and confused by bad philosophy that there is no knowing what parts may be sound and what parts merely personal and scatter-brained. If I were a mathematician I should no doubt regale myself with an electric or logistic system of the universe expressed in algebraic symbols. For good or ill, I am an ignorant man, almost a poet, and I can only spread a feast of what everybody knows. Fortunately exact science and the books of the learned are not necessary to establish my essential doctrine, nor can any of them claim a higher warrant than it has in itself: for it rests on public experience. . . . In the past or in the future, my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different, but under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, I should have had the same philosophy.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Deep-Sea Soundings

The Ship Sails On. By Nordahl Grieg. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Knocking Around. By Frank H. Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.
A Book of Shanties. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

MUST we go to Scandinavia for our literature of the sea as well as for the men to sail our ships? Certainly when one compares the poetical and powerful story of Nordahl Grieg with the ruck of "sea fiction" written in English, it is with a deepening sense of the latter's inadequacy. For this Norwegian writer does not cater to artificial appetites for impossible exploits, nor truckle to the naive belief that the sea is—or was—a place of glamorous adventure. He gives us seafaring as it is—aboard a tramp steamship carrying the world's cargoes. Obviously he writes of a life which he himself has experienced, for he recreates the talk of the forecastle, the life of the deck, the cruelty of the stokehole with a fidelity that is sometimes painful.

The book opens thus:

A ship comes into port and halts for a while on her way from sea to sea.

Fires are raked out, engines slow down to a dead stop with their glistening cranks and piston-rods, and the propeller churns up the foam in a last spasmodic stroke like the tail of a dying fish. One more turn of the wheel and the ship swings slowly in to the quay. Steel and hemp hawsers make her fast to the shore and she is delivered over to the dry land and its human forces.

The roar of motor lorries reverberates in the ship's iron sides, and the street casts its shadows and its mud where the ocean solitude has murmured day and night, where the blue seas crooned their songs of longing, and the dawn quivered on plates still wet from the storm.

From there the story is that of a young Norwegian who makes a voyage as an ordinary seaman preparatory to settling down to the business end of shipping ashore. But it is not so simple as that. The sea gets this young man, as it has got others before him, and the reader is left with as bitter a taste in his mouth as if it were filled with the ocean's own brine, while—the ship sails on.

The book is one-sided in its somberness, for there is comedy as well as tragedy at sea. That is why life is possible there as well as elsewhere. But if Nordahl Grieg gives us a gloomy view, he gives a faithful one as far as it goes, and one written with strength and beauty.

To the translator, also, should go a word of appreciation. I do not know how accurate a rendering of the original Mr. Chater has supplied, but his English is of exceptional energy and charm. His familiarity with the English vernacular of the forecastle suggests to me that he, as well as the author, may have qualified for his task through first-hand experience.

"Knocking Around" is a narrative of the author's own life at sea. After his apprenticeship in a sailing vessel Mr. Shaw was an officer in a tramp steamship, in a liner, and during the World War aboard a "Q" ship—a pirate at large, he calls her.

C. Fox Smith's book contains little new material, but is a convenient collection of the words and music of a number of the better-known sailors' working songs.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Social Mystic

Toward the Light. By Mary Fels. George Dobsevage. $2.50.

THIS book is as old as the Vedas and the Psalms; it is as new as the latest cry of the soul for God. I might have thought of a hundred mystic volumes while I turned its pages, as I certainly thought of an intimately familiar half-dozen. But the book which sprang quickest to my mind, as a basis of comparison, was not a classic like a Kempis or Amiel, which in substance are the same, but Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments." Here is the same collection of fugitive paragraphs jotted down in comment on things seen and heard and felt. Here is something of the same sense of beauty, much of the same range of experience and vision, more of that close contact with life while searching for its hidden heights and depths. Mrs. Fels, of course, is frankly theological where Ellis is humanistic. But she looks at the world with that same mystic mingling of intimacy and detachment, and "sees into the heart of things."

Mrs. Fels has lived an abundant life. She has traveled widely, enjoyed close friendships among the great and humble, engaged in heroic works of human betterment. This book is the record of what it has all come to—a distillation of all her experience through these many years. She finds what the mystics have always found in every age—the presence of the living God. It is this presence, which we may know as we know the atmosphere, see as we see the light, feel as we feel our inner sensation of being, that at once reveals and rebukes the injustices of earth and yet gives peace amid the agonies of ill. Here is a woman who has known life at its worst in her long battle against social wrong, and yet finds rapture in the ecstatic vision of that redemption which is even now within the heart.

This book touches on sex, marriage, wealth and poverty, peace and war, art, literature, religion. It mentions the Jewish prophets, St. Augustine, Browning, Wagner, William Morris, Henri Bergson, and the author's life-long friend, Bernard Shaw. It moves from the calm, chaste statements of philosophy to the rapturous visions of religion. It has beauty, serenity, truth. There is profound significance in the fact that from so long a life, lived so intensely among men, there should come at last these mystic confessions of the soul.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Attitudinized Hatred

Angel's Flight. By Don Ryan. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SAN FRANCISCO once had a "fire." Los Angeles has never had a real earthquake, but it is very nervous and expectant. It has even, so it is reported, gone so far as to boycott the minor diabolism of Don Ryan, who, after playing enfant terrible for several years in his column in the Los Angeles *Evening Record*, has gathered some of his sketches into a book, written new ones, and strung them all on a thread of narrative which makes "Angel's Flight" an interesting and readable novel.

One fears, however, that the pious Angelenos are optimistic as usual. One finds little evidence in "Angel's Flight" that God

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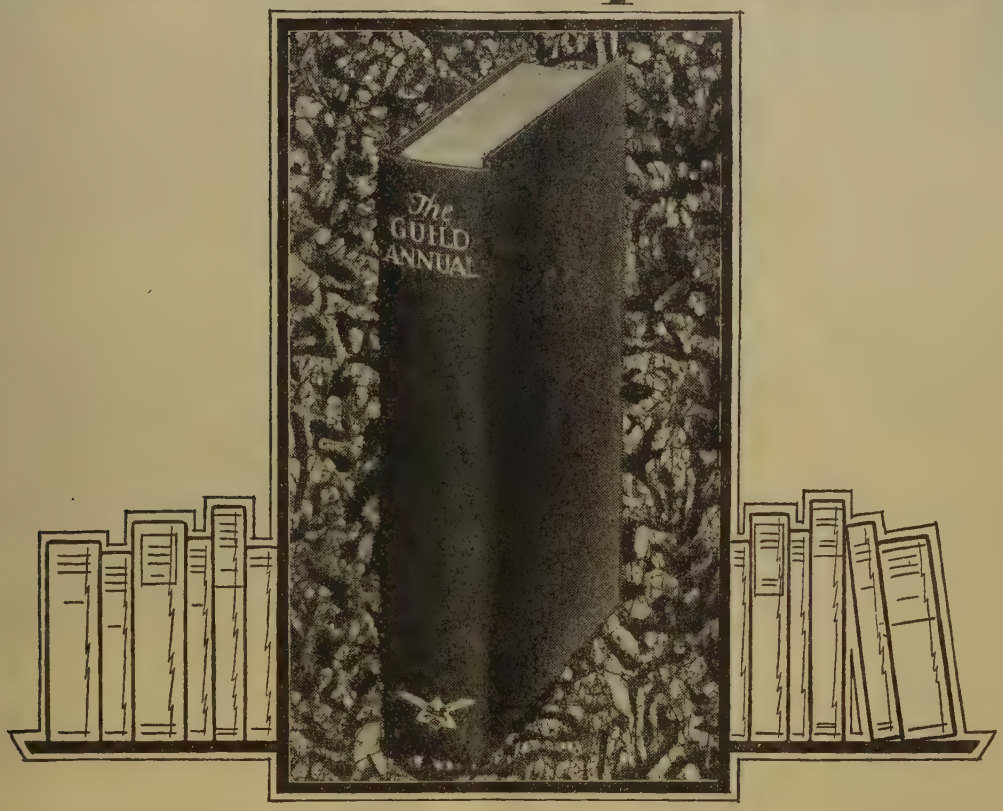

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The narrative of "Angel's Flight" weaves in and out through the underworld of bums and crooks and bootleggers, Kiwanians, success culturists, and the movies. Especially the movies, where Mr. Ryan gives us a number of interesting contemporary portraits. Even the technique of the book is very close to that of the screen, with its closeups, fadeouts, cutbacks, and staccato titles. And the denouement is pure movie: the hero returns to New York and encounters quite by chance his beautiful young daughter, seed of an almost forgotten sin; she leads him by the hand into a kind of jazz paradise where his despair is healed, and his literary success, one gathers, is assured.

If one were a movie magnate one would be tempted to buy the rights to "Angel's Flight," call it "The Prodigal of Babylon," and make a lot of money. But as for Mr. Ryan, one wonders why he doesn't write something really nasty about Los Angeles —something tolerant, appreciative, and only incidentally contemptuous. His talent, one feels, is adequate to the task; it might prove to be a good book. And the Angelenos would never know they had been bitten. JAMES RORTY

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY HEYWOOD BROUN

Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
"Boss" Tweed. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
D. L. Moody: A Worker in Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Doran.
George Washington. By Rupert Hughes. Morrow.
Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
Upton Sinclair. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
George Sand. By Marie Jenney Howe. John Day.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
America. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright.
Prejudices: Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Selected Prejudices. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. Viking.
Wild Goslings. William Rose Benét. Doran.
Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans.
Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
Daybreak. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon and Schuster.
An Unmarried Father. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
Show Window. By Elmer Davis. John Day.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
People Round the Corner. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Knopf.
Galleons' Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
Black April. By Julia Peterkin. Bobbs-Merrill.
Go She Must. By David Garnett. Knopf.
Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. John Day.
Why Call it Anything? By Robert Benchley and Gluyas Williams. Holt.

Books in Brief

As I Knew Them. Presidents and Politics from Grant to Coolidge. By Henry L. Stoddard. Harper and Brothers. $5.

Kindly, rambling reminiscences these, by one who was long editor of the New York *Mail* and was especially known for his blind devotion to Theodore Roosevelt. It cannot be said that this volume contains much of value to the historian, though Mr. Stoddard does throw a light upon one intrigue or another. But what can be said of a journalist who at this day still believes the hoary falsehood that the war with Spain was manifest destiny not to be thwarted, and that McKinley really tried to prevent that war? He might at least have read James Ford Rhodes's account of this episode. And how highly shall we value the judgments of one who still sees no inconsistency in Roosevelt's picking Henry Cabot Lodge—of all men!—to be his successor as leader of the Progressives; who writes a chapter on Harding and declares that he had "a Cabinet to be proud of" and makes no further reference to the three besmirched members of that precious Cabinet beyond saying that Harding trusted some "who did not prove so dependable" as Hughes, Hoover, and Mellon. Finally, he dismisses the never-before-equaled Harding scandals and corruption with the comment that "his judgment was not infallible; some mistakes were inevitable"!

John Muir of Wall Street. A Story of Thrift. By O. Muiriel Fuller. The Knickerbocker Press. $2.50.

A pleasantly written account of the rise of a poor Canadian boy to be one of the most successful men in Wall Street. Still busy and successful at eighty, John Muir is credited in Wall Street with developing the "odd-lot" stock sales idea, which made it possible for investors of small means to buy less than one hundred shares at a time, and led the way to the peddling of Liberty Loan bonds in small quantities and denominations during the World War. John Muir, a rugged, vigorous character, won his way upward as a clothingstore-keeper, a stenographer, a Pinkerton detective, and a railway clerk and official. For the general reader the value of this memoir lies chiefly in the excellent sketches of Henry Villard, Thomas F. Oakes, C. P. Huntington, Marcus Daly, and other great railway pioneers with whom Mr. Muir came into close contact.

American Masters of Social Science. An Approach to the Study of the Social Sciences Through a Neglected Field of Biography. Edited by Howard W. Odum. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

The purpose of these nine biographical studies is to render more concrete and vital a "new gateway to the social sciences." Leading scientists are analyzed as to background, personality, and contributions. The editor puts the volume forward as a labor of love designed "to aid the social-science student seeking example, inspiration, and guidance." While all the studies are not equally illuminating they all contain material of value to the student. Becker's study of Frederick Jackson Turner and Barnes's analysis of James Harvey Robinson are particularly able presentations.

Salome. By Oscar Wilde. Inventions by John Vassos. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Vassos's "inventions" or drawings, appearing as they do opposite pages of text bespattered with gilt stars, are stale with eighteen-ninetyism and only impotently flamboyant.

Phillida and Coridon and Other Pastorals. By Nicholas Breton. With Drawings in Color by Ernest Fiene. The Spiral Press. $7.50.

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Moving Pictures

Douglas Fairbanks

AFTER "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" comes "The Gaucho"—a film decidedly inferior to its two predecessors. It is easy to dismiss Mr. Fairbanks as an artist. His reliance on acrobatic stunts, his monotonous repetition of the same character, and his undisguised playing for effect brand him as an actor lacking in imagination and weak in interpretative powers. If acting were all that mattered in films one would be content to accept this criticism as the final verdict on Mr. Fairbanks. But acting is not all—not even half—of the films. And when the acting does appear bad by reason of its failing to appear convincing, this failure may actually be due to causes far different from the deficiencies of the acting itself. I am not referring here to the extraordinary manipulations of the film record which take place in the cutting-room, though, obviously, these can make or damn the acting. In Mr. Fairbanks's case the trouble lies elsewhere. It is to be found in the general direction of his pictures, and this is particularly evident in "The Gaucho."

At the outset the fact must be admitted that Mr. Fairbanks's pictures are inevitably "vehicles" for Mr. Fairbanks's acting. There is no question that he is the principal passenger there, and that the vehicles are out for the special object of driving him to his appointed destination. But what is his destination? In "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" one was almost persuaded to think that the fairyland of Oriental romance and the fancy of bedizened buccaneering were the objects of Mr. Fairbanks's histrionic efforts. With all his heroics he seemed to belong to the backgrounds and the worlds of these two pictures. He was plausible. He was human.

In "The Gaucho" Mr. Fairbanks and the background in which he moves are two different entities. The background tells the story in the conventional but straightforward way made familiar in most American pictures. But now Mr. Fairbanks comes on the scene indulging in various acrobatic stunts, and one is immediately struck by a peculiarity which did not seem to be so conspicuous in Mr. Fairbanks's earlier pictures. Each time Mr. Fairbanks performs he strikes an attitude (with the movement of his hand and the completely self-satisfied grin) which suggests not so much a dashing cavalier of a bandit as a clever acrobat waiting for an applause or a curtain call after performing an act on a vaudeville stage.

No censure is implied in this description. Mr. Fairbanks is essentially a vaudeville actor of the acrobatic type. He has earned success on the screen by a frank exploitation of his personality. On occasions he tried, and not without a measure of success, to adapt his manner of acting to the character of his background. In "The Gaucho" he made no such attempt, and the result is that the picture is disrupted in action and painfully discordant in style. And yet this result was not inevitable. Even granting Mr. Fairbanks's disposition for the effects of vaudeville acting, the direction of the picture could have been pulled round to satisfy this condition. In other words, the vaudeville style of acting should have extended from Mr. Fairbanks to the rest of the picture. And let it be clearly understood: vaudeville does not mean either a grotesque or a caricature. All it means is a frank display of the actor's skill direct to the audience. Mr. Fairbanks chooses to give his own acting a certain musical-comedy touch which somewhat cheapens its effect. This, of course, could be easily avoided while still keeping within the artificial convention decided upon. But if the musical comedy style for Mr. Fairbanks himself is deemed indispensable, then musical comedy let it be—from the beginning to the end of the picture.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

"Marco Millions"

THERE is perhaps no better measure of an author's imagination than his treatment of a traditional theme. Ideas, considered simply as such, are the common property of all the various classes of those who work with their minds; but the most distinguishing characteristic of the artistic imagination is its power, not necessarily to conceive ideas, but to body them forth in a form whose beauty makes them freshly persuasive. And if we wish to bring to this test the imagination of Eugene O'Neill there is no other of his works to which it may so readily be applied or from which the richness of his imaginative faculty may be more thoroughly demonstrated than "Marco Millions," to which the Theater Guild has just given a beautiful production at its own theater. Its theme—the soul-destroying force of that characteristic Western extraversion which reaches its ultimate development in the apotheosis of the commercial spirit—is one which a whole school of contemporary satirists has made traditional; the hero, Marco Polo, is, if you like, conceived of as a Babbitt; and yet such is the richness of Mr. O'Neill's imagination that he has created a play beside which other treatments of this traditional theme seem raucous and dull.

Junior member of the firm of Polo Brothers and Son, Marco makes his way to the court of the great Khan and there, under the amused eye of the philosophic emperor, undertakes with complacent good humor to confer upon the latter's subjects the benefits of Western civilization, reaching the climax of his efforts when, as a parting service, he explains to them how gunpowder—hitherto wasted in fireworks—may be used for the more worthy object of blowing people to bits in the interests of universal peace. Innocent of reflection, impervious to irony, he moves through life with the terrible directness of a shrewd child, and he makes it simple by leaving out whatever is really important. "On the last day one of your seed will interrupt Gabriel to sell him another trumpet," says the Pope in dismissing him for his journey, and the remark is significant of more than Marco's naive avarice, for it implies as well that he is incapable of perceiving either comedy or tragedy.

Such in outline is the satiric content of the play, but the poetic quality of Mr. O'Neill's mind makes it impossible for him to rest content with mere satire; satire, indeed, first mingles with fantasy and then rises to tragedy. The crass materialism of Marco is set forth both against the calm, schooled philosophy of the Eastern Emperor and against the exalted romanticism of the latter's daughter as well. Stricken with love for Marco, she can hope neither for any response from his prosaic soul nor for any real comfort in the tolerant but disillusioned wisdom of her people, and in the end each of the three chief characters must meet the fate reserved for his particular nature, the Princess dying for love, the Khan struggling to accept the wisdom of the philosophers, and Marco returning in triumph to Venice in an appropriate and sublime incomprehension of his failure to know even what the others were about.

Since the text of this play is already well known through previous publication, it is perhaps unnecessary to speak further of it except in order to add that though it is not the most powerful of its author's plays it has a purety of outline and a delicacy of execution equaled by none of the others; but something must be said of the beauty of the production which the Guild has given it. Here is a play which is conceived not only with complete disregard for the conventions of the usual technique of stage presentation but in a manner which might permit of the most diverse treatments upon the part of the producer. It constitutes a challenge to director, scenic designer, and actor alike; and all of these challenges have been

triumphantly met. Alfred Lunt has never, I think, given so finely shaded a performance as this in which he manages somehow to suggest both the gradual aging of Marco and the all but hidden wistfulness which the blindness of his soul, dimly aware of things which it has never seen, generates in him. Many of the other performances are also fine. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole is the setting provided for the many scenes by Lee Simonson. He has solved the apparently unsolvable problem of suggesting the magnificent exoticism of the Orient by designing stage pictures of surpassing beauty which depend for their effect, not upon an effort to reproduce the scenes naturalistically, but upon their success in utilizing the artistic conventions of the various countries. Thus, that which represents the throne-room of the emperor and which is perhaps the best, presents us with a huge frame of filigreed jade behind which lies a back drop upon which are sketched in Chinese fashion the peaks of a mountain range. No naturalistically constructed scene could achieve the desired effect; here we are led immediately into the proper imaginative atmosphere by the suggestion, not of the real China of which we know nothing, but of that Chinese art through which we inevitably see all things Chinese. Mr. Simonson's subtlety is typical of the subtlety which marks the entire production and which makes it, indeed, one of the most notable things the Guild has done.

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International Relations Section

Boycott in India

By V. R. RANGANATHAN

Madras, December 20

India was appealed to during the Great War to fight it on the cry of self-determination. This was declared by Mr. Lloyd George to be applicable to tropical countries.

A million Indians died outside India in defense of this principle, trusting in the word of Britain pledged by her Prime Minister.

Now that Britain is safe for the time from aggression, she breaks her pledged faith with India and demands that India shall confide her immediate destiny into the hands of a parliamentary commission which wounds her self-respect.

India will refuse to do this. We reject the commission. We will have nothing to do with it now or hereafter. As Parliament boycotts us we boycott the Parliamentary Commission.

THIS is the manifesto issued by a meeting of all parties of the Province held in Madras last month and signed by persons of note among whom are Mrs. Besant, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, president of the Indian National Congress, Mr. S. Venkatachellam Chetty, leader of the Opposition in the Council, and Mr. K. Srinivasan, editor of the *Hindu*, the leading daily in south India. Manifestos of this kind will be issued soon by all-party meetings in the other provinces.

It was in August, 1917, when everything was not going well with the Allies in the Great War that the late Edwin Samuel Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, declared that the aim of British rule in India was self-government. When the war was over the Reforms Act of 1919 was passed introducing the system of dyarchy in the provinces. By this system certain subjects, called "transferred subjects," are to be administered by Indian ministers who are responsible to the legislature and can be removed by a no-confidence motion in the House; while the "reserved subjects," as distinguished from the "transferred," are under executive councilors appointed by the Governor and responsible to the British Parliament.

Much was said in the meetings of the Joint Parliamentary Committee in England against this dual system of government before the bill became law. There is not likely to be unanimity in a Cabinet consisting of ministers and executive councilors, working more or less in opposition. But arguments against it were of no avail and dyarchy became the system of the provincial governments.

After eight years of experiment it cannot be said that dyarchy has worked successfully. In Bengal it has been a complete failure. The ministers themselves have admitted the difficulties of this cumbrous system. It is usual for persons in favor of dyarchy to point to Madras and say that there it has worked smoothly. But the Justice Party, in power for the last six years, has passed a resolution in a convention held at Coimbatore condemning dyarchy and refusing to accept office until full provincial autonomy is granted.

The announcement of the new Parliamentary Commission to consider the grant of further reforms and its personnel was to have been made over three months ago. The comment of the London *Times* that the commission must be all British and "impartial" was rightly feared to be based on knowledge and Indian leaders were discussing the question of boycotting it if there were no Indians in it, with the result that the announcement was postponed. Early in November, however, the Viceroy conferred with leaders of all parties and tried in vain to persuade them to accept a purely British commission. The announcement was made simultaneously both in India and England on November 9, with an apology by the Viceroy asking Indians to make the best of a bad job and "differ as friends, not as enemies."

The members of the commission are Sir John Simon, president; Lord Strathcome, Viscount Burnham, Stephen W. Walsh, M.P., Major E. Cadagon, M.P., Colonel G. R. Lane Fox, M.P., and Major C. R. Atlee, M.P., all non-entities except the president. But they have all one qualification: ignorance of India. Mr. Baldwin stated that the non-inclusion of Indians was a broad question of principle, the sole desire of his government being "to give the real and instructed opinion among Indians the best chance of taking an effective and constructive part in devising solution." This exclusion is quite against the spirit of the Reform Act of 1919 which stated in the preamble to the act that the object of Parliament in passing it was "to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration."

The president of the Indian National Congress in a statement issued to the Associated Press calling upon all Indians to make an effective boycott says:

> The reasons for the boycott are of the most cogent description. Indian people as the Congress has rightly claimed are entitled to determine their own constitution either by a round-table conference or by a convention parliament. That claim has been definitely negatived by the appointment of the commission. . . . That, of course, is the fundamental objection. The second reason is that we cannot be parties to an inquiry into our fitness for Swaraj or for any measure of responsible government. Our claim for Swaraj is there and it is only a question of negotiation and settlement between the British Government and the Indian people. The third reason is undoubtedly the affront to Indian self-respect involved in the deliberate exclusion of Indians from the commission. . . . The last reason for the boycott is the spirit which lies behind these proposals. There is no change of heart except in the direction of greater hardening. I say it with all respect to the British people and with perfect good-will, Do you mean business? Do you want a frank settlement or do you proceed by dilatory methods or by uncompromising opposition to Indian aspirations?

There is universal dissatisfaction with the commission. One has only to consider the opinions of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Sir P. S. Sivasami Iyer, the most liberal of the Liberal Party, which supported the government when the non-cooperation movement was at its height. Says Sir Sapru:

> The exclusion of Indians from the personnel of the commission can only be described as arbitrary, unjust, and unfair to India. It almost seems as if Lord Birkenhead has taken a leaf out of the book of non-cooperation, and yet he and his government in England will be very ready to accuse us of non-cooperation if we return their want of confidence by a similar want of confidence in them. . . . The

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Tuesday—Jan 31—E. Boyd Barrett—"The Sub-Conscious as Source of Inspiration."

AT MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
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Monday—Jan. 30—Helen D. Lockwood—"The New Proclamation of Emancipation: Upstream. A Story Teller's Story."

Wednesday—Feb. 1—Scott Buchanan—"Calculus; From Relations to Functions."

Thursday—Feb. 2—E. G. Spaulding—"Are there different ways of Knowing. With reference to William P. Montague."

Saturday—Feb. 4—Richard P. McKeon—The Cream of the Jest: Philosophy the Handmaiden of Science."

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from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

A colossal map of the world, in four colors—we call it colossal because we had so much fun devising it, and because it costs 14 cents to mail—will be sent to the first fifty readers, if any, of this column who send their request to MAP DEPARTMENT, care of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 37 West 57 Street, New York.

Friday is SIMON AND SCHUSTER'S regular publication day, and even when it falls on the thirteenth, the schedule is maintained, with the result that HALDANE MACFALL'S biography, *Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Pierrot, The Harlequin of His Age*, is released on what, according to the American credo, is an unlucky day.

The Inner Sanctum believes that a distinguished and adult book about one of the most exciting figures of the Naughty Nineties would not appeal to cringing and superstitious folk, anyway.

In the *Sanctum's* subterranean vault for Priceless Letters and Rare Memorabilia goes this communication just received from EDWIN W. ATWOOD, of 721 Grand Traverse Street, Flint, Michigan:

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
New York
Gentlemen:
From time to time as they have been published, I have purchased a copy each of your *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, eight in all.
What would it cost me to buy from you one each of these eight books, as I might like to fill 'em up again?

Series Nine of *The Cross Word Puzzle Book* will be published next Friday, January 20th. Booksellers are booking advanced orders. (advt.)

Our next staff orgy will be in the form of a beefsteak dinner, for we have just received from ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN of Johannesburg, Transvaal, a hand-wrought gridiron—an exact replica of the gridiron which he sold to MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS. The old man spent three days making it for *The Inner Sanctum*.

We were wondering what a city like Detroit does when most of its Big Men leave home for the Automobile Show in New York. The answer came in this clipping from yesterday's *Detroit News*:

Best sellers in Detroit for the week:
General Literature
1. *Trader Horn*
2. *The Royal Road to Romance*
3. *Mother India*
4. *The Glorious Adventure*
5. *America*
6. *Bismarck*

Books most in demand at the Detroit Public Library for the week:
General Literature
1. *The Story of Philosophy*
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3. *That Man Heine*
4. *"We"*
5. *Trader Horn*
6. *Count Luckner*

—ESSANDESS

utmost that can be said in favor of this scheme is that they want to associate us with them at some stages only to the extent of representing our views, but they deny to us the right of participation in the responsibility of framing our own constitution. I have no doubt that this commission, even though presided over by Sir John Simon, will inspire no confidence and will command no public support.

Sir Sivasami Iyer says:

> The exclusion of Indians from the commission is a studied insult to the Indian public and a very ill-advised step from the point of view even of the Tory Government. They could have appointed a mixed commission and still secured the desired majority of opinion without this affront to India. The only reason that I can imagine for this procedure is that they wish to emphasize as a matter of principle, lest Indians should forget it for a moment, that India has no right to a share in the determination of her own destiny and to impress upon the Indian public that, notwithstanding the camouflage of her admission to the League of Nations and the Imperial Conference, she must not delude herself into the belief that she is anything but a suppliant at the door of Britain.

The Government is pursuing its usual policy of "Divide et impera" and taking advantage of the disunion of parties. Even the time of the appointment of the commission is inopportune. Indians wanted a commission five years ago, but this was not granted on the ground that the Reform Act did not permit such appointment before the expiration of ten years. Though now only eight years have passed, a bill is being hurried through Parliament for amending the section of the act dealing with the ten years' duration. The obvious reasons for it are twofold. The Conservative Party is not likely to be returned with a majority in the general elections which will be held in England next year and if Labor comes to power India might be given more reforms, perhaps self-government. To appoint the commission now is one way of getting the votes of great trading concerns in Britain who do not find it to their interests that India should advance. Another reason is that in the present state of ill-feeling between the two great communities in India, the Hindus and Mohammedans, the latter can be placated into accepting the commission.

The causes for the Hindu-Moslem tension are various. The Moslems object to the Hindu social and religious processions with music before their mosques, as disturbing to their prayer. The Hindus, on the other hand, do not approve of the slaughter of cows, an animal held sacred by them, especially their being taken in procession to the slaughter-house. The Moslems have been converting Hindus to their faith. But prompt Hindu propaganda has not only dissuaded Hindus from becoming converts, but also reconverted those who had already embraced Mohammedanism. This the Moslems resent and the result has been a series of riots, assaults, and murders.

If the British Government relies upon this state of tension, it will very soon be deceived. The differences were patched up by a unity conference held in Calcutta in which the right of both communities to conversions and processions was recognized. One good result of the announcement of the commission is that parties of all shades of opinion have joined hands and even Moslem leaders like Sir Abdur Rahim, Sir Ali Imam, and Dr. Ansari, president-elect of the next Congress, have declared in favor of a general boycott

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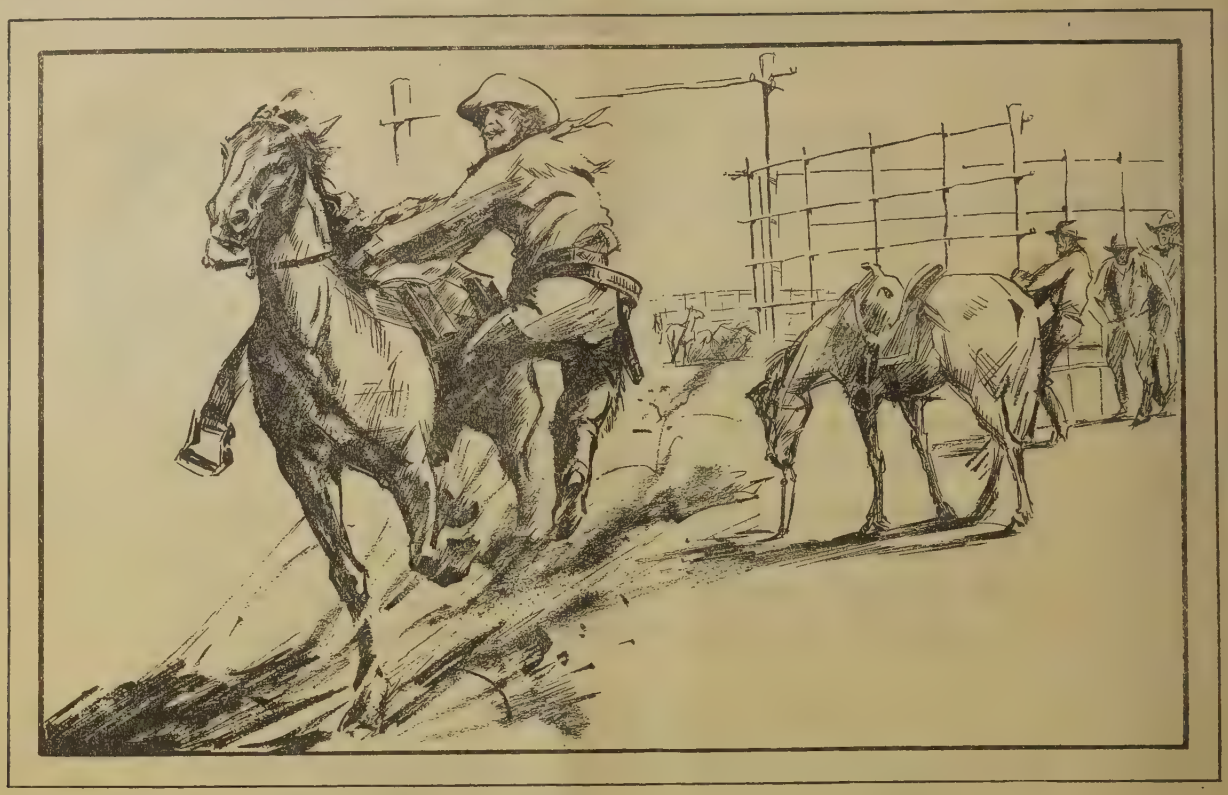

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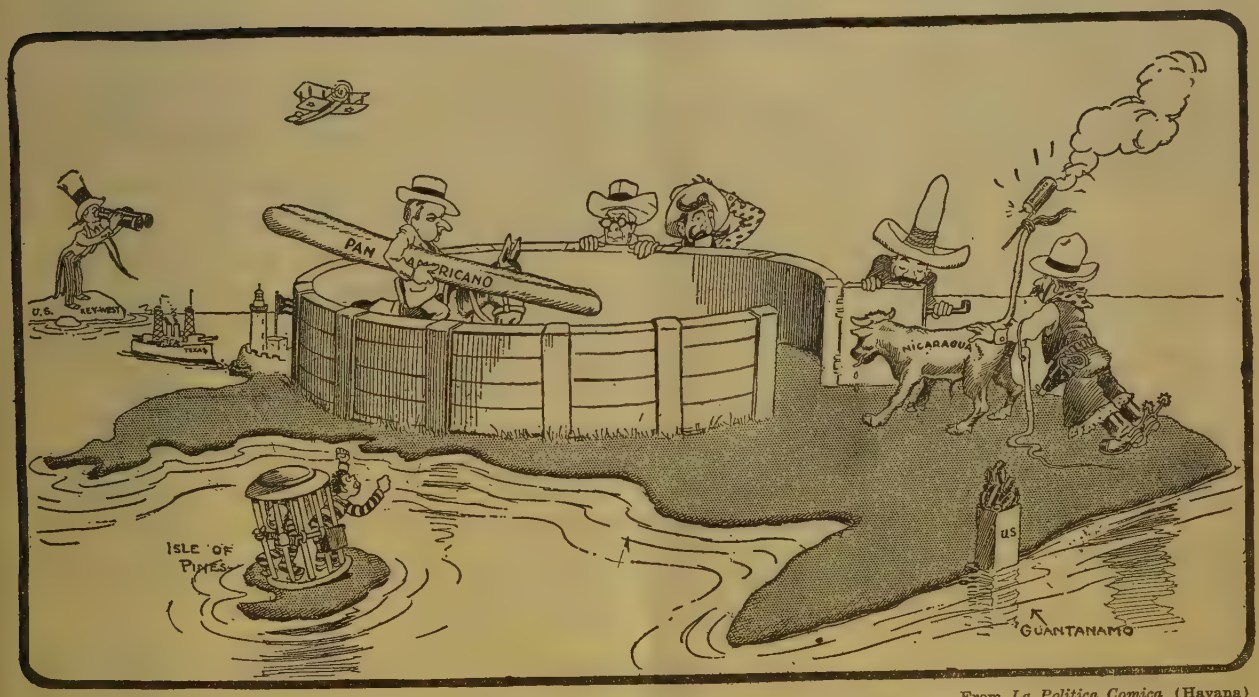
The Nation

Vol. CXXVI, No. 3265 FOUNDED 1865 Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1928

The Love Feast at Havana

by Lewis S. Gannett



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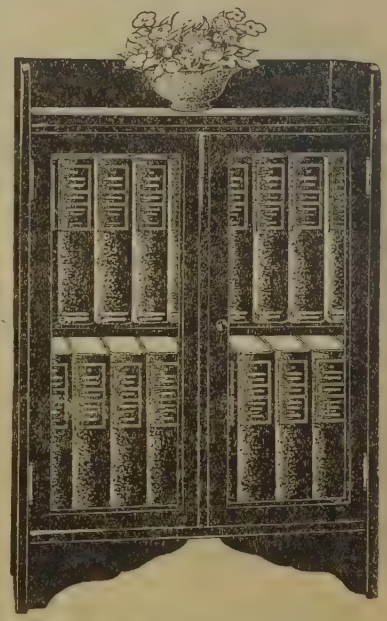

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IN SPITE OF OUR impressive delegation to the Pan-American Conference, and President Machado at hand to say "Me too," the intended love feast at Havana was interrupted early in its sessions by the rude manners of several delegates in kicking Uncle Sam's legs while stretched out under the table. Dr. Guerrero, Salvador's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was elected as chairman of the important committee on the codification of international law, began his work by telling the newspaper correspondents that he thought disputes between American nations should be decided by compulsory arbitration and that internal difficulties should be settled by every country for itself. Honorio Pueyrredon, Argentine Ambassador in Washington, followed by giving notice of his intention to move for amendments to the constitution of the Pan-American Union. Mexico demanded a change of officership in that body, and Peru's delegation also joined the camp of the malcontents. An air of unrest among other delegations suggested that they might be heard from as the conference progressed. Even love feasts are sometimes indigestible.

NOT ONE WOMAN sits as a delegate in the sessions of the Pan-American Conference at Havana. Even as stenographers they hold an inferior rank. In the official list of the delegations male stenographers appear as "secretarios"; the one woman listed otherwise than as a marital appendage to her husband appears as a "mecanografa"—although she does the same work as a "secretario." The resolution of a previous conference, patting the ladies on the back and recommending that one or two be permitted to sit as delegates in future, was completely forgotten until the resolute battalions of the Woman's Party, led by Doris Stevens, appeared in Havana. These women began with a mass meeting, largely attended; they stirred up the Cuban women and gave interviews galore to the abundant newspapers of Havana; they had a talk with Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante, president of the conference. They demanded that in the new code of international law a provision be included guaranteeing throughout this hemisphere equal rights for men and women. It sounds sweeping; but if the nations can draw up treaties for eight-hour working-days and prohibit certain types of phosphorus matches, equal sex rights too may be a fit subject for international action. And if they do not win their treaty—and they will not—at least these women will have advertised the anachronism of the old codes and have given a healthy jolt to the mechanized course of the conference.

FROM A RELIABLE SOURCE in Nicaragua we have received the following cablegram, urging immediate assistance to native sufferers from our latest attempt at "peaceful penetration." Although President Coolidge and Mr. Hughes have, according to their own words, only the tenderest and most friendly feelings for the Latin-American countries, including Nicaragua, to us this sounds more than ever like a war:

> Advise collection all available funds to buy quinine, bandages, and medicine for sick soldiers and civilians, also those wounded by aeroplane and land attacks, and to aid those now homeless as a result of bombing of defenseless towns. [Funds] should be sent to Red Cross Section, Autonomist Association of Nicaragua, President Jose de Jesus Zamora, 11 Avenida Sur, No. 22, San Salvador.

WHO IS MONCADA? Every time that the situation in Nicaragua becomes tense the State Department publicity staff produces a statement from Jose Maria Moncada, "leader of the Liberal Party," heartily indorsing American intervention, and asserts that it proves that both parties in Nicaragua love the Marine Corps. Who is Moncada? Well, this is his record:

1888-1892—Writer on the staff of a Conservative Party newspaper in Managua.

1893—Participated in a Conservative revolution.

1894—Asked President Zelaya (Liberal) to appoint him member of Congress. (Zelaya refused, and Moncada went to Costa Rica.)

1897—Returned, and published pamphlet at Liberal government printing plant. Then reemigrated.

1906—Took office as Assistant Secretary of State in a Conservative Government in Honduras, and supported Honduras in her war against Nicaragua.
1909—Returning to Nicaragua, participated in Conservative revolution against Zelaya.
1910—Assistant Secretary of War in Estrada Conservative Government.
1911—Secretary of State in same Cabinet with Adolfo Diaz, the Marine Corps' present President of Nicaragua.
1912—In New York on salary from Diaz.
1920—Deserted Conservative Party and rejoined Liberals.
1927—General in the Liberal Army.
1927 (April)—Sold out to Henry Stimson, President Coolidge's commissioner, at $10 per gun.

Who is Moncada? He is one of the most shameless and persistent turncoats in Latin-American history, a disgrace to any cause he supports. His hurrahs for the Marine Corps will not help the United States in Nicaragua.

SENATOR DILL of Washington had much the best of Senator Bruce of Maryland in their tilt in Congress the other day over Nicaragua. Reading from *The Nation* [What They Die For, January 25], Senator Dill said that the State Department had virtually compelled the Diaz Government to borrow $1,000,000 from New York bankers, part of which was used to bribe the leaders of the Liberal army to lay down their arms. Then followed this dialogue:

SENATOR BRUCE. I thank God they were sent. With or without quarter the marines never surrender.

SENATOR DILL. The Senator from Maryland cannot dodge this issue by glorifying the marines. The question here is whether we shall maintain troops in a foreign country in order that a few Americans shall make enormous profits out of their investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. I deny that our President and our Secretary of State had any such motive.

SENATOR DILL. Let's not argue about motive; the fact is we went in on the pretense of protecting American lives, and we have stayed in to protect investments already made and to enable American bankers to make still greater investments.

SENATOR BRUCE. Every time we have gone into a Central American country we have carried a blessing.

SENATOR DILL. The blessing of bullets.

SENATOR BRUCE. Sometimes a bullet in the bosom of a bandit is a blessing to everybody else.

SENATOR DILL. Yes, that was what some people in Great Britain said about George Washington one time.

A TARIFF REVOLT in sight at last? It seems too good to be true, but there the figures are. By a vote of 54 to 34 the Senate has demanded an immediate revision of the present tariff law though the bill was lost in the House of Representatives by a vote of 183 to 164. A change of ten votes would have carried it, and this in the face of the President's and Mr. Mellon's ultimatum that there should be no tariff revision now. It is even said in Washington that if the Democrats had been clever enough to add to the title a phrase suggested by Representative Hull to the effect that it was to be "a revision for the particular purpose of aiding agriculture" it would have passed triumphantly. Indeed, jealousy in the House at the Senate's originating a tariff move and thus encroaching in slight manner upon the sacred prerogative of the House may have been responsible for the defeat. More than that, the Senate malcontents are now reported to be planning a series of tariff amendments to be attached as riders to the coming tax-reduction bill. All of this shows the handwriting the wall, and even the most hide-bound protectionists Washington now admit that tariff revision is inevitable 1930.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Sovi Government of Russia, an advertisement of Russi bonds has appeared in the financial columns of Americ newspapers. This advertisement announces that the Sta Bank of the USSR in Moscow "guarantees payment principal and interest *in dollars*" of bonds issued by t Russian Government, provided such bonds bear a speci certificate to that effect. This arrangement applies to t recently issued 9 per cent Soviet Railway Loan. All bon must at present be bought through the foreign departme of the State Bank of Moscow; but the interest and princip will be paid through correspondent banks in this country the Chase National Bank in New York, the Amalgamat Bank of Chicago, the Bank of Italy in San Francisco. Thu without benefit of State Department or diplomats, Russ modestly takes its place in the financial comity of nation When a government can successfully float its bonds abroa its need of the blessing of foreign offices becomes less acut The relationship will not be complete and intimate un bonds themselves, bearing reasonable interest, can be boug through American banks; but this first step is an importa one—more important, we suspect, than it looks on t surface.

IT IS NOW ADMITTED that negotiations between M Kellogg and M. Briand for a treaty between the tw countries outlawing war have entirely broken down and th Coolidge Administration has thus scored another one of i disastrous failures in diplomacy. In large measure this due to Mr. Kellogg's attempting to widen the original Brian proposal for a permanent treaty to outlaw war between th two countries into a multi-national treaty bringing in number of other nations. The final French reply delivere at the State Department on January 21, although cordi and friendly in tone, is reported by the press to be "vague indicative of no progress whatever. Our Government, is reported, will therefore fall back upon the immediate dut of renewing the Root arbitration treaty with France, whic expires by limitation on February 27. The original plan a compact making forever impossible any war between th United States and France would have been a great advanc in international relations and could have been copied in ou dealings with other countries. We do not see why the prin ciple should not now be applied individually to other nation such as Great Britain and Germany, and we trust that th State Department will proceed along that line, if it can pu itself together after this fresh debacle.

BY A VOTE OF 61 TO 23 the United States Senate ha barred Frank L. Smith, Senator-elect from Illinoi from taking his seat, and all of the politicians in Illinoi tainted and untainted, are holding up their hands in ho horror at this precedent-creating action. Governor Sma declares that he will not recognize the action of the Sena and that Mr. Smith will have his support in every effort h makes to enforce his right to his seat. The denial of th Senator's place he calls an "affront to Illinois" and an "a without legal sanction." In the Senate Mr. Borah final swung to exclusion although he has felt it unwise from

strictly legal point of view. Senator Norris declared that "it is not the State of Illinois knocking at the doors; it is Mr. Insull demanding the admission of Colonel Smith." Senator Reed of Missouri was again most usefully truth-telling. He said that no one denied that Mr. Smith came to the Senate "with unclean hands on a crooked path." Replying to the argument that Illinois voters had elected Mr. Smith knowing all the facts, Senator Reed admirably exclaimed: "The cloak of a majority vote no more purges vilainy of its iniquity than a coat of whitewash can transmute a sepulchre filled with the bones of dead men into a place of pleasure." The Senate may, indeed, have established a dangerous precedent, but how grateful such an outburst of righteous indignation is in the fetid atmosphere of the political corruption of today! The Senate has honored itself and it will be applauded by the country.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS of soda lime in the torpedo room of the submarine S-4 would have kept the six men entombed there alive for approximately thirty-three hours longer than they lived, according to testimony by Lieutenant Commander G. H. Mankin, a naval doctor, before the court of inquiry investigating the disaster. Oxygen without soda lime was useless, according to the doctor, since it would have increased the air pressure without purifying the air. Air was finally introduced into the torpedo compartment on the night of December 21, about 100 hours after the submarine was hit and within the estimated thirty-three-hour margin of safety. And when Lieutenant Commander Roy K. Jones, in command of the S-4, now deceased with his crew, put in an order last year for soda lime he was informed that it might be supplied him "in the fiscal year 1929." What a wicked sacrifice of human life! What a navy!

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE of the editors of the twenty-six Scripps-Howard daily newspapers and the general managers of the entire group, after a two-days' session, the support of these dailies has been given to Herbert Hoover. This is the most powerful accession to his strength which Mr. Hoover has yet received, so far as the daily press is concerned. For the Scripps-Howard papers are as a whole the most liberal group which we have, and their decision is the more remarkable because the most ardent press supporters of Mr. Hoover to date have been the most reactionary organs of opinion such as the Curtis papers, the Chicago *Tribune*, and others, owned by extremely rich men who are entirely hostile to the progressivism of 1912 and 1924. The value of this Hoover support is apparent when one remembers that the Scripps-Howard paper in Cleveland was largely responsible for the carrying of that city by La Follette. At the same time, while all the outward omens are favorable, Mr. Hoover's victory in the convention is not yet assured. Mr. Mellon and Calvin Coolidge will decide the nomination unless an unexpected bolt within the party takes the decision away from them. Obviously the time is now approaching when Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge will have to take a position in regard to the former's continuance in the Cabinet—Mr. Hoover is running in the New Hampshire primary which is to be held on February 24. The political gossip is that if Mr. Hoover is to be given the Presidential blessing he will stay in the Cabinet; if not he will make his fight on the outside. Finally, the Scripps-Howard editors paid a warm tribute to Governor Smith for his record of achievement and promised to support him if the Republicans should nominate Dawes or Lowden, or some other man equally objectionable to the group.

George W. Goethals

A TRULY great and rarely modest American was General George W. Goethals, to whom, with General William C. Gorgas, must always belong the fame of having built the Panama Canal. Their distinguished assistants were almost as numerous as a battalion, and to some among them belongs the credit for having worked out certain of the technical difficulties which at first seemed unconquerable—it was Colonel David DuBois Gaillard who mastered the Culebra Cut. None the less, the leader was General Goethals; in his hands lay the responsibility for this greatest of all engineering feats. It was he who had to recruit and to inspire his huge army, to lay out for it its several tasks, to organize, to plan, to conceive, to carry through against all odds. He had at the outset to fight for his belief that it should be a lock canal and not a sea-level one, and he carried through his project after a special commission had inquired into the matter and upheld his policy. Modern sanitation, under the direction of General Gorgas, ended the terrible scourges which, during the De Lesseps regime, had made of the canal one vast graveyard. Together Goethals and Gorgas reduced the loss of life to limits which no one theretofore had deemed possible. But at the head was always General Goethals, giving to the outer world throughout those long years the impression of complete efficiency, serenity, and calm confidence in the success of the undertaking.

He was thus both a great organizer and a great engineer. Mountains came down before the machinery of his men; millions of tons of earth and rock were blasted and dug from their base; muck moved like Birnam Wood. Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the sea level and 150 square miles in extent, came into being. Besides Gorgas, Gaillard, Hodges, and Sibert were his leading corps commanders, seconding his every move and aiding him in the coordination of his forces into what will always remain a model of harmonious cooperation in a gigantic task. Foreign observers looked on, declared that the undertaking was impossible, remained to wonder, and ended by expressing their astonished admiration.

Looking back it seems incredible that the army of Goethals marched on to success within the short space of seven years—De Lesseps took nine years for his partial achievement and dragged on his futile work for some years thereafter. Rightly Congress voted its thanks to General Goethals, an army man, for one of the greatest of civilian undertakings. The World War brought him no greater opportunity and no greater renown. But as a citizen he shone. His job finished, he left politics to the politicians and never assumed because he was a great engineer that he was thereby entitled to advise the country as to its policies and destiny. He sought no publicity, he never boosted himself. It is he who merits the greatest monument at Panama, and not Theodore Roosevelt. The latter "stole," as he said, the Canal Zone; the former honored his country by doing the task he was called upon to achieve with a maximum of efficiency and honesty and a maximum of honor to his reputation.

Our Mad Dogs of War

THE mad dogs of American life, endangering not only the peace of this country, but Anglo-Saxon friendship and cooperation—yes, the peace of the world—this is what our raving admirals are becoming. We refer especially to Rear Admirals Hughes and Plunkett—the latter plainly aspires to be the von Tirpitz of the American navy. Speaking before the House Naval Affairs Committee, Admiral Hughes, who is admittedly the author of the three-billion dollar navy-increase program, for which Secretary Wilbur is the window-dresser and the stuffed front, declared that the building program was aimed at the English navy. Addressing the Republican Club in New York on January 21, Rear Admiral Plunkett called for an unsurpassed fleet, advancing every one of the hoary old arguments about preparedness which the war so utterly discredited and Calvin Coolidge himself says are untrue, and in answer to a question of a reporter of the *Herald Tribune* stated that his prediction of an early war related to Great Britain. This the Admiral subsequently denied, saying that he had meant only to predict war with "our trade rivals" and that he hoped that we could avoid that if we were fully prepared. What a spectacle! What an outrage against decency! What a deliberate effort to embroil two countries which but a few years ago pledged eternal amity and good-will!

Of course Admiral Plunkett meant England. There is no other fleet against which we could possibly be arming, for the preparedness which he advocates bids fair to give us an armada bigger than those of Italy, France, and Japan combined. If these men have their way we shall be in for a full-fledged race of armaments with Great Britain to which there can be only one outcome. It is the most menacing situation which we have yet confronted in Anglo-American relations. England has not done one thing since our men were dying together on the battlefields of France to merit any such acts of baseness as this deliberate invoking of hostilities with the original mother-country.

That Calvin Coolidge permits this thing to go on without rebuke is utterly disheartening. It is fresh proof of what we have repeatedly pointed out, that he is a President who does not govern in the sense of controlling his subordinates. It is known that the navy has been disloyal to him as it was to Harding so far as the Washington Disarmament Conference is concerned. He himself has expressly said that preparedness never protected any nation from war nor guaranteed success in any war. Again and again he has stated, notably in his last annual message, that he is determined that the United States shall not engage in any naval-armament rivalry. Yet he allows his admirals and Secretary Wilbur to make absolutely hypocritical these assertions of his that we are not going to pour out our wealth for battleships and cruisers to vie with England and Japan. In the face of such statements as those of Hughes and Plunkett and recent ones of Secretary Wilbur silence on the part of the Chief Executive is cowardly. More than that, it will be taken abroad to mean that he connives with these admirals. It will reinforce the charges, now current against us all over the world, that our acts and our words are wholly antagonistic to one another. It is his duty to speak out ringingly and emphatically, instead o which he leaves the task to Senator Borah.

Mr. Borah, we are sure, has rendered no better serv ice than by his clear-cut denunciation of both those ad mirals. "I regard," he said, "such declarations as mischiev ous to a degree." "Sheer madness," he correctly calls thei propaganda, and he continues:

> A few days ago an admiral in the English navy put out a similar statement. If anything could possibly bring on war between two great nations it is these enlarged naval programs in connection with declarations from the navies of the respective countries that war is inevitable. This was the insane policy which obtained between Germany and Great Britain from 1900 to 1914 and was one of the great contributing causes to the World War.

Even if they believe this sort of stuff, Senator Boral says they ought not to be allowed to talk it, and we thinl that he is right. The position of the naval and army office is different from that of other citizens in the matter of fre speech. He gives his opinions into the keeping of his com manding officer when he puts on the uniform. The pres listens to him because he is a general or an admiral, an when he speaks people suppose that he represents the opin ion of his superiors. The President of the United State has the right to demand of army and navy officers that o these matters of international affairs they should be silent if only because they cannot be non-partisan. Admiral H. P Jones was reported by the press as rejoicing that the Dis armament Conference, to which he was a delegate for th purpose of having it succeed, was a failure—a case of mos complete disloyalty to his Commander-in-Chief. Such a he cannot be unbiased, because their profession is at stake if disarmament succeeds they and their ilk will disappear or be on the retired list as relics of a butcher's trade hap pily done away with by the advance of civilization.

We repeat, these are the mad dogs of American life and as long as they are afflicted with this form of rabie they should at the very least be adequately rebuked by thei government, that the whole world may know they do no speak for it. We send men to prison every day for stealing from three dollars up. How small is the injury such men d to society compared to the potentialities of evil which ma come out of the words of a Plunkett or a Hughes—whic evil inevitably will come if they are allowed to go on talk ing. Senator Borah is right; we are getting into the sam position to England as was Germany in relation to Grea Britain, and the result will be the same. There are a larg number of societies and organizations in this country, lik the English-Speaking Union, founded to preserve the peac and advance the friendship of the two Anglo-Saxon coun tries. If they do not exert themselves now they ought to g out of business, for we are heading straight into war wit England—a foreign correspondent recently absent fro Washington for six months informed us a month ago tha he was appalled on his return at the talk of war with Eng land which filled Washington. Mr. Coolidge is incredibl ignorant if he is not aware of this, or of what it will lea to if it is not stopped. If he does not speak out now he i betraying his country and degrading himself.

Russia's Thermidor?

LEON TROTZKY and thirty other Communists, who have persisted in criticizing the Stalin regime, have been exiled to Siberia and other remote points by "administrative order," without trial and under police surveillance, exactly as happened in the days of the Czar. This ends for the present all opposition to Stalin and his associates. Criticism in public of the present tendencies of those in control of the Soviet is now completely ended, all in the name of "Leninism," although many of those exiled were most closely associated with Lenin in his lifetime. This action brings to the front the question: Who represents the continuation of the Bolshevik program in Russia and who the inevitable reaction from it?

To the American reader it has seemed as if Lenin and Trotzky represented the same thing and the conservative press and statesmen have arrived at the same conclusion. Thus, the New York *Times* found a chief cause for rejoicing on New Year's Day in the successful elimination of Trotzky from the Communist Party, declaring flatly that "the ousted Opposition stood for the perpetuation of the ideas and conditions that have cut off Russia from Western civilization." Most of the great European newspapers wrote similarly. Sir Austen Chamberlain during the Geneva Conference was quoted as saying that England could not enter into conversations with Russia for the simple reason that "Trotzky had not yet been shot against a wall"—he must be pleased by Trotzky's banishment. Indeed, one wonders whether in the wilderness of Central Asia it will not be easy for Trotzky to "disappear," or be "shot while trying to escape," as has happened to the enemies of conservative regimes in other countries than Russia. At any rate, the mouthpieces of reaction in Europe are one in their conclusion that Trotzky, and not Stalin, is their chief Communist enemy.

The Communist press, on the other hand, continues to insist that Trotzky, who organized and led the insurrection of October, represents a "bourgeois deviation" and that Stalin, a newcomer so far as eminence or authority goes, represents the pure doctrines of Lenin and the triumphant march of the iron battalions of the proletariat. Who are correct, the Communists or the foreign capitalists? The letter of Adolph Joffé, which we publish in this issue, throws some light on the question. Presumably representing an immense body of opinion that must be silent, the dying Joffé's belief was that Stalin's triumph is the Thermidor of the Russian Revolution. To him it was the familiar case of a reactionary personal dictator obtaining power by calling himself a revolutionist and denouncing his opponents as enemies of the revolution. This is an extreme opinion, but it is difficult after reading his letter to doubt that in a sense Stalin does represent that conservative tendency ever to be associated with excessive personal power, and that Trotsky has defended the original principles and purposes of the Bolshevik Party. If this is the fact, it will not hinder Western Communists from supporting Stalin as they would have unanimously supported Trotzky had he won the power. The fact that they have systematically suppressed the theses and programs and manifestos of the opposition, publishing only the attacks upon them, is the plainest indication that the Communists in other countries are not willing to face the truth.

No doubt Stalin's tendency to depart from the rigorous Bolshevik program might be defended as a concession to the will of a majority of the people. Among others, Albert Rhys Williams, who is just back from Russia after five years of residence, chiefly in rural communities, reports that Moscow has created a machinery by which the wishes of the people in each village or town are quickly and accurately transmitted to the headquarters of the government. This, together with the remarkable economic development, is the most striking change of recent years. Again, he ascribes the change of administrative personnel observable in the remotest villages to a practical necessity. There is no longer a need for virile revolutionists, but a great one for those who can be teachers and persuaders, administrators and leaders of the peasants. The restoration of vodka and the abandonment of anti-religious propaganda are also, Mr. Williams thinks, not matters ordered from above, but a response to the demands of the peasants. Russian social and economic life is plainly reviving spontaneously, in forms of its own and with a good deal of nationalistic emotion, by which emotion Stalin is ready to profit. Stalin represents the compromising administrator to whom Trotzky, with his insuppressible revolutionary will and his brilliant arsenal of Marxian ideas, was a dangerous trouble-maker whom one must get rid of by calling him a counter-revolutionist and banishing him.

Who Makes Our Wars?

SENATOR BORAH having announced that the Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman, will ask the Senate to make an inquiry into our intervention in Nicaragua, there is hope that at last the Administration will be called to account for the private war which it is carrying on there without authority from Congress. The illegality of the situation, touched on briefly in our issue of January 18, was well brought out lately by Albert H. Putney, professor of constitutional law in the National University Law School. Writing in the *National University Law Review* for May, 1927, Professor Putney discusses the constitutional provision that "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war" in the light of decisions of the Supreme Court, quoting the words of that tribunal: "It may . . . be safely laid down that every contention by force between two nations, in external matters, under the authority of their respective governments, is not only war, but public war." In reviewing the practice of this country he says:

> From the first inauguration of President Washington down to the third year of the twentieth century the Congress of the United States maintained the exclusiveness of its right to declare war, or to authorize offensive warlike acts even though limited in their scope; and the validity of the claims of Congress was recognized by the acquiescence of the Executive Department and frequently by an express acknowledgment in some Presidential message.
>
> During the twentieth century, however, there has been a gradual increasing encroachment upon this power by the Executive Department, until today it, in effect, claims the right to make war, or—what under the Constitution amounts to the same thing—to authorize warlike acts abroad, without the consent of Congress to the extent to which such warfare can be carried on by the military forces under the command of the President.

Professor Putney reminds us that the transfer of the war-making power from the executive to the legislative branch of the government in the American Constitution was an innovation—and a deliberate one—in the statecraft of the day. And the new theory was vigorously respected by all our early Presidents. Jefferson made this comment:

> In the case of actual physical attacks upon American citizens or their property, or the immediate danger of such attacks, the forces of the United States may be used for strictly protective purposes without the consent of Congress, which it is manifestly impossible to obtain in such cases. When, however, any attempt is made to take over the control of territory, to use force for the collection of claims due to American citizens, to interfere with the military operation of foreign troops, or above all to interfere between two governments, each claiming to be the legal government of the country, war (perhaps only partial war, but still war) is waged, and this can only be constitutionally done under the authorization of Congress.

Obviously this exactly applies to the Nicaraguan situation of today.

Even the imperious Jackson, in his dealings in regard to Texas, was careful to refer certain points to Congress merely because they appeared to him as "probably leading to war." Cleveland's famous declaration in the Venezuela boundary case was made in the form of a communication to Congress. In the seizing of Panama, in 1903, says Professor Putney, Roosevelt first violated the constitutional provision in regard to making war, though two years later he came out strongly against the use of force for the recovery of contract claims against a foreign country. Taft overrode the Constitution again in first sending the marines into Nicaragua in 1912, as did Wilson in his occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. In regard to Mexico, however, Professor Putney reminds us that after the Tampico incident Wilson sent a special message to Congress, saying:

> I therefore come to ask your approval that I use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, and end the distressing conditions now unhappily obtaining in Mexico.

Coming to the Coolidge policy, Professor Putney thinks that our intervention in Nicaragua in behalf of President Diaz "clearly constitutes 'war' if we are to use the definition of that term contained in decisions of the United States Supreme Court and in the public utterances of a long line of Presidents and Secretaries of State." Of the Coolidge message of January 10, 1927, Professor Putney says:

> It is in effect here asserted that the President of the United States has the power to wage an offensive war, upon his own authority, against any country, and for any reason which in his opinion appears to affect "the lives, the property, and the interests of its citizens and of this Government itself." If this claim is correct it would only be necessary to appeal to Congress if an increase of the numbers of the land and naval forces were required.

It remains for us to see what response the present Congress may make to this remarkable usurpation of its constitutional powers. If Congress today had the independence and aggressiveness of the legislative bodies of some previous eras, it would call a halt on the illegal warfare in Nicaragua, going if necessary to the extent of impeaching the President for his conduct.

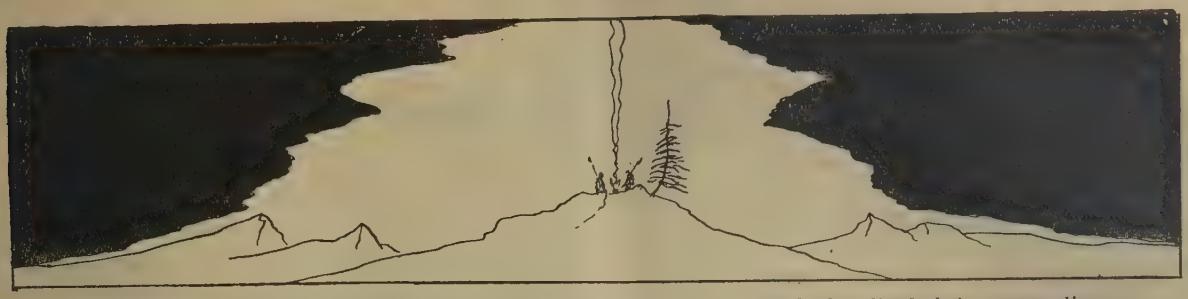
Books and Universities

A RECENT number of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* s up a cry of distress and implores the members the English faculty at that university to save readers from the "sloppy and maudlin" books foisted u them by the uncritical enthusiasm of literary journalis "The only cure or panacea," continues the author of anonymous letter, "seems to lie in honest criticism. T only place we can seemingly hope to get such critici from is our great seats of learning. Therefore, we wo like to see sincere criticism come from educated cente frankly calling a spade a spade, so that the public may be misled into buying so many mediocre books."

Now, even the correspondent of the *Alumni Weekly* hardly maintain that the best criticism of *belles lettres* h in the past, come exclusively or even chiefly from the u versities. Not Johnson, or Lessing, or Goethe, or Colerid or Hazlitt, or Matthew Arnold, or Edgar Allan Poe, or A tole France, or Georg Brandes was a college professor. T academic connections of Sainte-Beuve and Taine w chiefly incidental and, indeed, Walter Pater in Engla and Brunetière in France were the only modern crit of absolutely first importance who did their chief wo while living in a university environment. A number the others had, like many of the contemporary Americ critics and literary journalists, received a very thorou academic training, but either they never dreamed of occu ing a chair or, as was certainly the case with Lessing a Brandes, they found themselves barred from the facult they would gladly have joined because of the very opinio and qualities which make them today the subject of l tures delivered by members of the very class which bef would have none of them. The services rendered by universities to scholarship have, of course, been enormo and they have, in addition, undoubtedly done much to ke alive an appreciation of the works of the past, but th have never at any time played a major role in determini the trend of living literature nor in guiding the taste the cultured public.

We should be glad to see some active response to plea of the Yale alumnus, but we cannot deny that the u versities of America have, in recent years, exerted diminishing influence upon contemporary letters. No erary phenomenon of the last two decades has been mo striking than the increased interest in literary critici as indicated by the growth of literary journalism, but academic voice has been heard less and less, and the p sage of the late Professor Sherman from the ranks of professors to the ranks of the journalists is a fitting sy bol of a general movement in the course of which m trained for an academic career have detached themsel from the university in order to go out to work in the p fane world.

At the moment when the modern movement in our erature was beginning the one professor of English Yale who had the public ear was snubbing the most vi living authors in order to sing in extravagant terms t praise of an innocuous and now almost forgotten noveli Henry Sydnor Harrison. If academic "authority" com to no more than that, then it is no wonder the public h preferred the rash judgments of undisciplined and ir sponsible journalism. So do we.

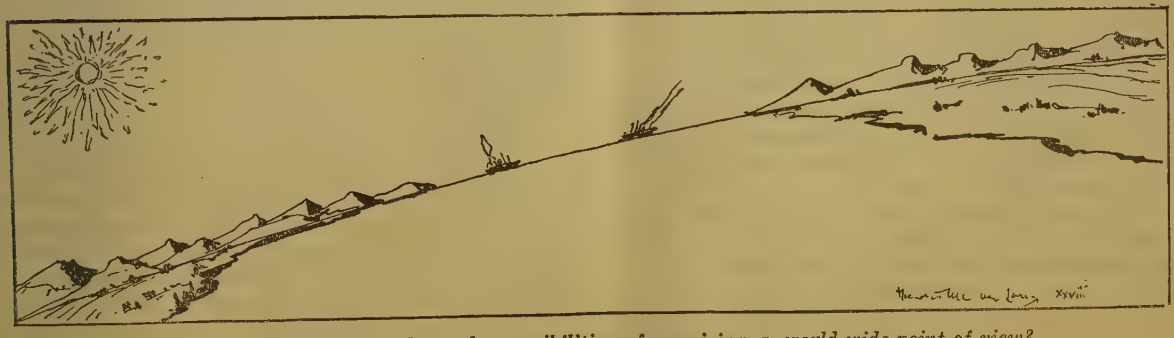


Our earliest ancestors contemplated the world from the hilltop on which they lived their meager lives.

Later on their point of view was that of the village.

Next they became small townspeople with the restricted view of such persons.

Still later, as members of a state, they acquired a state-wide view.



Why be so incredulous about the possibilities of acquiring a world-wide point of view?

It Seems To Heywood Broun

NO American diplomatic move has ever commanded such general support and enthusiasm as the sending of Lindbergh through the air to Mexico. I have no intention of bringing in a minority report. It was shrewd and even a little better than that. For once an ambassador displayed imagination. The flier fired the minds of the Mexican people. The boy who stepped down from the edge of a cloudbank was obviously a gallant figure and gallantry is not the first word thought of in connection with America by peoples south of the Rio Grande.

Even if you say that the flight was incorporated into traditional dollar diplomacy I still feel that it was excellent. Without doubt we hope to profit by association with Mexico. This wish is not unnatural and Big Business whatever its faults is preferable to expeditionary forces. The point where I begin to dissent from the Lindbergh mission does not occur until after his taking off from Mexico. I think his countrymen have used their hero badly. From a technical standpoint the hops in and about Central America were anti-climactic. By then the edge of purpose had been dulled. While Lindbergh was entirely willing and eager to take the risks I do not think the American Government should even have hinted a desire on its part for him to assume them. Had he crashed, let's say, in flying to British Honduras the sacrifice would have seemed a useless one. And the trip to Nicaragua was downright tactless and should never have been planned.

At its best the Lindbergh mission was glorious and irrelevant. Salvation is not always won by logic but diplomacy must sooner or later get down to fundamental issues. We cannot forever solve our problems of intercourse with foreign nations by letting Lindbergh do it or even by adding Will Rogers as an extra attraction. The formula might be persisted in up to a point where it grew a little comic. France, let us suppose, makes an appeal for more generous terms upon the debt and the American Secretary of State promptly replies by sending a handcuff king who shows the Chamber of Deputies his trick of getting out of a straightjacket. If the new policy had been in force during the recent dispute between Chile and Peru we would have sent not Pershing but the Ziegfeld Follies. In answer to complaints about the tariff from some nation Al Jolson will go to represent us and soothe the alien mind by singing "I've Got Those High Protection Blues." It will not always suffice. They ask us for bread and we send them an aviator.

When Lindbergh came home from Europe he was scrupulous about his dignity. He still is, but some factors beyond his control have at times put him into a false position. From Managua he wrote for the *Times* and said that he was impressed by the great friendliness which all Nicaraguans expressed for the United States. This was a few days after a bloody skirmish between the marines and Sandino and only a week or so before Diaz grew irritated at American interference. The largest entertainment given for Lindbergh was a party prepared in his honor by the leader of the reactionary group. Does this mean that Lindbergh is conservative in his politics and that he bestows approval upon everything his country has done in Nicaragua? No, but some people will be certain to impale with significance his lightest word or deed. We must remember that Lindbergh is a flying man before all else. He has been faithful to his passion. In addition to being one of the greatest of all aviators he is a man of charm, good taste and tact. But that doesn't mean that Lindbergh is a close student of international politics and competent to pass upon the problems in the lands he visits.

Don't growl at me and ask, Who ever thought he was? If no one has, many will in this land addicted to the practice of turning great generals into poor presidents. Lindbergh will have to fight hard to keep from being forced at last into politics, and even now he can hardly avoid reporters who want to know what he thinks about the tariff, the federal reserve system, and Boulder Dam. Indeed before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti there was a movement by some associated with the defense to get him on record with an opinion. Lindbergh said nothing, which may have been because he knew nothing about it. If not precisely a boy he is still a young man with a one-track mind even if that track happens to be laid across the open skies.

Too much supermaning can hardly help one. As yet there is no evidence that his good sense has cracked, but we have no right to subject him to such fearful dangers. I am speaking at the moment of dangers to the soul rather than to the body. We all applauded when he refused vaudeville and moving pictures. These were not dignified. Certain men of prominence and position undertook to advise the aviator as to the manner in which he should shape his life. How seriously he took their counsel I have no means of knowing. If the Guggenheim tour was part of their suggestion I think they showed poor judgment. In that swing around the country much of dignity was missing. Day after day Lindbergh never got a chance to sit down upon the seat of any auto. He had to perch precariously upon the upper edge so that all the spectators along Main Street might see him. There were a hundred luncheons and as many dinners. Two hundred times he heard the chairman tell of the manner in which the aviator had borrowed the Ambassador's pajamas. Two hundred times he listened while the local mayor referred to him as "the lone eagle." Always there was an embossed scroll and generally the keys of the city. I can understand that Lindbergh might again fly over the broad Atlantic but I should think he would forever shudder at the sight of breast of chicken.

Colonel Lindbergh is our national hero, which seems to mean that for the rest of his life he will be obliged to shake hands, pose for the newspaper photographers, write autographs, and make after dinner speeches. It is said that at a great house where he was lately entertained the Colonel's host discovered that his guest possessed but one lone shirt. He asked the aviator politely about his needs. "What can I do?" explained Lindbergh. "If I send a shirt to the laundry I never get it back. They cut it up for souvenirs."

The Love Feast at Havana

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, Cuba, January 20

"*EIGHT* boats!," the elevator-boy exclaimed in ecstasy, as the gray hulks of the President's armada slid past Morro Castle. It was indeed an entry calculated to impress. The other delegates arrived as mere civilians, but the President of the United States came in on the battleship Texas, with the cruiser Memphis close behind, the two big ships flanked by six mean-looking destroyers, all in convoy formation—a suggestive way of opening a Pan-American Conference. More than one observer wondered whether the Washington officials deliberately chose the Texas, named after the State we stole from Mexico, to bring Calvin Coolidge to Cuba.

The Cubans cheered him—and the Washington newspapermen say that Calvin never smiled more broadly. What Latin—or Yankee—would not cheer a President? It is a great occasion for a thirty-year-old republic of less than four million people when the President of the richest and strongest country on earth comes to call. It was Sunday, a soft, blue-skied Cuban Sunday, and all Havana—with the tropical color of Havana skins and scarfs and uniforms—was at the sea-wall. The President and the Mayor and the newspapers had been preparing for weeks. The buildings were bedecked, the people excited. It was Cuba's great day. Of course there was no untoward incident. President Machado, one of the most efficient dictators in Latin America, had called the editors to his palace and told them to be good; the one or two little papers which neglected orders had been suppressed; a couple of hundred citizens suspected of dangerous thoughts had been tucked in jail; the dissident Haitian delegation had not been permitted to land; and, after all, the naval parade, with all the sailor-boys in white, and the admirals in gold braid, and the presidents and delegates and near-delegates in tall silk hats, was a good show. The guns roared their salute; the bands blared; the crowds cheered. But when the movies came on the screen in the theaters the next night no one thought to applaud.

I do not know what the American newspapers said of the President's speech. I judge from cabled summaries that they obediently said it was good. In fact, there was never a sadder washout. As Will Rogers remarked in one of his sermons at the Seville bar: "He opened his act with Christopher Columbus, and he closed with Columbus, and he never got much closer to 1928." Not a word of Nicaragua or of Mexico; not a hint of any change of policy; not a word dealing with intervention or the technical questions of international rights and duties which obsess the minds of the Caribbean delegates here; just sweet generalities. Peace; democracy; a mild slap at the League of Nations; a warning against moving too fast—that was all. The Cubans applauded when he said that "Cuba is her own sovereign," possibly hoping that he might come to mean it; everyone applauded his suggestion that "it is better for the people to make their own mistakes than to have some one else make their mistakes for them." No one laughed; no one shouted "Nicaragua!" This is a *very* polite conference.

Frock coats and high hats are ruinous to frankness and honesty. At just one point has real feeling come to the surface. That was when the flags of the twenty-one republics were being raised at the inaugural ceremonies at the university. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia—each, in its alphabetical order, received its polite meed of applause. More clapping greeted the Estados Unidos than any of our predecessors. But when the red, white, and green Mexican flag floated seaward the crowd forgot diplomatic restraint and shouted its sympathy to the hot sun above, and as Nicaragua's stars and bars started up the pole a deep roar of enthusiasm drowned the music, while from the rear came rude shouts of "Viva Sandino!"

But crowds are not governments, and are not oppressed with a sense of responsibilities. There are twenty Latin governments (some of them might better be called Indian than Latin) represented at this conference, and all of them have a sense of economic realities. Seven—Honduras, Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, Nicaragua, Panama, and Guatemala—do more than half their total trading with the United States. Seven more—Costa Rica, Haiti, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Peru, and Brazil—do more than a third of all their commerce with the United States. We have almost a third of Chile's trade. Only in Uruguay, Argentina, Bolivia, and Paraguay is the Yankee share less than a fifth. We are not trade rivals, competitors, with these countries, as Germany and England were before the war. We buy their bananas, sugar, coffee, oil, copper—food and raw material; they buy our automobiles, bathtubs, typewriters, chewing-gum—manufactures. To us the market of no one of these nations is indispensable; to most of them American business is life and death.

All Latin America needs capital. There is not a Yankee-hater in South America who does not want American capital for his country, however much he dislikes the terms on which American capital is offered. Unfortunately—I think it is one of the tragedies of the hemisphere today—New York has had something like a monopoly of the world-capital market since the war and is likely to have it for some years to come. There are perils in the competition of capital from rival nations; there is still more peril when there is no competitive check upon the tendency of one great capital-exporting nation to assume control of its neighbors. Increasingly Yankee capital dominates Latin America. Ten years ago we had a little more than one billion dollars invested south of the Rio Grande, almost all in Mexico and Cuba; today we have perhaps five billions, scattered through the twenty republics. Probably more than half the foreign capital in Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Honduras, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, and Colombia today comes from the United States; in seven other republics at least a third of the foreign capital is American; only in Guatemala (where the situation is rapidly changing), Paraguay (where all foreign investments are small), and in Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay (where Britain invested enormous sums before the war) is American capital in a clear minority. And everywhere the governments are begging for more.

That is one part of the background of this Sixth Pan-American Conference. Politically, the growing "Caribbean Doctrine," which asserts the dominant right of the United States to intervene anywhere north of the Panama Canal, threatens the independence of every country in that region; and as investments grow the area of application of the doctrine is expanding onto the continent of South America. Economic control may be even more significant, but few of the Latin Americans outside of Mexico realize it. Politicians are politicians the world over, and care most of all for the trappings of political independence. In very few countries is there a powerful popular movement; and dictators like Machado of Cuba, Gomez of Venezuela, and Leguia of Peru feel closer to Wall Street than to the peons on their own plantations. Race kinship and abstract conceptions of liberty mean less in this age of international capital than once they did. I have heard more than one Caribbean delegate express contempt for Sandino because he started life as a common laborer.

Hence the current of resentment which swept Latin America as the conference was opening is not likely to find bold expression at the meetings. No one wants a row; everyone fears America's economic power and wants her economic aid; furthermore, the agenda was carefully prepared. The topics are specific and limited, and it takes a two-thirds' vote to introduce a new subject into the order of business. Mexico, most likely to have spoken freely about imperialism, is hampered by Mr. Morrow's success in the oil negotiations and by the pending discussion of her foreign debt. A gentleman from the Conservative Party of Nicaragua has toured South America, announcing that if American intervention is discussed his party will raise the bogy of Mexican aid to Sacasa. Chile fears publication of the Tacna-Arica report; Argentina is more interested in meat than in Nicaraguan patriots. After all, most of the delegates seem to feel, Nicaragua is an incompetent second-rate Power, and the marines are capable boys; why resist the inevitable?

Argentina would like to be a leader of a Latin bloc. Of all the Southern republics she is freest from economic bondage to North America, most advanced industrially, and most closely bound, by financial and cultural ties, to Europe. At the opening of the conference she led a quiet but effective and significant revolt against Mr. Hughes's plan for secret committee meetings. When the "right" of intervention comes up for legalistic discussion in the committee on public international law, Argentina is likely to do the most explicit talking. Brazil, perhaps because of Argentina's aloofness, loses no opportunity to manifest her devotion to the United States; and Chile too tends to pull away from Argentine policy. At least two delegations started for Havana expecting to insist upon open discussion of Washington's habit of landing troops where and when and as she wills. No one, I think, intends more than subtle pinpricks today. And while the delegates may believe that they are merely omitting to discuss it, their silence in effect is a tacit consent to the new Caribbean policy. Their apparent failure to protest marks another stage in our domination. And the inevitable success in the various committees of the movement toward uniformity in consular invoices, trade-mark laws, highways, air-traffic regulation, and all the rest of a series inconsequential enough when taken separately, will also aid the movement toward Americanization of the Western Hemisphere.

Solidarity in Colorado

By FRANK L. PALMER

[*Mr. Palmer, author also of the article on Colorado in* The Nation *for December 7, was arrested shortly afterward, held in jail without any charge being made against him, and finally released. On January 21, before completing the article printed below, he was again arrested following a strike meeting at Lafayette at which he spoke. Our information is that he is still in jail.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Walsenburg, Colorado, January 21

FIGHTING their way through local dictatorships, wholesale arrests by State police and militia, broken-up meetings, padlocked halls, teasing little wage increases, and insufficient relief, the coal miners of Colorado have won signal victories during the second and third months of their strike.

When ministers, newspapers, and college professors joined the miners in demanding that the Governor appoint an impartial commission to investigate wages and conditions in the mines and law-breaking by operators, the Industrial Commission suddenly executed an about-face and recognized the strike they had declared illegal, even going so far as to guarantee I. W. W. "foreign" leaders against arrest. (In Colorado a "foreigner" is one who comes from another State, and R. W. Henderson, a California attorney, was threatened by Louis Scherf of the State police with having his passport canceled!)

On December 19 the Industrial Commission opened the hearing that should have been held in September, before the strike was called, with the same State executive committee of the striking coal miners conducting the case for the men as would have conducted it at the earlier date. All that has happened, including loss of life and wealth, can with good reason be laid at the door of Chairman Thomas Annear because of his failure to call the earlier hearing.

Every attack that has been made on the miners, every raid, every arrest, has helped to center attention on the hearing and thus to give Colorado its first real news in many years of what is going on in the coal mines. The people of the State heard charges that Samuel Tescher, general superintendent of the National Fuel Company, told his men "not to weigh that coal like sugar—the company has to have enough for the boilers and a little more"—out of the weights of the men, of course. And they saw Mr. Tescher go on the stand and fail to deny the charge. Miner after miner testified that the lack of the check weighman guaranteed by Colorado law made a difference of from 200 to 1,000 pounds of coal a car.

Worse than that, the commission heard evidence that

the Pikeview Mine had operated for seven months without any scales at all! The men had been paid by guess—and a bad guess at that, according to the miners.

James Dalrymple, State mine inspector, was called by the operators, but soon became a witness for the miners. He made a strong plea for the organization of the men and the recognition of pit committees, so that his work for the protection of lives might be made effective. He was the strongest witness the miners had, with the exception of Merle Vincent, executive vice-president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. Mr. Vincent read a statement to the commission which was the sensation of the hearing. "It is common knowledge that the miners generally do not have check weighmen and inspection committees," he said, after calling attention to the fact that "dispute over provisions of the mining law is one of the chief causes of the strike." Then he demanded that the laws be observed. He pointed out that the operators claim the I. W. W. caused the strike, while the miners say that existing conditions were the cause, and added, "An impartial observer would probably declare that while this organization [the I. W. W.] is immediately responsible for the strike call, conditions are primarily the cause of some 5,000 miners striking."

With these two damaging blows to the die-hard operators he joined a plea for organization. Calling attention to the possibility of federal control or even operation of the coal mines, he declared that the public

> is entitled to such management of the coal industry as will insure it a constant supply of necessary fuel at reasonable prices. . . . Disagreements between private persons and private concerns in the business world . . . are carried into courts and settled by the application of judicial principles. When, however, far more than personal issues and private rights are involved, . . . no reasonable, practical, and businesslike method of settlement is resorted to. No sensible machinery has been developed. Apparently the only remedy understood is force. . . . In order to establish practical and satisfactory working relations between operator and miner it is necessary to provide some means by which complaints of practices and conditions can be heard and adjusted.

As Mr. Vincent confirmed practically every claim of the miners, except the wage scale, the strikers in attendance staged a demonstration that almost broke up the hearing. The other northern-field operators were thunderstruck and went into a secret session, from which came an increase of fifty cents a day in their district.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company gave a 32-cent increase in the southern field on New Year's Day, bringing the total Rockefeller increase brought about by the strike to an even dollar a day. As usual, other southern-field operators followed the C. F. & I. lead. The scale is now about $6.50 in the southern and $6.75 in the northern field, at least a dollar below what the strikers are asking. The hearing and the wage increase have convinced the people of Colorado that the miners are right in demanding pit committees to represent their interests and in asking higher wages. It is not believed that even the admittedly prejudiced Industrial Commission now will dare to hand down a decision entirely unfair to the men or that any operators except the Rockefeller interests will continue indefinitely to oppose a just settlement. The C. F. & I. is fighting as bitterly as ever against any recognition of the workers outside its own company-controlled "industrial plan." Its officers are constantly cooperating with the State police in the arrest of leaders. The Industrial Commission hearings will close with sessions in Walsenburg and Trinidad, Rockefeller strongholds, and the stage is being set for them by raids culminating in as many as 117 arrests at one time.

The reign of terror began with a raid on the Trinidad I. W. W. Hall on Christmas night. Four city police broke into the hall and started an attack on the men who were staying there. They were captured by the strikers and held prisoner. Later, at the request of Attorney Henderson, the police were released and sixty-four men peacefully surrendered to the sheriff on condition that their property would not be injured. The sheriff accepted these terms, but later seventeen State police broke into the hall, smashed the furniture, and wrecked an apartment at the rear of the hall occupied by a florist and his aged mother, people who had no connection whatever with the strike. Two days later a mob was organized by the mayor—reported to have been a strange combination of members of the Ku Klux Klan and Knights of Columbus—armed, and deputized. Some three hundred men, with rifles, shotguns, and pistols, marched against the hall and arrested forty-two unarmed men, who offered no resistance. The hall was padlocked and boarded up under directions of the State police.

Attorney Henderson promptly asked an injunction against this illegal action, but the judge hesitated so long that the strikers marched to their hall, tore the boards off the windows and the lock off the door, and began holding meetings again. The judge then granted them their injunction and scathingly denounced the State police for its unlawful behavior. Eleven of the sixty-four arrested Christmas night were charged with assault with a deadly weapon, a felony. But, since the only weapons found in the hall belonged to the police, eight were found not guilty and three declared guilty only of simple assault.

The next day the Walsenburg city council was called into special session by Mayor John J. Pritchard, who had led a mob against the I. W. W. hall before the strike was called, but who has never been prosecuted. The council passed a resolution setting forth a proclamation of martial law in the county in which Walsenburg is situated, purported to have been issued by the Governor. This proclamation is quoted in the resolution, which further declares that "until this proclamation by the Governor shall have been withdrawn," no assemblages, parades, or demonstrations are to be allowed without the approval of Mayor Pritchard. The resolution was approved by Lewis N. Scherf, representative of the governor as commander of the State police.

The strikers continued with their meetings. Friday, January 6, Mayor Pritchard announced the resolution did not apply to the strikers' hall! Governor Adams denied to Denver newspapers that he had issued the proclamation, but he failed to direct Scherf to withdraw his approval of the faked resolution.

At eight o'clock on January 6 nineteen strike prisoners were removed from the Walsenburg jails, loaded into cars, and taken 100 miles from Walsenburg, within a few miles of the State line. There at midnight they were dumped on the road, five miles from a town, without money or food. Two sandwiches and some coffee had been their rations that day, four of them were sick, and all had insufficient clothing to protect them from the bitter cold. They were warned, "Go south, and if you come back you will be killed." Three of them went south. The others worked their way

back home as best they could, catching rides on auto trucks and freight trains. Most of them went twenty-four hours without food. When hunger became worse than cold, one sold his heavy jacket to buy food. I talked personally with eleven of these men. Four of them absolutely identified a picture of Lewis N. Scherf as the one their guards called the "Chief," in charge of the kidnaping.

On the afternoon of January 12 some 500 strikers, women, and children, formed a parade to go to the hearing of the Industrial Commission. They were met by Pritchard and Scherf, backed by a dozen men armed with riot guns, automatic rifles, and pistols, and turned back toward their hall. As the leaders of the parade neared the hall State police suddenly opened fire, killing a boy of sixteen who had no connection with the strike. A few minutes later they killed a striker in the hall and wounded another. They said that this striker had been sniping from the second-story window, but they had done their killing so well and at such close range that the evidence was plain as to where he had been killed. The coroner's jury declared the killing "unprovoked," and said "the State police showed a total disregard for human life." Yet Governor Adams has not withdrawn them; District Attorney Hawley makes it plain there will be no prosecution.

In the northern field the militia has raided homes at night, leaving odors strangely reminiscent of pre-Volstead days, arrested strikers and their friends, and broke up one meeting by marching the crowd between rows of fixed bayonets into the muzzles of three baby machine-guns.

But despite their jails, their State police, and their militia, the horror of midnight raids, a relief fund that is never sufficient, and finally the threat of deportation, the miners are still striking for the recognition of their pit committees and some fair adjustment of wages. At meeting after meeting they are singing "Solidarity" in the faces of the militia and State police who have threatened them with arrest, and they are laughing as their leaders tell of their experiences in jail. They have been beaten and cursed; their prisoners have been threatened with physical violence; one Adam Bell, arrested at the Columbine on the morning of the massacre, was held forty-one days without charges being preferred, and others have been held for shorter periods. Yet they laugh and sing as they march along.

Meanwhile, although everyone is hoping that the end may come soon with some fair settlement, the natural-gas pipeline from Texas is rapidly moving toward completion, to take away both wages from the miners and profits from the operators.

Presidential Possibilities
III
Governor Albert C. Ritchie

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The third in a series of studies of the candidates

STEP up, ladies and gentlemen—not too close, please—but come forward and behold the best-looking, most aristocratic, and attractive of Governors, Albert Cabell Ritchie of the Free State of Maryland, where whiskey runs as free as water, where prohibition has taken not at all; where the liberty of the individual is as secure as any place in America; where H. L. Mencken finds, and dwells in, an earthly paradise. Behold a candidate for the Presidency who bids fair to be Governor of a State longer than any other man in generations, who is obviously the antithesis of Al Smith. The one bears the marks of his humble origin and hard struggle upwards; the other should be the beau ideal of those who believe that government belongs to the prosperous, the cultivated, the well-bred. Governor Ritchie is plainly "to the manner born," that is, he has behind him generations of means and education—his father was eleven years on the Supreme Bench of Maryland. See Governor Ritchie in his office or in his spacious and dignified Executive Mansion in Annapolis, and your mind somehow recurs to those elder days when George Washington resigned his commission in the historic room under Governor Ritchie's offices, to the time when courtliness and gentility and knee-breeches and ruffles were the distinguishing marks of our statesmen. Not that he is effeminate, or lacking in virility. He gives himself no airs and indulges in no mannerisms. He is simple, modest, and unaffected; if the word had not been so sadly misused and warped one could speak of him as a notable "gentleman." Were the miracle to happen and were he to be transferred to Washington, he would seem in more ways than one the lineal successor of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and there would again be good manners, dignity, and charm in the White House.

No demagogue here to split the ears of groundlings, and no skilled wire-puller; nor can it be said of Governor Ritchie that he has won his way by wealth and social position. It is impossible to think of his making a whirlwind campaign, or thrilling his audiences with the wit and the *ad hominem* arguments of Al Smith. Passion and Albert Ritchie are strangers. His are quiet, well-delivered, carefully worked-out addresses, intended to appeal to reason. He speaks for the fundamentals of American life, for personal liberties and rights, but he sets no soul on fire when he does so. He has admirably declared, Woodrow Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Constitution gives no right to anyone to suspend freedom of speech and of the press, whether in peace or in war, but the welkin did not ring when he said it. He was righteously offended when, contrary to American tradition, the Count and Countess Karolyi were banished from America and the Countess Cathcart held in durance vile on Ellis Island. He

is opposed to every sort of censorship, especially of books and movies. But these things do not make him step out of his role of the gentle, reasoning statesman who has never worked at hard labor or knows what it means to lose a job and, with empty pockets, hunt another.

Can one be else than placid in the governorship of the Free State? What were the chief political issues there a year ago? Governor Ritchie took the press into his confidence on February 7, 1927, and let out the secret—oysters and gasoline! They were not merely the chief issues—they were the only controversial ones. This libertarian State was tortured with doubt only as to whether there should be private or public leasing of the oyster beds—even in Elysium the specter of socialism shows its dreadful mien! As for gasoline, the contest was over a proposed gasoline tax and who would actually pay it; which recalls the fact that not long ago the columns of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* were filled with discussions of an even more vital controversy—Should or should not the Nordic tomato yield in Maryland to a low-born Slavic importation?

Happy the Free State and happier its Governor as he draws his magnificent salary of $4,500 a year—a trifle more than half that paid to his underling the Commissioner of Education. Like Al Smith in New York, having reorganized the governmental machinery of the State, he, too, sighs for new worlds to conquer. The "best attorney general [of Maryland] in half a century" has, as Governor, instituted the budget method of handling the finances of the State, and a model merit system for its employees; has established a State purchasing department; has pushed on the State to build good roads, a larger percentage to the total mileage than any other of our commonwealths; has taken the school system out of politics, and improved the quality of the education offered. More than that, he has revised the State labor and compensation laws, reformed the system of prison labor, breathed new life into the health and welfare departments, put the conservation work of the State on a business basis, and—heed, O business men and the United States Chamber of Commerce—is said to have reduced the State taxes from 36½ cents per hundred at the beginning of his first term to 26 16/25 cents today.* That fact, if true, should, by every accepted test, qualify him as the best Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Why shouldn't a Governor who has done all these things feel that he, having disposed of the fate of Maryland's oysters, born and unborn, and of the gasoline tax, paid and unpaid, can now sit back and declare with Mencken that all's well on the Severn and the Chesapeake? With a total State debt of only $20,295,000 and its government made over into what Frank Kent calls "the most modern, efficient, and foolproof governmental machine in the country," its remaining problems are obviously administrative, not due to defects of the system. What wonder then that this Executive is placid and that he prefers to think "in those fractions of minutes when men would have him leap to his feet with warm words on his lips"?

Yet this Governor does not lack courage or ability to blaze up if he wishes. When President Harding asked him, with all the other heads of coal-mining States, to order out the militia during the coal strike of 1922 Governor Ritchie sent back a sizzling telegram saying that he would do nothing of the kind. Here the ardent defender of States' rights had his chance and took it. To his courage he added wisdom, for he told Mr. Harding that he would insist that Maryland settle her labor troubles by agreement and not by force. When other Governors were bending the knee before the prestige of the President, Albert Ritchie declared that he would not use troops lest they incite to the very rioting and bloodshed they were intended to prevent—he had not read labor history in vain! Nearly thirty years, he said, had passed since troops had been called out in Maryland in labor troubles. They would not be by him—and there he touched the highwater-mark of his career and gave his partisans the opportunity to say justly that he could get up from his Annapolis easy chair and prove himself every inch a man if the emergency offered.

Similarly, he told the Adjutant General in Washington that he declined to order out the Maryland National Guard for that silly muster day of July 4, 1925, which the War Department soon after abandoned; he also refused to issue a proclamation approving the procedure or to appoint a civilian committee to take charge of it in Maryland. Not that he is anti-military. He has urged every eligible man to attend the civilian military training camps; he believes in preparedness and complete plans for national defense. Here the dull conventionality of office-holders rules with him as it did when he issued a fulsome eulogy of President Harding on the latter's death, as far-fetched then as it is ludicrous reading today.

Another striking act of courage was the Governor's defiance of the labor unions in 1922, when they asked him to adopt the union scale of wages for all State work. No trimming here; he said *"No"* flatly—and told them to take their case to the legislature. Again, he does not hesitate to admit that he has made a mistake, as when he helped to bind the University of Maryland and the State Agricultural College in holy wedlock, and subsequently aided them in procuring a divorce. He vetoes freely, vetoes well, without personal bias, and states clearly his reasons. Politics never enters into them; he has even induced the legislature to print his vetoes as part of the volume dealing with each session's laws. On a single day of April, 1927, he vetoed ninety bills while approving one hundred and seventy-six others—the Maryland Legislature still grinds out its grist of bills, though there is nothing as significant as oysters and gasoline in all of them. His power to commute sentences and pardon criminals he uses with similar fidelity to his trust. For each decision he publishes succinct but clear reasons—it is amazing how often he records his belief that the infallible courts have erred.

But even on the banks of the Severn some of the dangerous bacilli that come with office-holding affect one's blood. Once Governor Ritchie struck out fiercely and wrongly. Mr. H. C. Byrd, assistant to the president of the University of Maryland, denounced the Governor and the politicians for their alleged failure to support the financial policies of the university in the interest of the higher education. The gentleman from Annapolis went white and denied to Mr. Byrd "the right to speak on such an occasion in a groundless as well as personally offensive way of me as long as I am Governor of the State of which the university is but one department." Even the Baltimore *Sun*, whose editors are popularly charged with bringing the Governor up by hand, balked at this. "There is not room in Maryland," it said, "for this kind of Prussianism," and it

* The Baltimore *Sun* calls this showing "political buncombe," and declares that the rate went down, but that assessments went up to an extent to vitiate these figures.

terms the act what it was—a denial of the right of free speech to a civil official, entirely out of keeping with the Governor's repeated pleas for free speech and free assembly. Mr. Ritchie remains to this day unconvinced. Since it was, fortunately, a first and only offense, we may justifiably suspend sentence. But it gives a shock to one who recalls certain changes that took place in Woodrow Wilson as he continued to hold office, for it reads like the beginnings of the familiar delusions of majesty to which office-holders are so susceptible.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, how does Governor Ritchie really stand on the problems vital to liberals? The answer is that he is of the conservative period of Grover Cleveland, harping upon the single string of States' rights. There is no clear-cut lining-up for personal as against property rights. He has not even declared himself on foreign issues —though he gave a party allegiance to the Wilson doctrines in 1920, including the League of Nations. As to our wrongdoings in the Caribbean he has been silent—frankly because he has been steeped in local issues and found no time for other questions. Unlike Mr. Cleveland, he does not get excited about our tariff ills—far worse though they be than in Cleveland's day. For his legal mind the great issue is the encroachment of the federal government upon the powers of the individual State, an issue which died—for the average American—in 1865. That is why he opposes the proposed federal control of education, the proposed child-labor amendment to the Constitution, and, like Al Smith, the federal inheritance tax and federal prohibition. He is a Wet by conviction, but would, like Senator Borah, have both parties face and not dodge the liquor issue, since "all human experience shows" to him that one cannot enforce a uniform liquor law. For him the future of America is at stake; "the democracy our fathers discovered [!] seems to me to rest not on standardized regulations prescribed by the Union, but strong self-governing States directed by strong self-governing peoples." He even prays for a permanent House of Governors in order to uphold States' rights.

He trembles at the sight of "the mass of liberty-effacing laws being inflicted on the people" in Washington, thus centralizing all power in the District of Columbia. He shudders at the thought that if you can get the votes of 2,316 members of the legislatures of thirty-six States for a Constitutional Amendment those thirty-six States can impose their will on the remaining twelve, and he demands a State referendum before any legislature shall be allowed to vote on a proposed federal amendment. He, too, uses the old slogan of a "government of law in place of a government of men." He protests against the inclination to "transform the moral ideals of the few into the legal obligations of all." "Our Government," he insists, "has become the most regulatory of the Western World, outside of Russia and Italy." "Inspectors and spies and official regulators follow the one-hundred-per-cent American from the day he draws his first nourishment from his inspected mother's breast." Progressives, he avers, should achieve their will by "the slow processes of State action." He opposes the consideration of an issue on terms merely of morals; it should be in terms of law and government. Otherwise government "becomes a scheme for social control and for the regulation of personal conduct and relations." Most important of all, he has found that "if we can develop free cities in free States there need be no fear as to the future of democracy in this free nation." In the growing hostility between city and country and their class-consciousness he has, curiously enough, discovered the "probable" reason for the underlying causes of "such movements as that of the Ku Klux Klan, or Volsteadism, or fundamentalism"!

As for business, he stands squarely with Andrew Mellon and every big-business highbinder in both parties. He trusts (June 10, 1927) the country "may hope for the dawn of a political era in which business will write for itself, and share in writing for mankind, a new charter of safety and sanity, of liberty and human rights." He wants business freed from political control—though he believes in rigid regulation of railroads and other public utilities, and is an advocate of saving for the people of Maryland their natural resources, and in May, 1923, did not hesitate, as Governor, to interfere with one sacred private business by urging a public boycott of sugar in order to bring down the then exorbitant price. But "anything that dulls the free enterprise of business is destructive of both social and economic progress." While he admits that combinations of capital have at times achieved domination over State and national policies, making it necessary for the State to interfere, he holds that the pendulum has swung too far the other way. "Hence, we must"—almost in the exact words of Andrew Mellon—"take government out of business except where the great heritage of equality of opportunity necessitates its presence." Even then the government "should abandon all business which is competitive with private enterprises." Finally, after this playing with words, Governor Ritchie asserts, *ad nauseam*, that "the government governs best which governs least."

As a saving grace, Governor Ritchie is realistic enough to understand the effect upon the public of all this talking. "Speak of these things," he admits, "and the average man is likely to yawn and pass it all up as political claptrap." He confesses that "there is nothing mysterious in politics except sometimes the flubdubbery of politicians," and he ingenuously thinks that it is time that both great parties which monopolize the exciting game of humbugging the American people should be convinced that "political hypocrisy, political buncombe, and political cowardice are no longer political assets." When they do it will be quieter than ever along the Severn.

Has Governor Ritchie let his fondness for striking the bonds from the limbs of our enchained and sadly crippled Big Business affect his administration of the State? Progressives and organized labor charged that he did in the matter of the Conowingo Dam now being constructed on the Susquehanna River, declaring that he sold out Maryland to Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Railroad. So Conowingo formed a major issue in the Governor's last campaign. His critics declared that the power should have been used to benefit Baltimore exclusively, to lower rates in competition with the existing company, and to furnish cheap power for industry. To this the Governor replied that the project would cost $52,000,000, which would have to be repaid in fifteen years under the Constitution—something beyond the financial powers of Maryland; that two thirds of the reservoir is on Pennsylvania territory; that current could not be delivered in Baltimore from Conowingo at a price low enough to compete with Baltimore's steam-made power; that there would thus be no saving in money or any increased productivity in Baltimore. For the Governo

it was also a case of government ownership versus private ownership. His arguments did not convince his opponents, who still dispute his facts and disagree with the Baltimore *Sun* in its assertion that the voters, whose consent would have been necessary, would never have approved a project for Maryland to go it alone; that if they had there would have been no market for all the power a 300,000 horse-power plant could produce. However one feels about government ownership, it is impossible to believe that Governor Ritchie took the position he did for any other than conscientious reasons. He may or may not have erred, but his honesty seems to the writer beyond question.

There, ladies and gentlemen of our unseen *Nation* audience, our inspection of this Presidential possibility ends—we thank you for your attention. Perhaps his own words characterize him best: "I don't claim to be a crusader. I don't want to be fifty years ahead of my time, but I want to belong to that class that is willing to plug along—to do something, to get somewhere, and leave the world better off than if we hadn't lived." You see he must once have gone to Sunday school! He is right about himself. There is no reform leader here, but a man with excellent brains, with his emotions completely under control, and his superficial economic views profoundly affected by his surroundings and his position in life. He is as ingenuous as he is sincere, as kindly as he is candid, and without malice toward his enemies. The latter admit that he has high character, a fine mind, and complete absence of pose. He pretends, they concede, not at all; but they apply to him the stock adjectives "cold, selfish, ungrateful, without real belief in principles"—is there a successful public man to whom they are not applied? Surely most of them are here unjust.

Any President should be proud and happy to have an Albert C. Ritchie in his Cabinet. He stands well, too, when one compares him with the last two nominees of his party, Governor Cox and John W. Davis, and would draw votes better than they. But a Moses to lead the Democrats out of their Slough of Despond; a Grover Cleveland, rugged, powerful, and determined, he is not. No iron has yet entered his soul and no sense of wrong has yet set his generous heart to quivering with an uncontrollable rage to wipe out an injustice. He visualizes no large scheme for human betterment; he has no map of life which equips him to deal with the economic problems that Big Business is creating under our noses, challenging the federal government itself.

On to Nicaragua

By NEWMAN LEVY

I AM in hearty argreement with the fellow who said "I don't care who breaks the laws of my country so long as I can write its songs." I have been working for the past few weeks on a war song for this terrible war that someone told me we are waging against Nicaragua. I am trying to do my bit by writing a stirring war song. If I can write something to cheer our gallant soldiers in this most recent War to End Wars, I shall feel that I have not entirely lived in vain.

I find that this attempt at martial balladry is not easy. My difficulty, at the start, has been to work myself up to a proper pitch of patriotic indignation against Nicaragua. We all know, of course, that the Nicaraguans mutilate babies and boil up the bodies of their victims to get fats and other valuable by-products. We know, too, that if we don't send our marines down there to protect the sanctity of American womanhood, it will not be long before a Nicaraguan army will be marching on to Washington, and then where will we be?

Still it is not easy to get excited about it. I wish, sometimes, that I knew a Nicaraguan so that I might hate him. It would help so much with my song. One or two of my office associates I suspect of being pro-Nicaraguan, and I have written to the Department of Justice about them. I have no proof, but it will do no harm to have them under surveillance for a while; we cannot afford to take chances. Nevertheless, it is not quite the same as knowing and hating a real Nicaraguan.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that this is war, and war is a pretty serious matter. I deplore bloodshed as much as any one—in fact, I sometimes am afraid that I am a bit of pacifist at heart—but when it comes to a defensive war like this one, when our homes are in danger of invasion, and the safety of our dear ones is jeopardized, then it is quite a different matter.

There are certain definite precautions that must be taken at once. In the first place Nicaraguan should not be taught in our public schools. It seems outrageous to me that the minds of our children should be poisoned by this subtle, insidious propaganda. English was good enough for Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, and it is good enough for me. Then there is the matter of hyphenates. This is no time for divided allegiance. America for Americans is my motto, and if these pro-Nicaraguans and radicals do not like it in this country let them go back to where they came from.

One thing that distresses me is the fact that I am over military age, and that I have a wife and child dependent upon me. I am filled with envy every time I read of those lucky boys who are marching down to Nicaragua to do their bit against those dirty Huns—a little name I made up for the Nicaraguans. If only I were ten years younger!

But to get back to that war song. If I cannot wear a uniform at least I can write a song. At first I thought of writing a Hymn of Hate—something of this sort:

> Costa Rica and Guatemala they matter not,
> A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.
> . . . . . .
> Hate by water and hate by land,
> Hate of the heart and hate of the hand,
> We love as one, we hate as one,
> We have one foe and one alone,
> *Nicaragua!*

It has the right spirit but it lacks the necessary martial fervor. It would hardly do for marching. Neither would this anthem that I started to write:

Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just,
For God and our Country
And Guaranty Trust.

Nicaragua is a terrible word for rhyming. I sometimes think that those who make our wars for us should take into consideration the metrical possibilities of a country before starting a war against it. It might not make much difference to the marine in whose jungle he is shot down, but to the bard it is a matter of vital importance whether the enemy is Nicaragua or, let us say, Chile or Peru. Considerations of far less popular consequence have been known to send a detachment of marines trotting double quick to the transports. After all, we poets vote and pay taxes. We should have some rights.

Anyway it is a glorious war. When I read in the New York *Times* of "The greatest battle that American troops engaged in since the Great War," I thrilled with patriotic exaltation. Not since the battles of Bunker Hill, San Juan Hill, and Socony Hill have I had such a kick. Perhaps I shall be able to write that song yet.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not pretend to answer letters from his friends. Even from his readers, as some of them will have noticed, he rarely acknowledges bouquets and still more rarely blasts. His family, years ago, while he still had a family, gave him up as hopeless. To two old schoolmates he writes regularly once a year. This makes his mail discouragingly thin at Christmas and, in fact, always except on the first of the month, when it is discouragingly thick. He has, however, one faithful correspondent with whom he exchanges letters at what is for him an amazing rate. This is the auditor of an important public utility in a town where the Drifter used to live.

* * * * *

REGULARLY once a month the Drifter receives a bill for service at a house where he has not lived for nearly two years. This bill he always returns promptly, asking the company to send it to the rightful debtor, and always receives an identical reply:

DEAR SIR AND DRIFTER:

We acknowledge receipt of your recent favor, which shall have our immediate attention.

Just as soon as the facts are available we will advise you relative to the result of our investigation.

Very truly yours,

R——— O——— L———,

Auditor

The first letter of this series promised immediate attention to a recent favor of more than three weeks' standing, and reminded the Drifter of the answer received by an American who wrote from a remote Russian village for dates of steamship sailings. The English steamship office in Moscow, to whom he had written in English, answered within a month in Russian. They inclosed two long questionnaires, also in Russian, about his prospects for being admitted under the United States immigration quota. As soon as he filled these out properly and returned them the company promised to tell him when a steamer sailed.

SINCE the first time, the auditor's letter has come with commendable promptness. This indefatigable official is always investigating the case, and the facts are never available. Never may be too strong a word. The Drifter has a vague recollection of receiving, six months or so ago, a report which announced after due investigation that he no longer inhabited the house where he lived before he drifted away from it. This discovery did not discourage his correspondent from presenting a bill for $2.59 on the first of the next month and bills for varying amounts regularly thereafter. Just as soon as the facts are available he hopes that the company will be able to collect the grand total of what must now be due them for service to the present tenant at his old address. Or rather, for the tenant's sake, he hopes they will not be able to collect it.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE the auditor is working away. His office must be gradually filling up with letters from the Drifter and material for the exhaustive research he is making. Perhaps he has put detectives on the trail. This has been tried before by inquisitive readers of *The Nation*, always unsuccessfully. Yet this time it may succeed and shed the cold white light of publicity on the Drifter's past, his amours, and, worst of all, his occupation. If the auditor has not employed detectives where has he got his material on the Drifter? No questionnaires have passed between them. Some day the Drifter's own curiosity is going to drive him back to the town where he used to live and cause him to raid the office of the auditor. If all that gentleman's correspondence is in the same condition his office would be a fascinating place. But the Drifter's interest is thoroughly egotistical. He only cares to see his own dossier.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Well, Why?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not enter the Woodrow Wilson prize contest because my private opinion of the late President is not one which could reasonably expect any consideration from the foundation which bears his name. But I agree with the jury which said that "it would look foolish to publish any of the essays as worth $25,000." It is to be doubted whether anyone, ancient or modern, has ever written an essay worth $25,000. Of course Elinor Glyn, Lloyd George, "Peaches" Browning, Woodrow Wilson, Ruth Snyder, John Roach Straton, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, "Babe" Ruth, and Bernard Shaw have all been able to get good prices in their day; but Charles Lamb never received enough money for all of his essays to free himself from his clerkship; John Stuart Mill had to depend upon his salary as an employee of the British government for a living; Emerson and Matthew Arnold took to lecturing; Thoreau raised beans. It is quite within human understanding that even ten thousand Americans, most of them unknown to the tabloid press and all of them from twenty to thirty-five years of age, found it impossible to compress within 2,500 words sufficient wit, wisdom, ideas, and literary style to make essays on the subject "What Woodrow Wilson means to me" worth $25,000. But why, may I ask, did the Woodrow Wilson Foundation have to go to so much trouble and expense to find that out?

New York, January 2 GEORGE ALTGELD SCHWEPPE

Punish Hearst?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial The Sewer System in American Journalism suggests the speculation whether there will be that eagerness to set in motion the criminal law of libel, now that the radical government in Mexico has been defamed, that there was when Carl de Fornaro fell afoul of the zealous prosecutor by publishing his "Diaz, Czar of Mexico, an arraignment—with an open letter to Theodore Roosevelt." Because he had delivered two dozen copies of this book to a New York bookdealer and stood prepared to publish more, he was convicted of criminally libeling one Espindola, a Mexican congressman and of course not a resident of this State. The question was whether the latter circumstance saved him from a criminal prosecution here. After conviction an application for a certificate of reasonable doubt was argued before Judge Seabury who held (65 Miscellaneous Reports 457) citing a line of cases from Lord Ellenborough down that the non-residence of the person libeled was immaterial, and Fornaro went to the Island for a year. This decision has never been qualified.

New York, December 26 B. T.

Quay's Ghost

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many years ago Henry Cabot Lodge undertook to coerce Congress into federal supervision of the election of members of Congress and Presidential electors. Southern Democrats characterized this measure as the "Force Bill," and the vote of one Senator from the North defeated it. That vote was cast by M. S. Quay.

Pennsylvania has come to inevitable retribution and a Republican Senator of Quay's type has, largely through the opposition of Southern Senators, been denied a seat in the Senate pending investigation and hearing of charges of excessive use of money to influence the primary election. Perhaps Quay opposed the Lodge bill because he did not want honest elections in his own State. But the Southern Democratic leaders who, through disfranchisement intrigue, have so perfected their political machinery as to enable them to simply take elections, are now trying Northern Republican Senators for using money to buy elections. And the Republican machine has become so corrupt that it cannot even look a Senator from Alabama or Mississippi in the face!

Two agencies control the Democratic Party in Alabama—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. Two agencies dominate the Republican Party in Indiana—the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League. This is the key to present-day Republican political cowardice in the North.

J. Thomas Heflin would be as good a Republican in Indiana as Senator Robinson or Watson. Either of the Indiana Republican Senators would find himself at home with the Ku Klux and Anti-Saloon League constituency of Alabama!

What is a Republican, anyway? Only "Coolidge and prosperity."

New York, January 3 Joseph C. Manning

Sink All Submarines!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Has the submarine any purpose other than for war use? If not, it seems to me but just and proper that when the bodies of those who lost their lives in the disaster off Cape Cod are rescued from the sunken submarine the boat be allowed to go to the bottom and all submarines made to follow as speedily as possible.

Muncie, Indiana, December 20 R. B. Kersey

Honest Mr. Moore

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If it is from *The Nation* that we are to get "honest journalism," God help us! I never subscribed to *The Nation.* Some old lady who, like you, knew more about China in New York than I did out in Shanghai in daily contact with the Nationalist leaders, sent it to me. The cause of liberalism is retarded by such dishonesty as yours.

Washington, D. C., January 2 Frederick Moore

[*Mr. Moore will be recalled as a former New York* Times *correspondent in China who was later replaced by someone else.* —Editor The Nation.]

Another Apostle

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I hardly ever agree with anything that you say or do but I cannot refrain from expressing my delight at the splendid way in which you "dished up" the Bruce Barton-Albert Shaw exploitation of the Savior of Man. If Barton and Shaw keep on, they will soon discover a Jesus that nobody will *want* to know.

New York, December 30 Ralph M. Easley,
Chairman, Executive Council, National Civic Federation

A Spinoza Institute

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In order to increase interest in Spinoza and his philosophy the Spinoza Institute of America is being organized. Its program will include lectures, classes, and publication. Readers of *The Nation* interested in Spinoza or in an attempt to make Americans think are urged to communicate with the Provisional Secretary at 2 Pinehurst Avenue, New York.

New York, December 27 Malcolm S. Mason

Contributors to This Issue

Lewis Gannett, associate editor of *The Nation,* is attending the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

Frank L. Palmer, formerly editor of the Denver *Labor Advocate,* has been doing relief work in the strike field.

Newman Levy is a member of the New York bar and the author of "Opera Guyed" and other books.

Raymond Holden is author of "Granite and Alabaster."

Louis Gottschalk is professor of history at the University of Louisville.

Shirley Jackson Case is professor of the history of early Christianity at the University of Chicago.

Lenore G. Marshall reviews for current newspapers and magazines.

Abbe Niles regularly reviews popular music and poetry for *The Nation.*

Paul Weiss contributes philosophical articles to current magazines.

Anita Brenner has written several articles on Mexican art and customs for *The Nation.*

Max Eastman, poet and critic, is the author among other volumes of "The Enjoyment of Poetry" and "Leon Trotzky."

Books, Art, Plays

Awake Under Stars

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

O pitiful and unprotected mind
Guilty of such confusion and such waste
That even your housing breast and skull are laced
With blood of terror, did you think to find
For punishment, dismissal everywhere,
Proud stars arranging to arrest their courses
And fall upon your head like hoofs of horses?
And what are you that men and heaven should care?
The child that childhood lay in wait to kill
Bears flower often; and the spendthrift wealth,
Awkwardness beauty, ill condition health.
You are a child, a spendthrift, awkward, ill.
Look up and see that, even after all,
The star you feared still has all heaven to fall.

Napoleon's Clan

Napoleon and His Family: The Story of a Corsican Clan. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. $5.

Napoleon in Captivity: The Reports of Count Balmain, Russian Commissioner on the Island of St. Helena, 1816-1820. Translated and edited with Introduction and Notes by Julian Park. The Century Company. $3.

WITHOUT knowing anything about Mr. Geer except his writings, I venture to guess that he is one of the many gentlemen who have made a hobby of accumulating books on Napoleon Bonaparte but have never seriously studied history or had any careful training in historical method. If this is so, Mr. Geer differs from other gentlemen of the type in two respects at least: he does read his collection, and he can and does read French. These are highly commendable virtues, though they are not sufficient in themselves to make a good historian. What we have, then, in Mr. Geer's works is a re-writing of what is already well known to students of the French Revolution and Napoleon. The present volume, for example, is based very largely on the studies of Masson. It is not badly done; indeed, in some respects, it is very well done. But one feels that the time and money it cost might have been better spent in translating Masson directly. Lest it be inferred that the author has depended upon Masson exclusively, it is only fair to add that there is a bibliography and an impressive number of footnotes. The author, however, does not mention the works of Driault, which are the best of the recent studies on Napoleon, the excellent volumes by Pariset in Lavisse's "Histoire de France Contemporaine," the short biography by Fisher, which is the finest thing of its size, and some seven other authors whose works are important. But then, these were probably not in his library.

The book is an effort to show how Napoleon was motivated by family considerations in most of his important undertakings up to 1809. It does this only too well, with the result that one is forced to believe, if one takes the author's word for it, that Napoleon always was the dupe of his family's ambitions and that they seldom were the victims of his. Mr. Geer makes it appear that these incapable and petty brothers and sisters of the Emperor were hoisted to positions they did not merit because of Napoleon's sentimental and inbred loyalty to the "spirit of the clan." But it is more probable that Napoleon pushed them upward because it was good policy for him to establish his relatives in control of a series of buffer states. That they were incapable made it all the better for him, since he could then manage them more easily. He never gave principalities to the capable ones—Lucien and Madame Mère—whom he could not manage, and even took one away from incapable Louis when Louis became too balky. The chief merit of the book, nevertheless, is that it does present a good picture of the amount of family intrigue, its price in time and attention, and the drain it must have been upon the Emperor's pocket and patience. The book is freer from inaccuracies than Mr. Geer's earlier work, but one sentence must not be permitted to go unchallenged. "Rome," says Mr. Geer, in order to throw Napoleon's empire into sharper relief, "had imposed her power . . . on the barbarians, or semi-civilized peoples, who were destitute of culture, of laws, and of organization." Such a judgment of Greeks, Jews, Egyptians, Carthaginians, and King Mithradates is worthy only of Mr. Sherwood's Fabius Maximus.

Mr. Geer closes his book with the statement that "we know scarcely anything of the last three years of Napoleon's life." The memoirs of Saint Denis, one of Napoleon's servants at St. Helena (reviewed in these columns on March 28, 1923), and this new volume of reports by Count Balmain, capably edited by Professor Park, do much to fill in the lacuna. It is possible that even Emil Ludwig, had he been able to use this volume, would have been less severe in his strictures upon Sir Hudson Lowe. Balmain is by no means an admirer of Lowe. On the contrary, he makes it clear that Lowe was a narrow, meticulous, and over-conscientious man who managed to get himself disliked by everybody, including Balmain and the commissioners of the other European Powers. But he makes it very clear also that Lowe's seemingly groundless severity and unpleasantness were frequently due to the errors of his predecessor, the attitude of the home government, and the unyielding insistence of Napoleon that imperial honors be paid him upon an island where he was, after all, only a prisoner. If the situation was hard on Napoleon, as Balmain felt it was, he shows that it was equally hard on Lowe. Lowe was willing to make some hard-won concessions; Napoleon was unwilling to make any, even to avoid disease or death. In appointing Balmain, Nesselrode wrote: "An accurate journal kept up with care and regularity cannot fail to offer history material of great value." Balmain's journal is unfortunately not regular, though it is careful and therefore of great value. But to the publisher's claim on the jacket that "it is probably the last valuable piece of Napoleonic source material that will ever be published" we can only say, since about half of the letters of Napoleon believed to be in existence remain to be published, that we hope this is not true.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Feuchtwanger

The Ugly Duchess. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.50.

FEUCHTWANGER'S art centers in a double-barreled ability: he can wring a passion dry and vitally furnish forth a milieu. Beyond this his talents cannot carry him, a fact which his enthusiastic admirers, overcome with delight at the spectacle of a really first-class historical novelist, insist upon ignoring. In the complexities of human beings, in the nuances of emotion Feuchtwanger is not interested. He can dispense with these things; in fact, he must dispense with them if he is to devote all his energy to the effective development of his chosen passion and his chosen milieu. Following a convention almost inevitable in the historical novel, he draws his people in the flat; but his abstract passion and his milieu are projected with such completeness that they acquire a three-dimensional quality. This is his real significance, but it should not be

mistaken for more than it is. Those who have loosely applied to him the term "great novelist" have simply been overwhelmed by the clarity with which he exposes his central emotion and the unconventionality with which he handles his setting.

In his two books so beautifully translated by Willa and Edwin Muir the central emotion is identical. It is the passion for power. Equally identical is the technique by which that passion is developed. In each case the technique is determined by a conflict between the passion which is interior and a handicap which is exterior. In Feuchtwanger's first book the hero was driven by a Napoleonic lust for physical and spiritual domination. But that lust was not a thing in itself; it was exerted as a compensation for a handicap, for Süss was a member of the despised tribe of Israel in eighteenth-century Württemberg. The tradition of subjection to which he is too arrogant to bow is at once the mainspring which sets in motion his overweening ambition and the trap in which that ambition is finally caught. In "The Ugly Duchess" cast and setting are changed, but the same forces are represented. Margarete of Tyrol is a woman "God had deprived of feminine charm that she might sink all the woman in the ruler." Süss was a Jew; Margarete is a human ape. The exterior handicap is similar and is productive of similar results. Margarete, inherently of course a woman of force and intelligence, in a subconscious endeavor to annihilate her own ugliness exerts all her sublimated energy in the business of governing, the acquisition of power, the outwitting of a hundred circumambient politicians. And just as Süss was ruined by the circumstance that he was a Jew, so Duchess Margarete is ruined by her ugliness. The world never forgives ugliness, for, though it may talk of it as an unfortunate accident, it instinctively condemns it as a sin. Thus Margarete's every act turns out ill; and her very victories, as over the beautiful Agnes von Flavon, become as dust and ashes in her simian mouth. Yet the degradations of Süss and Margarete differ; for Süss, though he meets with death, rises to a moving spiritual victory. The return to the bosom of his people is a glorious if brief pilgrimage. No such transfiguration takes place in the grimmer story of "The Ugly Duchess"; the horrible old woman with the frog-like skin, forced to renounce her glittering temporalities, retires to a porcine cloister and fills the last slow dull moments of her existence with the good smell of fried fish and the slothful luxury of sleep.

In "Power" the hero was not a subtle character. It was merely that the agility of his mind lent an apparent variety to his temperament. But Margarete is not subtle in any way. She is only intelligent and energetic. Accordingly Feuchtwanger is compelled to enlist our interest by his happy genius for reiteration. The central passion in Margarete's soul is developed so fully, the circumstances against which she strives are so multifarious and are so cunningly varied that we are swept off our feet, not so much by the woman herself (for her final tragedy is not emotionally climactic) as by the fierce energy of the abstract passion of defeated ambition which she embodies.

Yet it is not this talent which constitutes Feuchtwanger's originality but rather his unconventional treatment of a given social milieu, in this case the Holy Roman Empire of the fourteenth century. If one were asked to define his originality in a phrase one might say that he has applied a modern economic realism to the writing of historical fiction. In "Power," as in the present volume, he overthrows completely the glamor formula of Scott and Dumas. He jettisons the usual historical trappings, the pomp and circumstance, the adventitious charm of the past. His history is history, not legend. Himself a really competent historian, he has had the wit to see drama and excitement in the spectacle of economic ambition, the financial arrangements of princes and prelates, the rise of a modern money economy, the striving of class against class, the decay of a feudalism that rejects commerce. Feuchtwanger's elaborate exposition of the motives of his characters and his description of the subtle disguises in which economic greed cloaks itself are a hundred times more effective than the entire false kaleidoscope of the romantic cloak-and-sword fictioneers. It is this realistic comprehension of his milieu that is at once the strength and the weakness of his work. It is a weakness in that it overshadows our interest in the individual fates of his characters. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that this secondary element is so originally and intelligently handled as to establish Feuchtwanger's method without question above that of the classic historical novelists.

It should be added that the method shines to much better advantage in "Power" than in the present volume. "The Ugly Duchess" is weaker, more monotonous, and less vivid than its predecessor. In "Power" Feuchtwanger drew definite inspiration from his own racial connection with Süss. "The Ugly Duchess" bears more clearly the marks of a laborious and occasionally frigid absorption in a scene with which (except in the marvelous sketch of the Jew Mendel Hirsch) the author has but an intellectual sympathy.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Platonism and Christianity

Christ the Word. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. $4.

FOR several years past Mr. More has been engaged upon the study of what he terms "The Greek Tradition" from 399 B.C. to 451 A.D. The present is the fourth volume to appear in this series of studies. It covers approximately the last 350 years of the period under consideration and is an exposition of Greek-Christian speculations regarding the personality of Christ called the Logos, the Word. Hence the title of the volume.

Students of theology know that this is rough ground to traverse. It is littered with memories of conflicting church parties, each when in authority anathematizing the other for heresy. Zealous champions on both sides tell hideous tales to defame their opponents' character. Councils of high clergy indulge in bitter strife over the phrasing of creeds. A young presbyter just home from college says it is logically absurd to affirm that a son can be as old as his father, and therefore God the Father and God the Son cannot be co-eternal. For this he and his sympathizers are driven into exile. Christian preachers proclaim the absurdity of polytheism; there can be only one God. Yet they speak of God and Christ and the Holy Ghost in a way that certainly seems to imply belief in more than a single deity. In their battles over the question of monotheism versus tritheism the Greek theologians of the church strewed the terrain with verbal boulders which remain to bruise the feet of the historical explorer. It is a skilful traveler who can find his way safely past Homoousians, Homoiousians, Homoeans, Anomoeans, Monophysites, Dyotheletes, and their ilk.

Dr. More believes he has found the key to the labyrinth. Throughout the whole course of the theological debates he finds running one golden thread of truth. This is belief in the Incarnation, the coming of the divine into the human at a high point in history, the appearance of "Christ the Word." The entire range of ancient theological controversy is thought to center about the one fundamental problem of the authenticity, meaning, and consequences of the Incarnation. On this platform traditional orthodoxy and Platonism, the two foci of our author's loyalties, meet and largely coincide. Platonism provides the imagery of two worlds, the ideal and the material, where the stage is set for the redemptive descent of deity into the sphere of matter, and Christianity furnishes just the supernatural historical event needed by Plato to bridge the gap between his spiritual and his material world. This marriage between Platonic dualism and Christian supernaturalism becomes the happy union from which all true religion is descended. We are told that even today there is no other means for stemming the theatening tide of dissolution and materialism. Our world

can be saved only by recapturing the religious idea of the Incarnation and making it a rallying point for the best thought of our time as it was for the best thought of antiquity.

Neither the method nor the conclusions of this book can pass today unchallenged. Supernaturalism, if not indeed Platonic dualism, seems to be going rapidly out of style, at least among people who are likely to concern themselves with the Greek tradition. The world of modern science is one vast universe so tremendous in dimensions as to leave little or no place for Plato's other world of immaterial patterns, from which truth descends upon mortals through the channels of some unique historical revelation like an incarnation. We believe nowadays that we have other and less artificial means of ascertaining truth and conserving the spiritual heritages bequeathed to us by our ancestors.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Personal Poetry

Steep Ascent. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Mrs. Untermeyer's are bitter berries. With but few exceptions she struggles with a single theme: to brace herself against onslaught, to assert her immaculate strength to bear, to live under the shadow of the moon, the thorn of the rose. Her heart is forsaken and hungry and importunate; in a dozen forms, always with a primitive directness, she reiterates what she says so briefly in Plain Statement:

> Here's the matter, stark and bland,
> Unbejewelled by words or phrases,
> Open-faced as meadowland
> Pied with daisies.
>
> You may stay or you may roam
> Circlewise in sinful mazes;
> I will still contain your home,
> Meed your praises.

Mrs. Untermeyer has an appealing clarity and moments of beauty. Her craftsmanship is precise and painstaking; it never covers her wounds or disguises her torn spirit:

> I cried for stone to hack and hew. . . .
> But I am the rock and the chisel, too.

The volume is an improvement over Mrs. Untermeyer's earlier verse, it is strong, it is passionate; but it is limited by the same intense egotism that has marked her other work. She writes of a human experience, of the common emotion of loneliness and desolation; yet her reaction is small and individual and her poems lack resonance and depth. "Steep Ascent" is well named. The ascent is steep indeed, but not the most arduous climbing will gain the summit unless the poet rises above personal frustration and pain.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Singing Miners

Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner. By George G. Korson. Frederick H. Hitchcock. $3.

SOME of the titles of these songs will serve in place of detailed description: When the Breaker Starts Up Full-Time, A Tramp Through Carbon County, The Old Miner's Refrain, The Miner's Doom, The Old D. & H. Gravity [Railroad], The Shoo-Fly [Mine], The Door Boy's Last Good-bye, The Avondale Mine Disaster, The Sugar Notch Entombment, The Knights of Labor Strike, The Mollie Maguires, Muff Lawler, The Squealer. No other collection of songs from the Pennsylvania hard-coal fields exists, and since the crowding out of the English and Irish miners has combined with new methods of operation to put an end to the semi-folk song of the district, Mr. Korson's work comes not a moment too early. However, a student of the mines and their history would find more nourishment between these covers than a lover of songs for their own sake. Tunes are not given, and the verse is generally pretty thin stuff for any purpose save that of depicting a cruelly dreary and hopeless manner of life. For the most part it is the work of members of a definite class of miner-minstrels who roamed the fields in the last century, and the compiler's remarkable industry and enthusiasm has enabled him in many cases to trace songs back to their actual authors, search the latter out, and obtain authorized versions with which to compare the variants resulting from mouth-to-mouth transmission.

It is noteworthy how little these variants depart from the originals, since the fact suggests that the songs, which among American Negroes or English peasants would have sustained many transmissions and consequently flowered into widely different versions, may have been largely left by the miners to their professional bards. Three Irish character-ballads have real flavor: Felix O'Hare's The Shoo-Fly, Con Carbon's Gossip in a Street Car, and Edward Foley's Mining in the Barroom; the latter—a satire on the off-hours braggart—elaborates on precisely the same jibe as that conveyed by the terms "hotel mezzanine flying" and "parlor aviation" which did heavy service about the flying camps in 1918. Mostly the songs are somewhat flat. Their mildness is probably due less to expurgation than to the fact that the majority were written before they were sung; although I catch Bowdler redhanded in My Sweetheart's a Mule in the Mines, which in its native state is a limerick worth knowing. Mr. Korson's work has been loving and exhaustive and his text is an admirable example of intelligent research. It is hoped that he will continue to pursue balladry, perhaps into richer departments than that of the anthracite mines.

ABBE NILES

Perception's Glassy Essence

Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect. By A. N. Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

WHEN the moderns revolted from what they took to be the unjustified and paradoxical results of German idealism, salvation seemed to lie in a thoroughgoing empiricism. No more was common sense to be forsaken; no more was immediate experience to be ignored. But it was necessary first to lay forever those specters which had haunted and eventually crushed the English School—solipsism and skepticism. The first arose when experience was viewed as essentially personal and internal; the second when it was taken as being made up of isolated elements combined arbitrarily, without objective counterpart. Most of the epistemological work of the last decade has been devoted, with but little success, to new analyses of the content of experience in the hope that immediate principles of connection and objectivity might be disclosed.

Harassed empiricists may now find a way of escape in some such examination of perception as Professor Whitehead makes. He holds that there are two independent modes by which an external world is disclosed as related to the individual. The first and most primitive is the perception by the organism that it is being determined by the past and that its present behavior, in part, conforms to it. All organisms recognize "causal efficacy," the "hand of the settled past in the formation of the present," thus acknowledging concrete time not as pure succession (which is an abstraction) but as a process of conformation to what has gone before. The second, "presentational immediacy," reveals an actual, causally independent world, related to us spatially and constituted by entities as real as ourselves. This type of perception is the property of higher organisms only, by which they discover contemporary things as objective in their

experience. The two modes are connected through the medium of symbolic reference, which is an activity determined by the individual, correlating the actualities disclosed in each mode by means of the sense data and the spatial and temporal locations that they have in common. Knowledge of an external world is essentially symbolic, using the data presented in one of the modes as a sign for those in the other; and instead of being merely passive, involves the active fusion of a spatialized world with a temporal one.

Skepticism and solipsism are thus avoided, for the acknowledgment of causal efficacy is taken to be more primitive than the recognition of disembodied sense data, while the perception of a spatial world is viewed as the always acknowledged ground from which these elements are abstracted. But "Symbolism" is only a partial rendering of the situation, for no attempt is made to distinguish conceived from physical space and time, and thus the objects of imagination from those of perception. It is primarily a description of types of awareness, and a submission to the faith which practical behavior demands. But a philosophy cannot rest with the data of any science or yield to the historically primitive, though that may be the better part of animal wisdom. It is science itself that wants a reason, and a philosophy which builds on that material, instead of embracing the whole world, begs its whole question. Though the principles of universal connection are unquestionably manifested in every fragment of experience, that universality and necessity can be demonstrated only by a recourse to a higher ground; for experience never indicates what must be or just what its conditions are. To overlook this is to run the risk of confounding an irrational faith and a practical prejudice with what is not only primitive but necessary. Perhaps in the coming Clifford Lectures Professor Whitehead will discuss these issues, making the present criticism anticipatory; "Symbolism" would then be not only an effective reply to atomistic views, though begging a sanction of its own, but a symbol of a new and satisfactory epistemology yet to come.

PAUL WEISS

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn. Simon and Schuster.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. Macmillan.
America Comes of Age. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
The Right to be Happy. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. Harper.
Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
Gallions Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
Jalna. By Mazo De La Roche. Little, Brown.
Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann. Holt.

Books in Brief

Literary Blasphemies. By Ernest Boyd. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, Poe, Whitman, Henry James, and Hardy by a critic who in previous volumes had made a mordant name for himself. Here he attacks the stupidity of those unimportant people who suppose any great writer to have been a perfect one. The game is easy, but in the course of pursuing it Mr. Boyd is frequently amusing, suggestive, and unanswerable. He is most often wrong in his discussion of poets. His account of Milton, for instance, is quite as absurd as that of any of the idolaters he despises.

Robert Frost. By Gorham B. Munson. The Murray Hill Biographies. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Useful for the information it contains concerning the reticent author of "North of Boston," Mr. Munson's little book is nevertheless undistinguished as criticism and meager as biography. Short as it is, it gives the impression of having been greatly padded.

The True History of the Conquest of Mexico. Written in the Year 1568 by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, and translated by Maurice Keatinge. Introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith. The Argonaut Series. Robert M. McBride Company. Two volumes. $10.

A handsome reprint of Prescott's chief source for "The Conquest of Mexico." The translation first appeared in London in 1800.

English Poetry between Chaucer and Surrey. Examples of Conventional Secular Poetry in the Period from Henry IV to Henry VIII. Edited by Eleanor Prescott Hammond. Duke University Press. $6.50.

The hero of this anthology is Lydgate—which suggests how dull most of the contents are. Yet it is a valuable work of reference for students of literary history, who will find that the labors of the editor have been done with exhaustive care and with excellent sense.

The Gateway to American History. By Randolph G. Adams. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

The librarian of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan discusses in lantern-slide fashion a collection of highly interesting engravings which he reproduces for the reader out of old volumes dealing with the exploration and settlement of North America.

Art

The Mexican Primitives

SAYS a Spanish missionary's account of the Aztec metal craftsmen: "They are very careful to consider what animal they wish to imitate; how its being and its aspect must be represented. . . . For example, if they wish to fashion a turtle, they make its shell, in which it can move, from the bottom of which its head looks out and from which its four feet extend and move about . . . for that which is made must resemble the original and have life."

It is with this temper, and this view, that the modern Mexican artists have set about refashioning the Mexican tradition. The want and the need to go back to things of the land, people native to it, values formed within it—this is the impulse of their revolution in art. They have set about repudiating the imported manner which again and again, since the Spanish conquest, has gone barren in transplantation. By painting murals destined for public possession, and by painting those murals with native subjects and, most of all, in the mood and with the plastic materials of native given subjects, they reclaim, as most worthy the ancient presence of monumental art, public art derived physically, emotionally, from the land and its brown people.

The exhibitions at the Art Center and the Weyhe Gallery give but a slight index of the results. For that the great painted walls are necessary. The material on view, however, can give the mood, the impulse, the viewpoint, the direction of this new and powerful American culture.

Necessarily these artists are on quite another plane than ours; deliberately they are forming their art with a viewpoint and a manner not that of modern Europe. They have important subjects; it is their problem to make the painting, the rendering, as strong as the subjects, and in "considering their being" the representation is not a likeness but a transposal of the full emotional qualities of the subjects into fully as emotional qualities in the sheer painting itself. In this sense their work must "resemble the original." Above all, it must have life.

So well did they succeed in giving the unquiet, the tremendously powerful, dynamic, creative quality of Mexican life and Mexican art—traditionally indivisible—that their first murals, painted in 1922, were stoned. There is distinguished precedent for such response. The official arbiters of art, in Mexico, have since the conquest fearfully destroyed, futilely disregarded, the products of native artists. These arbiters would tolerate a picturesque Indian; but a real Indian, stripped of the picturesque, with his full potency made manifest—he is too strange, too strong, too unabashedly unpretty, too much possessed of terrible beauty.

Deliberately, also, this art has been made not to salon requirements. It has the weight, the drive of many generations and of many unknown artists. It has the great assertion of men beginning again, recreating, caring not to please but to build solidly with truth.

This is genuinely American art. It is also genuinely modern. Monumental art, these men say, belongs in a time of monumental building and achievement. For the first time, too, here is a glimpse, outside Mexico, of the real Mexico, a Mexico beyond the theatrical and much more than picturesque. It may prove wholly a pleasure; or violently a shock. It cannot be ignored.

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

Heart to Heart

THOSE schoolmasters who escape being merely hard-boiled seem subject to a peculiar malady in the course of which they get into the habit of yearning over their pupils and begin to fancy themselves in the role of sympathetic father. Developing a fondness for the "heart-to-heart talk," they rub their hands over "the problems of adolescence," and in the advanced stages of the disease they not infrequently address certain of their young charges as "laddie." The two phases of puerile sexuality—calf-love on the one hand and dirty talk on the other—begin to interest them even more, if such a thing be possible, than they interest their pupils, and if something is not done to arrest the course of the disease they will soon be giving Chapel Talks on Sunday evenings or writing a book about What Every Young Man Ought to Know. They batten upon intimate confessions, and they deserve more often than they get the retort said to have been vouchsafed a religious worker in one of the Eastern universities who stopped a student on the campus to ask if he was ever "troubled by evil thoughts." "No," said the youth when he had recovered from his astonishment, "I think I enjoy 'em!"

Now, no one would have suspected from John Van Druten's "Young Woodley" that its author was that sort of schoolmaster. The play seemed to escape both the maudlin emotionalism of the professional father and the smarty condescension of the Booth Tarkington school. It managed to do justice to the feelings of the youth without sacrificing an adult perspective; and it seemed to mean something. But whether because he was too much praised for his "understanding" or because of some more obscure reason, Mr. Van Druten seems to have gone completely soft, and his new play, "Diversion" (Forty-ninth Street Theater), is scarcely more than a parody of the former one. His hero—this time a young man recently out of college—falls lyrically in love with a fast-living actress and kills her when she says that she is done with him. He is provided with a marvelously sympathetic father who is always yearning for a heart-to-heart talk and who, when a passionate discourse upon the theme "it is only her body you want" fails to avert the catastrophe, gives the young man poison in order to save his neck from the rope. The scenes between father and son seem to constitute the author's only excuse for retelling, without any original variations, one of the cheapest and most hackneyed stories known to the stage; and that excuse is by no means adequate.

The play alternates between the lurid and the maudlin. It is sometimes unconvincingly melodramatic, sometimes sloppily sentimental; it could not under any circumstances be made very effective, for the simple reason that no amount of yearning over youth could keep an audience from concluding that this particular lad was more of an ass than even a young man in love with an actress has any excuse for being. Doubtless cases have been known where a man strangled a woman to death for no other reason than that she refused to spend the night with him, but the action seems to me a somewhat excessive expression of the pardonable irritation aroused by the refusal, and when the hero of "Diversion" does just this I see no reason for believing that his behavior is either usual under the circumstances or the evidence of any unusual fineness of soul. A sympathetic character does not, of course, have to be perfect, but it is rather difficult to make a hero out of a fool. Richard Bird's interpretation of the central character is probably the one justified by the text, but he seems much less a young Londoner of twenty-four than a pettish adolescent of sixteen. One merely wonders that the actress tolerated him as long as she did.

"Cock Robin" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is designed for those persons, like myself, who are perfectly willing to enjoy a mystery play provided the authors give us half a chance. As the title indicates, the plot is concerned with the conventional question, "Who killed——?" but the authors have managed both to keep within the bounds of the remotely possible and to create characters solid enough to produce an illusion of life. The setting—back-stage before and during the performance of an amateur play—is novel, the unraveling of the mystery is ingenious, and, all in all, "Cock Robin" is the most entertaining play of the sort which I have seen this season. John Howard Lawson's "International" is the best of the pieces given this season at the Playwright's Theater, and if it be objected that this does not sound like superlative praise I can only reply that I did not mean that it should. Attempting to give in a sort of futuristic shorthand the story of a world-wide communist uprising, it is sometimes painfully heavy footed, but sometimes illuminated with those moments of an uncanny power of which Mr. Lawson has before now shown himself capable. In spite of a pretty bad production it is distinctly worth seeing because of the glimpses which it gives of the play Mr. Lawson may yet some day write. "A Free Soul" (Playhouse) is a crude piece about a gambler who, after the manner of black-sheep heroes in melodrama, compounds the sin he is inclined to by assuming an obstreperously high moral tone in respect to everything else—especially female virtue.

At the Cosmopolitan Theater the Max Reinhardt company demonstrated its exquisite gift for pantomime in a gay production of Goldoni's "Servant of Two Masters," with Hermann Thimig in the lively role of Truffaldino. At the New Amsterdam Marilyn Miller and the delightfully amusing Jack Donahue have an admirable vehicle for their dancing and singing in "Rosalie," put on by Mr. Ziegfeld with great splendor of costume and scenery. The music is by Sigmund Romberg and George Gershwin; and there seems to be no reason why the show should not have a long run.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The real story behind the headlines!

Sacco-Vanzetti

The Red Raids of 1919

The Cordage Strike

Boston's Police Strike

Financial Feuds

Censorship

Upton Sinclair tells it in "BOSTON"

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By UPTON SINCLAIR

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International Relations Section

The Last Words of Adolph Joffé

By MAX EASTMAN

THE change of personnel and policy in the Bolshevik Government since Lenin died has found a tragic symbol in the suicide of Adolph Joffé. Joffé was one of the strongest and ablest of the men surrounding Lenin in the revolutionary days. Like Rakovsky he was trained to be a physician. He was a man of serene strength and courage. He gave his whole life to the Communist movement, taking an active part in the revolution of 1905, and serving his time, not only in prison but at hard labor in Siberia. In the October revolution and the fighting days which followed Joffé played a major role. He was among the leaders of the Military Revolutionary Committee, which, according to some accounts, accomplished the transfer of power in Petrograd before the actual insurrection. And he was chosen by Lenin for the two first and most critically important diplomatic posts to be occupied by a Bolshevik—the chairmanship of the delegation to Brest-Litovsk and the ambassadorship in Berlin. He was one of the delegates to the Genoa Conference, and he was subsequently the Russian envoy in Japan.

Joffé put a pistol to his temple and shot himself on the sixteenth of last November. He was only forty-four years old. He left a letter to Trotzky beside him on the table, explaining his act. The letter was seized by Stalin's police when they entered the room. It was "confiscated," and that copy was never delivered to Trotzky. But Joffé had evidently not left this final matter to chance. The letter, which is a political as well as a human document of importance, is now being published in every country except Russia. I give it here, with some slight omissions of detail:

To Leon Trotzky

Dear Leon Davidovich,

All my life I have thought that the man of politics ought to know how to go away at the right time, as an actor quits the stage, and that it is better to go too soon than too late.

More than thirty years ago I embraced the philosophy that human life has meaning only to the degree that, and so long as, it is lived in the service of something infinite. For us humanity is infinite. The rest is finite, and to work for the rest is therefore meaningless. Even if humanity too must have a purpose beyond itself, that purpose will appear in so remote a future that for us humanity may be considered as an absolute infinite. It is in this and this only that I have always seen the meaning of life. And now, taking a glance backward over my past, of which twenty-seven years were spent in the ranks of our party, it seems to me that I have the right to say that during *all* my conscious life I have been faithful to this philosophy. I have lived according to this meaning of life: work and struggle for the good of humanity. I think I have the right to say that not a day of my life has been meaningless.

But now, it seems, comes the time when my life loses its meaning and in consequence I feel obliged to abandon it, to bring it to an end.

For several years now the present heads of our party, in accordance with their general policy of not giving work to Communists of the Opposition, have given me neither political nor soviet work whose scope and character would permit me to be useful to the maximum of my capabilities. During the past year, as you know, the Politburo has completely cut me off, as an oppositionist, from any political work.

My health has kept on getting worse. About the twentieth of September, for reasons unknown to me, the Medical Commission of the Central Committee summoned me to an examination by specialists, who informed me categorically that the state of my health was much worse than I supposed, and that I must not stay another useless day in Moscow nor remain another hour without treatment, but go abroad immediately and enter an appropriate sanatorium.

To my direct question, "What chances have I to get well abroad, and can I take care of myself in Russia without giving up my work?" the physicians and assistants, the practicing doctor of the Central Committee, Comrade Abrossov, another Communist physician, and the director of the Kremlin hospital, all answered simply that the Russian sanatoria could help me in no way, that I must rely upon treatment in the West. They added that if I followed their instructions, they had no doubt that I would be able to work for a prolonged period.

For about two months the Medical Commission of the Central Committee (in spite of having on its own initiative ordered the consultation) took no steps either toward my stay abroad or toward my treatment here. On the contrary, the Kremlin pharmacy, which had always delivered remedies to me according to the prescriptions, was forbidden to do it. I was, in fact, deprived of the help of free medicines, which I had always enjoyed. I was obliged to buy the medicines that were indispensable in the pharmacies of the city. It seems that this took place at the time when the group in power began to visit on the comrades of the Opposition its policy of "Hit the Opposition in the belly."

As long as I was well enough to work I paid little attention to all this, but as I kept getting worse my wife approached the Medical Commission of the Central Committee and personally Dr. Semashko, who has always, publicly, gone to extremes to realize his formula "Save the old guard." The matter was nevertheless constantly adjourned, and all that my wife was able to obtain was an extract of the decision of the council of physicians. In this extract my chronic maladies are enumerated, and it is set down that the council insists on my being sent abroad "to a sanatorium of the type of Professor Friedlander's" for a period that may extend to one year.

Meanwhile, nine days ago I went definitely to bed, on account of the acuteness and the aggravation (as always happens in such circumstances) of all my chronic ailments, and especially the most terrible, my inveterate polyneuritis, which has again become acute, forcing me to endure an absolutely intolerable pain and even preventing me from walking. For nine days I have been without any treatment, and the question of my trip abroad has not been taken up. Not one of the physicians of the Central Committee has come to see me. Professor Davidenko and Dr. Levine, being called to my bedside, prescribed a few trifles which obviously could do me no good, and then admitted that "nothing could be done," and that a trip abroad was indispensably urgent. Dr. Levine told my wife that the affair was dragging because the Medical Commission evidently thought that my wife wanted to go with me, and "that makes it too expensive." My wife answered that, in spite of the sad state I was in, she decidedly did not insist that she or anyone else accompany me. Whereupon Dr. Levine assured us that, under these conditions, the matter would soon be settled. Dr. Levine repeated to me today that the doctors could do nothing, that the only resource was immediate departure abroad. Then in the evening the physician of the Central Committee, Comrade Potiomkin, notified my wife that the Medical Commission of the Central Committee had decided not to send me abroad but to care for me in Russia. The reason was that the specialists

insisted on a prolonged treatment abroad, deeming a short stay futile, and that the Central Committee would only give for my cure a maximum of one thousand dollars, and found it impossible to give more.

While abroad recently I received an offer guaranteeing me twenty thousand dollars in royalties for my memoirs, but [considering that they would have to be censored by the Politburo and] knowing how the history of the party and of the revolution is falsified in our country, I did not consider it possible to lend a hand to such a falsification. The entire censorship of the Politburo would consist of not allowing a true evaluation of the personages and their acts, either on one side or the other—either of the authentic leaders of the revolution or of those who at present find themselves invested with this dignity. In consequence I see no way to get treatment without receiving money from the Central Committee, which, for all my revolutionary work of twenty-seven years, thinks it possible to value my life and my health at a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars.

That is why I say that the time has come when it is necessary to bring this life to an end. I know that the general opinion of the party is opposed to suicide, but I believe that none of those who understand my situation will condemn me for it. If I were in good health I should have found strength and energy to struggle against the situation created in the party. But in my present state I cannot endure a situation in which the party silently tolerates *your exclusion from its ranks*, even though I am absolutely certain that sooner or later a crisis will come which will oblige the party to cast off those who have led it to such a disgrace. In this sense my death is *a protest* against those who have led the party to a situation such that it cannot react in any way to this opprobrium.

If I may be permitted to compare something big with something little, I will say that the immensely important historical event, your exclusion and that of Zinoviev, an exclusion which must inevitably open a period of Thermidor in our revolution, and the fact that I am reduced, after twenty-seven years of revolutionary work at responsible posts in the party, to a situation where I have nothing left but to put a bullet through my head—these two facts illustrate one and the same thing—the present regime in our party. And perhaps the two events, the little and the big one together, will jar the party awake and halt it on the road leading to Thermidor.

Dear Leon Davidovich, we are bound together by ten years of work in common and, I hope, of personal friendship, and that gives me the right to tell you, at the moment of farewell, what seems to me to be a weakness in you.

I have never doubted the correctness of the way you have pointed out, and you know that for more than twenty years, ever since the "Permanent Revolution," I have been with you. But I have always thought that you lacked the inflexibility, the intransigence, of Lenin, his resolution to remain at the task alone, if need be, in the road that he had marked out, sure of a future majority, of a future recognition by all of the rightness of that road. You have always been right politically, beginning with 1905, and I have often told you that with my own ears I have heard Lenin admit that in 1905 it was not he, but you, who were right. In the face of death one does not lie, and I repeat this to you now.

But you have often renounced your right position in favor of an agreement, a compromise, whose value you overestimated. That was wrong. I repeat: politically you have always been in the right, and *now more than ever you are in the right.* Some day the party will understand this, and history be forced to recognize it.

Moreover, don't be afraid today if certain ones desert you, and especially if the many do not come to you as quickly as we all wish. You are in the right, but the certainty of the victory of your truth lies precisely in a strict intransigence, in the most severe rigidity, in the repudiation of every compromise, exactly as that was always the secret of the victories of Ilyitch.

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Your A. JOFFÉ

P. S. I wrote my letter during the night between the fifteenth and sixteenth, and today, the sixteenth, Marie Mikhailovna went to the Medical Commission to insist on their sending me abroad, if only for one or two months. They answered her that in the opinion of the specialists a short stay abroad was absolutely useless. They told her that the Medical Commission had decided to transfer me immediately to the Kremlin hospital. Thus they refuse me even a short trip for the sake of my health, even though all the doctors agree that a cure in Russia is of no use and will do me no good.

Goodby, dear Leon Davidovich. Be strong. You will need to be, and energetic, too. And bear me no grudge. A.

Plain Speaking at Havana

THE following appeal, addressed to the delegates to the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, is supposed to have been responsible for the suppression by the police, on the day of President Coolidge's address, of the January issue of *Atueri:*

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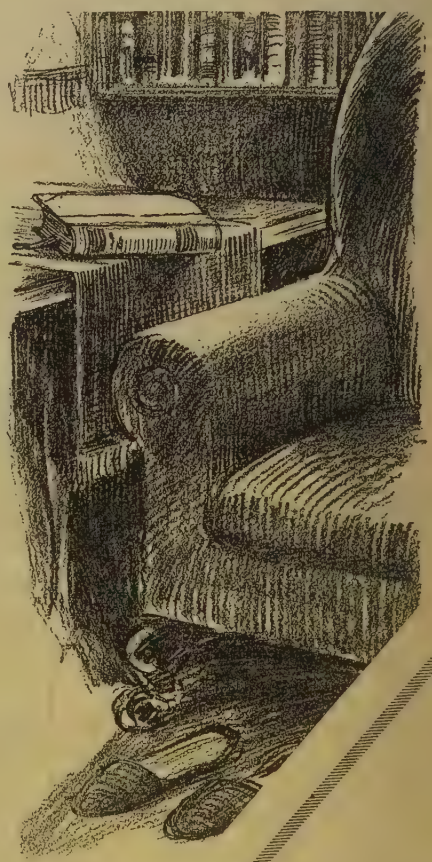

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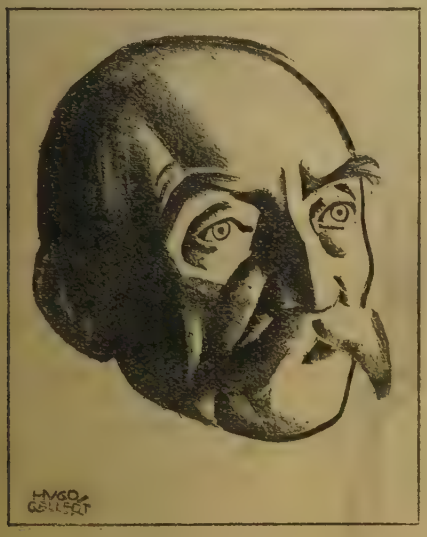

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Significant Facts in January

The Nation Applauds

Governor Smith's able handling of State business as revealed in his annual message to the N. Y. Legislature.
THE NATION, January 18

Governor Fuller's recommendation to the Massachusetts Legislature that the Supreme Court be given the power to review in entirety a case submitted from a lower court.
THE NATION, January 18

The annual report of Nicholas Murray Butler defining the claim of the university to freedom from governmental control and the claim of the scholar to intellectual freedom from control of the university. THE NATION, January 18

The Senate's resumption of the investigation of the Teapot Dome oil-leasing scandal. THE NATION, January 25

The overthrowing by the New York State Court of Appeals of the injunction obtained from a lower bench in 1926 by the Interborough Rapid Transit Co. against several of its employees engaged in a campaign against the Company Union.
THE NATION, January 25

The attempt by nineteen Yale students to secure fair play for strikers in New Haven. THE NATION, January 25

The barring of Frank L. Smith, Senator-elect from Illinois, from the U. S. Senate. THE NATION, February 1

Senator Wheeler's resolution in favor of an inquiry to find out the nature and extent of American concessions abroad.
THE NATION, February 8

President Coolidge's rebuke to the Admirals for their "war talk." THE NATION, February 8

The Nation Deplores

The war against Nicaragua.
THE NATION, January 11, 18, 25, February 1

The continued use of violence against the striking miners in Colorado. THE NATION, January 11

President Coolidge's favorable comment on the large loans to stock brokers and dealers. THE NATION, January 18

The shameless hypocrisy of President Coolidge's speech at the Pan-American Congress. THE NATION, January 25

The excluding of Pierre Hudicourt, president of the Haitian Society of International Law, from the Pan-American Congress. THE NATION, January 25

The 15 to 1 vote of the House Committee on Naval Affairs approving the $740,000,000 building proposal to be binding for eight years. THE NATION, January 25

The sidetracking of Senator Walsh's resolution calling for an investigation of the power trust.
THE NATION, January 25

The criminal ineptitude displayed by Rear Admiral Brumby before the naval court of inquiry into the sinking of the S-4.
THE NATION, January 25

The absence of women in the delegations to the Pan-American Congress. THE NATION, February 1

The failure of the negotiations for a treaty outlawing war between France and the United States.
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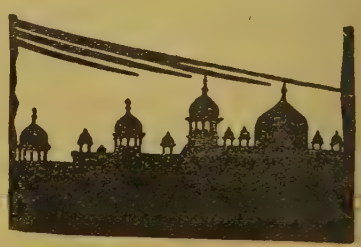

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HOW DOES GOVERNOR SMITH stand on the question of a large navy and army and in relation to the armament race? What is his general outlook on the problem of militarism? These questions are constantly asked us by interested liberals who are trying to make up their minds whether they can advocate Governor Smith's election or not. We are happy to be able to throw a little light on these questions by the following letter of Governor Smith to Mr. L. V. Gordon of the Church Peace Union, written on June 3, 1927, which does not seem to have received publicity so far, at least in the East:

Dear Mr. Gordon:

I received your letter calling attention to a conference of the five chief naval Powers, which will convene in Geneva during the month of July, for the consideration of the subject of limitation of naval armaments.

I consider the subject the most promising cure for some of the world's worst evils. This nation spent for army and navy in 1926 over $600,000,000. For our naval and military establishments we spend in a year over twice the outlay of all the States in the Union for charity and correction and about one-half the expenditure in all the States of the Union for public elementary education. The naval expenses alone of England, France, and the United States exceed a billion dollars a year. We must come to keen realization of the burning significance of these facts and lift this load of waste from the backs of the masses whose labor foots the bill.

What the nations expend for armament and its upkeep would wipe out the slums of the cities, educate the children of the world, reestablish farms and industry, and restore prosperity to mankind.

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] Alfred E. Smith

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE acted promptly in rebuking our talking admirals, but, as was to be expected, without any of the force or fire which marked Senator Borah's ringing statement. None the less, he is on record as having advised the press and country to pay no attention to similar alarmist speeches, pointing out that they always occur when the navy is trying to get through a big naval-appropriation bill. But why does he allow the navy to put these appropriation bills into Congress? It seems to us, and to many others, that the President says one thing and that the navy goes ahead and does what it pleases without regard to the President's opinions or utterances. There is certainly no discipline or control exercised by the White House. It would be far better, indeed, if Mr. Coolidge prevented these foolish, and sometimes wicked, militaristic utterances by our naval officers by taking charge of the legislation himself and sending his recommendations, and not Secretary Wilbur's, to Congress. Then there would be one responsible head to the whole business. But Mr. Coolidge is unable to govern in that manner. He has never been able to rein in the team of Cabinet officers whom he is supposed to steer.

WITH CONGRESS, too, Mr. Coolidge is out of luck. It has now been two months in session and the President has encountered only defeat. This is in part due to the fact that the Progressive Senators hold the balance of power in the Senate, but the House, also, has thumbed its nose, or noses, if one prefers, at the President on several occasions. This is, of course, not unusual when a President is nearly at the end of his term and it is known that he will not succeed himself. There follows the inevitable play for position in the coming campaign. At present the majority leadership in both House and Senate is not distinguishing itself. The Senate has not only voted for tariff revision in defiance of the President, but it has by a vote of 51 to 32 defeated Mr. Coolidge's plan for an investigation of the loss of the S-4 by an independent commission and by a vote of 51 to 25 accepted that part of the Jones Merchant Marine bill which

provides that no ship can be sold except by unanimous consent of the Shipping Board, to which Mr. Coolidge is wisely opposed. The President still has his veto, but in the case of Mississippi flood control there are indications that a bill which he disapproves can be passed over his veto. This situation again endangers the passing of a worth-while agricultural-relief bill and leaves entirely in the air the question of tax reduction.

WE INDORSE MOST HEARTILY the resolution which Senator Wheeler has introduced for an inquiry by the Committee on Foreign Relations into the nature and extent of the concessions abroad held by American citizens or companies in which they are interested. Senator Borah, chairman of the committee, is fostering a resolution for an investigation of our occupation of Nicaragua, and naturally he is more interested in pushing his own proposal. Although his project is much to be desired also, it seems less fundamental to us than Senator Wheeler's scheme. If our citizens are going to understand and correctly settle the numerous questions now growing out of our interests abroad, we must have adequate information as to what such interests are. We must no longer be satisfied with vague talk about protecting "American lives and property." We must insist that the Department of State tell us precisely what lives and whose property it is protecting—and why.

THE NEW YORK *WORLD* has at last discovered why the Latin Americans mistake our benevolent intentions for hypocrisy. It is because "They do not understand our tendency to dwell upon the purity of our intentions and to pass discreetly over the facts which do not fit in to our own conception of our characters." We mean all right, continues the *World*, but our tall talk and moral self-justification "invariably makes the Latin mind cynical." So when President Coolidge remarks that "the sovereignty of small nations is respected," they believe that we are hypocritical and simply snigger out loud—a snigger, strangely enough, that is echoed and reechoed throughout the world. In Buenos Aires *La Critica* labels the Pan-American Conference a "comedy," and the students in the Central Law School are raising money to aid Sandino. In Montevideo *La Tribuna Popular* urges Uruguayans to boycott products from the United States in protest against our Nicaraguan policy. In Peru *El Comercio* asks: "How can it be possible to arrive at Pan-Americanism when hates are boiling among various American entities, caused by violence and maintained by flagrant violations of right and justice?" Likewise in Havana the newspaper *El Pais* becomes curious and asks "Has any state the right to conduct work of territorial defense outside of its own limits, and in the event that it has, does it possess the authority to overstep the sovereignty of other states?" And even Mexico, despite our good-will gestures in her direction, remains extremely critical of the results. To the nations to the south of us, it appears, our actions speak louder than our words—it is their Latin "temperament."

THIS SAME "TEMPERAMENT," this same inability to take seriously our good-will gestures and unctuous talk at Havana seems to exist also across the Atlantic. In England the London *Daily News* facetiously puts two and two together saying: "It was more than a little unfortunate that only a few hours before he [President Coolidge] was pointing out to his audience that one of the greatest characteristics of the American people is their habit of 'respecting the sovereignty of small nations,' air bombers dispatched from his own country were out dealing death and terror among the so-called Nicaraguan 'rebels.'" Much the same is the opinion of the Madrid *Imparcial* that "the conciliatory words of President Coolidge will not ring sincere while sharpshooters in Nicaragua continue hunting the troops of Sandino." Meanwhile we learn from the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in Rome that, with reference to the Pan-American Conference, "So far the United States has not received one word of friendly comment in the Italian press—and comment has been copious." And to complete the European chorus, Berlin and Paris newspapers twit us about our "altruism." Most striking and unexpected, perhaps, is the criticism from France; it was only a week earlier that President Coolidge lifted the ban on French industrial loans in New York as a special mark of friendship. In return, France coldly points out that the ban was never considered as a hardship, but rather in the nature of a blessing—because that country is happiest which is freest from the influence of foreign capital.

RARELY IS A NEWSPAPER so guilty of misrepresentation as was the New Haven *Journal-Courier* toward the nineteen Yale students who were arrested for distributing a pamphlet discussing the neckwear strike in New Haven. In reprinting an editorial of the *Yale Daily News*, the *Journal-Courier* not only distorted the whole tenor of the article through its headlines but actually deleted a negative from a sentence. The *News* said:

> This neckwear report is no catch-penny Bolshevist pamphlet calling on every good brother to whet his butcher knife and lie low.

In the *Journal-Courier* this sentence became:

> This neckwear report is catch-penny calling upon every good brother to whet his butcher knife and to lie low.

The two introductory sentences to the *News* editorial were: "Mother Yale has again been dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged through the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." These lines, ironical in their context, were separated from the editorial by the *Journal-Courier* and made to appear as the solemn dictum of the *News* on the issue. It was with this interpretation in mind that *The Nation* criticized the student paper; in reality, we learn, the *News* has been supporting the students, and is to be complimented upon its editorial. Not content with garbling one editorial, the *Journal-Courier* in a later issue heads a news story with the following words: "Says Yale Men Too Young to Know Minds; Undergraduates Have no Business Interesting Themselves in Industrial Problems, Declares *Alumni Weekly*." What the *Yale Alumni Weekly* actually said was:

> There is . . . a question raised . . . that interests us. . . . This assumes that the Yale undergraduate body is too youthful to know its own mind . . . and has no business interesting itself actively in social or industrial problems outside of the college walls. To this theory we should have to take exception.

THE "OBSCENITY LAW" of the Post Office Department, officially Section 212 of the United States Penal Code, has never been put to stranger use than in the attempted prohibition of stamps issued by the Anti-Imperial-

ist League bearing the words "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua." The Anti-Imperialist League says that if the mails can be used for anti-tuberculosis propaganda they can be used also for anti-imperialist propaganda. The United States Post Office retorts that letters bearing the "Protest Against Marine Rule" stamp are, under Section 212, held to be unmailable. If any word in Section 212 covers the situation it is the word "libelous," since the stamps are not "indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening" or "calculated by the terms or manner of style or display and obviously intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another." As for the libel, it is not possible to libel the United States Government. What remains is a little difficult to determine. The marines are in Nicaragua; the coming election will be conducted under marine control. The anti-imperialist stamps are inoffensive in the extreme; about an inch square, a modest buff in color. We believe that a protest couched in these words and in this format can legally be attached to the reverse side of mail matter; we believe that the Post Office is unwarranted in its assumption that mail bearing such stamps is unmailable. And not only unwarranted but impertinent and ill-advised.

DEATH HAS REMOVED two interesting American historians from the scene. John Spencer Bassett, who died after being struck by a street car in Washington, D. C., had been for more than twenty years professor of history at Smith College; but for thirteen years before that he had taught at Trinity College (now Duke University), North Carolina, and as a historian his work had had chiefly to do with the South, where he was born and brought up. He contributed several volumes to the history of slavery in North Carolina, he wrote an important life of Andrew Jackson, and recently he was engaged with an edition of Jackson's letters in six volumes. Some will remember him as the center of a storm which raged in the South following the publication in 1903 of his article declaring Booker T. Washington to have been the greatest Southerner—save Lee—born within a century. In Clarence Walworth Alvord, dead after a long illness in Italy, *The Nation* loses a valuable contributor and reviewer. Mr. Alvord, who had been professor of history at the University of Illinois and later at the University of Minnesota, was one of the most distinguished of our sectional historians. As general editor of the Illinois Historical Collection, as editor-in-chief of the Illinois Centennial History, as managing editor of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, and as author of "The Mississippi Valley in British Politics" he had done much to reveal the possibilities to historians of that portion of the Middle West to which he had gone from New England.

WHILE PROFESSOR ALVORD was a specialist in Mississippi Valley history, he was never a narrow one, nor did he, like so many others of his craft, lose his head and forget all the teachings of history when the war relegated judgment and all critical tests to the garbage heap. In his thorough knowledge of certain definite fields he was in marked contrast to the late Talcott Williams, for years chief editorial writer of the Philadelphia *Press* and the first head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Dr. Williams had a most amazing memory which he stored with facts in regard to almost every subject. He kept up an extraordinary clipping system catalogued in a way that made the marking with the right decimal of each article to be filed a great feat of memory in itself. Often the entire floor of his library was covered with clippings for his secretary to file in the proper boxes. On the other hand, his knowledge of so many facts made him slow to express a critical judgment in that his mind seemed regularly to recur to similar happenings in history, only to linger there. If in politics he was by nature a compromiser, he was none the less for many years a notable figure in the literary life of Philadelphia, and his promotion to the School of Journalism seemed to be exactly the right reward for his years of editorial service.

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ was engaged upon a novel called "The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse" when he died suddenly in France. It was to be another propaganda novel, this time in the interests of peace, with the plot centering about the League of Nations. Whether it would have been his best novel, as he thought it would be, or whether any of his propaganda novels was among his best, or whether indeed he ever wrote a first-rate novel at all—these are questions which must be left to time and literary criticism. But of one thing we are already sure: he was a dashing and dramatic figure. The arch-enemy of Alfonso XIII and Primo de Rivera, exiled four years ago to France whence he sent back insulting pamphlets by airplane, jailed an almost countless number of times during his life for political reasons, Blasco Ibáñez was a born fighter, as in literature he was a born special pleader. Our connection with him in America is that we made him rich. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" succeeded over here not only in stimulating hatred of Germany but in setting its author free financially.

IT WOULD HARDLY be possible to call Earl Haig a brilliant strategist or to claim for him a personality as forceful as that of Marshal Foch. But he had many of the finest traits of the British soldier—his refusal to know defeat, his tenacity in holding on at all costs, and his complete faith in his men. We doubt if any other than a British general would have had the courage and frankness to tell his army, after the defeats of 1918, that they had "their backs to the wall," were facing the ultimate issue, and that "believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end." To onlookers it seemed at first as if that statement would mean at least an army corps to the Germans in raising their morale, but Haig knew his men and knew how it would stiffen their resistance. From that time on the day of British retreats was over. Since the Allies were successful, Earl Haig's reputation is assured; had they lost, even though it might have been through no fault of Haig's, he would have been written down as a failure. The exact appraisal of his military worth must, of course, await future judgments of history. If those are just they will credit him with part responsibility for some dreadful disasters and blunders, like the Somme, as well as with successes. It is enormously to his credit that he was never as vindictive or as bitter as Foch and that he was not the speech-making, belligerent general of the type that curses America. But he did say in a recent address that England would have won the war without America's assistance, not in 1918 perhaps, but thereafter, because of "the inherent fighting qualities of all ranks of the British army," which, together with the loyalty and discipline of the British people the world over, were, he said, the real cause of the victory.

The Assault on Our Holy Tariff

FROM every angle the tariff question projects itself at the embattled Administration and its tariff-baron allies. On the very verge of a Presidential campaign when the Republican Party would once more like to fry the fat out of protected manufacturers by promising them that there shall be no tinkering with our holy tariff, a Republican Senate defies the President and strikes a deadly blow, by a vote of 54 to 34, in favor of immediate revision. Shades of Quay, and Mark Hanna, and William B. Allison, and William McKinley! But it is not only that there is revolt at home, with the farmers leading in the fuss; from across the oceans come unceasing protests against our tariff barriers. Last year we had the French threat to strike back at us by a prohibitive tariff on certain products, which controversy has only been deferred, not settled, by a compromise arrangement. Two years ago the leading bankers of the world took a hand with their manifesto to the effect that trade could not return to normal unless the tariff walls erected since the war by old and new countries were leveled. True, the Washington Administration countered by declaring that this was aimed at Europe and not the United States, but the presence of American bankers, headed by J. P. Morgan, among the signatories tells a different tale.

Now comes from Havana the news that the Pan-American Conference insists on that customs union among the American Republics promised in the resolution of our Congress when it created the Pan-American Union forty years ago. In this case the initiative came from the Argentine, which for the last two years has been boycotting the United States because of the embargo on its meat which was imposed by the Department of Commerce as an administrative measure, the excuse being the unsanitary condition of Argentine meat. We have repeatedly chronicled in these columns, too, the protests from Europe against the tariff inspectors whom we have sent abroad to pry into the secrets of foreign manufacturers and the revolt against this procedure by France, the Argentine, Sweden, and Switzerland. In addition, every economist who has written on the question of the repayment to us of the debt owed by our allies in the World War has insisted that those sums could not be repaid as long as the United States maintained its high-tariff walls. To us it looks as if there were a united foreign conspiracy against our tariff policy.

Now in the old days a Republican administration could have thumbed its nose at the protests from abroad and told Europe to mind its own business. But how can Mr. Coolidge do this, even though his party will soon be needing large campaign contributions, when there is treachery at home? How can you again delude the manufacturers into trusting you to do their bidding in tariff matters when but for ten votes in the House of Representatives Congress would today be on record as demanding an immediate revision of the tariff from the President? How can you give any assurances whatever as to what will happen next year when the Republican farmers are everywhere demanding either tariff revision or the extension of the tariff system to cover everything that they have to sell abroad? This is stabbing the Administration in the back.

But if the Senate, so long the very stronghold of the protectionists, is no longer to be relied upon, who then? Not New England apparently. That hitherto loyal section of our country wrote its own tariff schedules into the last tariff law. They were told to step up and help themselves, to fix their own profits in collusion with Congress. They did so and went home triumphant, crying out that they had maintained the American standard of living for their working people, that they had safeguarded their industries and assured the cotton and woolen supremacy of the United States beyond peradventure. Congress for once had done their bidding and not tried to legislate alone about a business it could not grasp. At last only real experts had written the schedules—the Republican Party was forever to be blest. But now? Why the twin mill-industries in New England are in ruins; the folly of the belief that if only you can build a tariff wall high enough all will be well is competely demonstrated to anyone with an open mind. As a matter of fact not even in the days immediately after the passage of the Fordney Act were the wages of mill-workers commensurate with an adequate standard of living. Strikes, lockouts, long periods of unemployment—these have been the characteristics of the years since.

That certain economic causes other than foreign competition have been responsible for this is true. The rise of the South as a mill section because of cheap water-power and cheap and docile labor and the exploitation of the children, radical changes in women's attire which have done away with certain articles, and the abandonment of cotton stockings and underwear in favor of silk and imitation silk —these are some of the reasons for the plight of New England's pet industries. So we have dispatches from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, stating that the wages of some mill-workers there have just been cut 10 per cent—they were cut about the same figure three years ago—and that some mills are shutting down indefinitely.

It is also true that another reason for the plight of these industries is the existence of managements too conservative to be able to switch quickly to new lines, or to meet promptly ever-changing conditions. But slothfulness and over-conservatism of management, as well as wastefulness and trade inefficiency, are as much the direct products of protection as are huge campaign contributions from favored manufacturers. The low estate of these industries in Massachusetts only goes to prove that a high tariff by no means assures high profits any more than high wages. No one who knows the conditions among some of the mill-workers in New England can assert that there is any such marked difference between the living conditions of New England mill-workers and some of their competitors in Europe as our elder statesmen would have us believe. Some manufacturers no doubt wish in their hearts that they could put a tariff wall around New England to prevent Southern competition. Even that would not help them in the long run. Protection has never done what its advocates have claimed. That it can never be boosted into the position that its supporters would like to have it, where its tariff schedules could be something permanent, fixed, and untouchable, must now be plain, when our tariff schedules are being assailed with such vigor from within and without as to make it certain that they will crumble before long. There will be tariff revision in 1930 if not before—that is now clear.

$5,000 for a Murder

TEXAS is suffering from an attack of bank robbery. Small banks do not feel safe at night, and even large banks in the cities have found themselves looking into the muzzles of revolvers in broad daylight. As a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs the Texas Bankers' Association has caused the following sign to be posted in every one of the 1,500 or so banks of the State:

$5,000 REWARD

DEAD BANK ROBBERS WANTED

$5,000 Cash Will Be Paid for Each Bank Robber Killed While Robbing a Texas Bank

The Texas Bankers' Association offers a standing reward of $5,000 for each dead bank robber, killed while in the act of robbing a member bank in Texas. No limit as to place of killing—in the banking house, as the robber or robbers leave the bank, as they climb into their car, ten or twenty miles down the road as they flee, or while resisting a posse giving chase. This reward applies to night attacks as well as daylight holdups.

The Association will not give one cent for live robbers. They rarely are identified, more rarely convicted, and most rarely kept in the penitentiary when sent there—all of which operations are troublesome and costly.

But the Association is prepared to pay for any number of dead bank robbers killed while robbing its members, at $5,000 apiece.

$5,000 in cash will be paid for the killing of any robber while robbing

THIS BANK

$5,000 for each DEAD ROBBER—not one cent for a hundred live ones.

Mr. W. M. Massie, president of the Texas Bankers' Association, has written an article in a Texas magazine, *Banker's Monthly*, in which he quotes the above with approval:

> We are acting well within our rights under the law, and under the provisions of the State and Federal constitutions. We are not infringing the rights of any citizen, but on the contrary we are following a course which we believe to be in the interest of the public welfare, and in accordance with the soundest public policy. *In any event*, we are launched upon this policy for an indefinite period. [Italics ours.]

He adds: "Whatever responsibility may be attached to the adoption of this policy I am willing to assume personally."

Under the federal statutes bank robbery is punishable by a term in prison. Mr. Massie has made it in Texas punishable by death. Moreover, a robber in Texas—by Mr. Massie's express wish—is deprived of the right of habeas corpus, the right of indictment by a grand jury, the right to a proper trial in a public court by a jury duly chosen from his peers, and finally the right to be duly sentenced for his crime after the crime has been proved to the satisfaction of twelve men hearing evidence against him.

It may be advanced that any person has a right to shoot a bank robber in self-defense. But according to Mr. Massie it is not necessary to wait that long. Nor is it necessary to shoot a bank robber on the bank's premises. Twenty miles away will do just as well, although to anyone but Mr. Massie identification of a fleeing robber, probably in an automobile, some minutes or even hours after his crime, might offer difficulties.

Mr. Massie, therefore, is determined to do his duty by his profession. He does not mind that innocent men may fall victims to his bright idea; he does not mind that the life of any man in Texas, on however innocent an errand, in any hour of the day or night, afoot or in his automobile, near a bank or not, is not safe from the bullets of persons eager for blood money. This is well demonstrated by the death of two Mexicans a month ago, shot by police officers who, it is alleged, induced them to visit a bank on the pretext of offering them a job, and then killed them as "bank robbers," subsequently claiming the reward of $10,000.

Mr. Massie believes in lynch law, as many a Texan has done before him. But not lynching in passionate anger, to "protect a woman's honor" or to "avenge a brave man killed by a black rascal." Not even these. He offers Texans an inducement to lynch law for a crime not yet committed, a crime perhaps never to be committed, for a person never even suspected of crime except by the man who kills him.

As Australians See Us

AMERICAN industry as seen from the other side of the world is highly successful in production but less so in human values for the workers. In the emphasis laid upon this, the report of the Australian labor delegation which visited the United States last year differs from that of most European observers. The general standard of living in the United States is so much higher materially than exists in Europe that observers from the antipodes have generally failed to note the relative disadvantage of the mass of the workers as compared with the extraordinary position of the more favored members of the business and professional groups. The delegation from the antipodes, on the contrary, did not miss this significant aspect. More than a quarter of a century ago the Australasians began a series of radical reforms in industrial relations, and although these have not brought peace, they have raised the position of the workers relative to the rest of the community to a plane which enables them to look without envy at American prosperity.

The Australian industrial delegation to the United States consisted of four employers' representatives, four employees' representatives, two women observers, and a Government representative and secretary. The report is primarily factual. Obviously the composition of the delegation made it difficult to agree in regard to any considerable body of recommendations or conclusions. There is, however, a short general statement of conclusions signed by the entire delegation and a longer one submitted in behalf of two of the labor members.

The Australians seem to have been impressed above everything else by the attention and money devoted to industrial research in this country. This may come as a surprise to many Americans who know how deficient we were in this respect not many years ago and are unaware of the great advances made during and since the World War. Naturally the visitors were struck also by the scientific management and efficiency of plant which they found in America, although they do not think that much of this could be duplicated with success in a country with the smaller population and smaller-scale manufacturing of Australia. Unfortunately the delegation seems to have

given only slight attention to selling methods or it might have discovered an amount of waste which goes far to offset high productivity when it comes to the advantages reaped by the worker either as wage-earner or consumer.

An important part of the report is the analysis of prices, wages, and hours in the United States and Australia from which it appears that the average worker is better off in the antipodes than here. Food is substantially higher in America than in Australia, and the delegation presents figures showing that in this respect the purchasing power of the wages of American unskilled workers—based on a forty-eight-hour week—is only 72 per cent of that of Australian labor. In addition:

> Short time and complete cessation discounts very largely the theory of high wages and seems to leave the position anything but bright for many thousands of the workers of America. It is shown by United States employment agencies that there were 160 men applying for every 100 jobs in January this year [1927] and in respect of labor turnover there was a total of 41.4 per cent of those on the pay rolls in the same month.

It is stated also that "the housing of American workers is not up to the standard of the workers' homes in Australia," and "Although America is a creditor country . . . it works longer hours than Australia, which is a debtor country."

In its conclusions the delegation, speaking as a whole, says that Australia might well emulate some American employers and employees in organizing shop councils or employee-representation plans to deal with personal grievances. The report further states:

> Whatever may be said of compulsory arbitration, it is certain that it does not encourage mutuality between employers and employees. The central idea is strife—the engendering of disputes so as to get to court—before non-practical men. In America, when a difference of opinion occurs, the parties refer the question to some one conversant with the industry. This insures respect on both sides for the decision.

In the separate conclusions set forth by two of the employees' representatives in the delegation it is said:

> To attribute increased productivity in America to the workmen would be misleading. Labor, skilled and unskilled, is efficient, but that efficiency is brought about by the high standard of machinery and equipment, management, organization, and supervision. . . .
>
> Comparing workmen in America with those in Australia, we say frankly that the Australian does not suffer by any measure of comparison. . . .
>
> Company unions, with the final veto regarding wages and conditions resting entirely in the hands of the management, would not suit Australian conditions or Australian workers. . . .
>
> There is a very great margin in wages between skilled workers or semi-skilled, who are organized, as against the unskilled, who have no unions. . . .
>
> We saw little evidence of inquiry being made as to the effects of industrial fatigue produced by mass-production methods on the health of employees, unless it was in the labor-turnover data compiled by each plant, in which "voluntary quits" were usually largest. Mere machine-like speed without self-expression is not necessarily efficiency and does lead to a medical problem of nerves and mind. That this is recognized by the managements of mass-production plants will be seen by the employment of and the attention given by the medical profession as to the condition of men before employment is given.

Magnificent Humanity

HENRY FORD'S peace ship was one of those magnificent impossibilities which, like the Children's Crusade, survive in history even though they fail in their own moment. Carolena Wood's mission to Nicaragua was another. Carolena Wood is a Quaker with a belief in the power of love, and she was distressed at the bloody lovelessness in Nicaragua. Sandino, she felt, was waging a hopeless war, and the marines were daily adding to the unnecessarily large sum of bitterness in the world. With a small delegation from the Society of Friends and the Fellowship of Reconciliation she set out to Nicaragua.

Sandino's prestige was at stake. He had dedicated himself to death, and obviously could not surrender to a mere marine. But if a woman went to him—a woman from the enemy camp, but a woman of good-will—and asked him to cease hopeless bloodshed, and promised her cooperation in persuading the ruling powers to use his ability in building up his country, might he not see greater possibilities of usefulness?

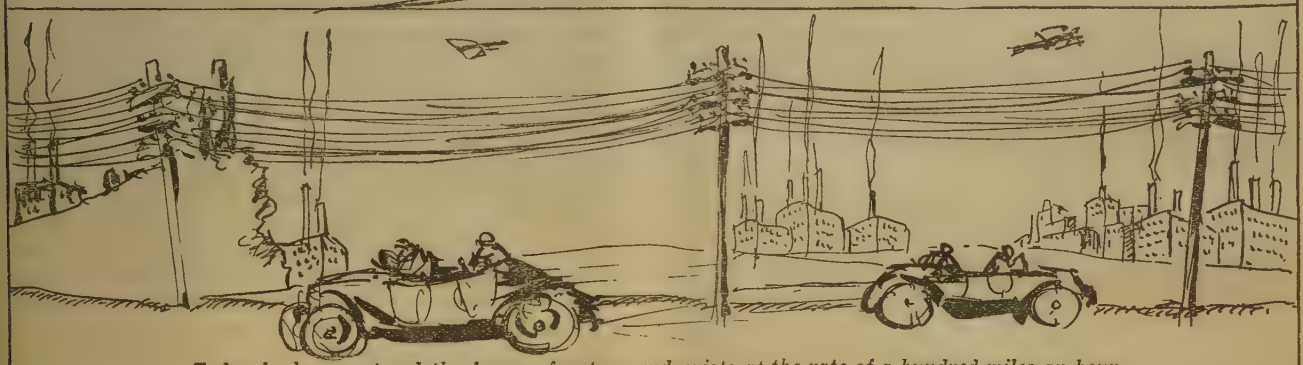
To the marines and diplomats in Managua Carolena Wood must at first have seemed mad. But the sincerity of her good-will was undeniable. After some hesitation they decided not to oppose her—at least not openly. So she traveled out to the farm at Niquinohomo, where Sandino's father was watching his coffee dry, and asked him to accompany her. At first he refused. He had bade his son a father's last farewell, and could not interrupt death. But he yielded to Carolena Wood. If she could get word from Sandino that he would see her, the father would act as guide. Carolena Wood returned to Managua, and tried to reach Sandino's wife, telegraph operator at San Rafael. Colonel Gulick of the marines encouraged her to telegraph to Señora Sandino, but did not tell her that the line had been out of operation for a month. That Carolena Wood learned only after days of waiting, followed by a strenuous trip up into the mountains. The automobile axle broke thirty miles from a garage, but the expedition continued. It found Señora Sandino, and found her willing to help. But from San Rafael to Sandino was a two days' journey through the mountains, and before the messenger could return Colonel Gulick's Christmas offensive against Sandino began. No answer came, and the little peace expedition finally left Nicaragua with its mission unaccomplished.

Yet no such effort is ever vain. Carolena Wood's expedition advertised in Nicaragua the fact that there are Yankees of good-will who do not seek to impose their conception of order upon lesser countries; and it spread the same tidings as it passed through Havana on its way back to New York. We hope that it will continue its mission of friendship in the United States, where perhaps it is even more badly needed than in the mountains of Nueva Segovia. It can tell, too, in the face of those who call Sandino's heroes "bandits" the story of the German shopkeeper at Jinotega, who despairingly watched Sandino requisition his best shoes and mattresses, and in due time received $400 in instalment payments in return—a procedure unusual even for a regular army in Nicaragua.

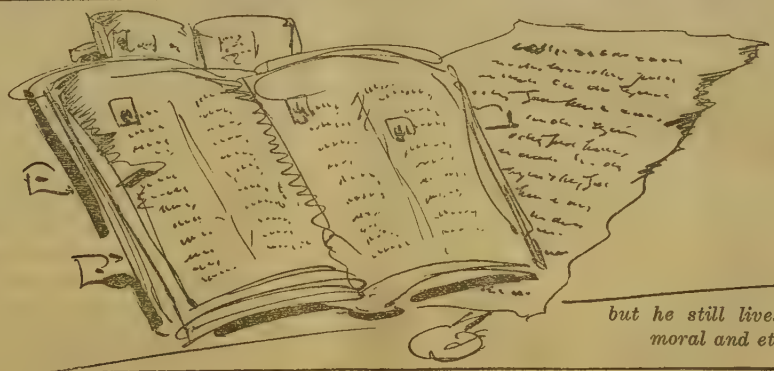
If only our State Department harbored some such mad enthusiasts of good-will as Carolena Wood, we might have a different mission in Nicaragua than killing rebel patriots!

A thousand years ago when man lived much as his prehistoric ancestors had done

he obeyed a code of morals and ethics that was already antiquated.



Today he has mastered the forces of nature and exists at the rate of a hundred miles an hour



but he still lives by the same moral and ethical code.

Why the Universe Is Askew

It Seems To Heywood Broun

THE New York *World* has recently done a good service by protesting against the assumption that everybody who opposes Al Smith is a bigot. The editorial in question says that with perfect logic and sincerity it is fair to fight the Governor on the ground that he is a Democrat, a Wet, a man more versed in city than agrarian problems, and a candidate as yet unfamiliar with international affairs. I would go further and say that under certain circumstances it would be reasonable for a voter to oppose a candidate on the ground of his religion. It is nonsense to talk about keeping religion out of politics when already it is in. Because Heflin shouts his head off there is no reason why all the rest of us should pretend an absolute lack of interest in the religious affiliations of a man in public life. A man's faith may be an important part of his personality. The voter has a right to know the background of anyone who stands for office. In some campaigns much has been made of the fact that a nominee was a good husband and father. That seems to me far more irrelevant than the matter of his religious affiliations. You may say that the nation is not baptizing him but then neither is it marrying him.

Soundly enough, the basic principle has been laid down that no man shall be barred from office because of his religious beliefs. But there are points at which a dogma of a church may very palpably touch some matter of governmental interest. In such instances the voter has a right to inquire whether this contact of creed and political theory seems to him advantageous or otherwise. Governor Smith himself has tacitly admitted that it is not unreasonable for the public to want to know just what a candidate believes and how it may potentially affect his conduct in office. Otherwise he would not have written his able reply to the Marshall letter.

To be specific, I will call myself Tom Jones and add that my chief interest is in the perpetuation and extension of the public-health service. We will assume that I am fervently in favor of the vaccination of all children in the public schools. If a Christian Scientist were running for mayor of New York I, Mr. Jones, would be justified in opposing him. Likewise Admiral Montgomery (I hope there is no such admiral) could be a man convinced that the safety of America depended upon the building of a huge navy. If he demurred at voting for Hoover, the Quaker, I should not call the Admiral a fanatic. To get closer home let us mention the case of Thomas Wiggins, an advocate of a national divorce law whereby marriage might be dissolved at the expressed wish of either contracting party. Mr. Wiggins is not a hill-billy if he says, "I don't want Al Smith for President because he is a Catholic."

However, there is a very clear defect in the reasoning of most people who say, "I would never vote for Al Smith or any other Catholic." This argues that the label Catholic implies a standardization. Obviously this is ridiculous. The range of possibility runs all the way from St. Francis to John F. Hylan. Save for an intense interest in literature there is no great similarity between Chesterton and Tunney. Heflin has declared that never under any circumstances would he accept a Catholic but how about St. Paul if he happened to be contemporaneous? To be sure, he wouldn't get my vote and yet I regard him as a man more able than any yet suggested by the Democrats. Instead of saying, "Let's keep religion out of politics," there should be the freest and frankest possible discussion as to just what sort of a Catholic Al Smith may be and in what way, if any, his religion touches on current or potential issues. There will be a whispering campaign. This can never be met by sinking the voice a little lower.

I had assumed that the fear of the Pope in the White House was merely a symbolic matter, but I have been informed that there actually are voters, not all of them in the mountains, who believe that immediately upon Governor Smith's election the head of the Catholic church would take up residence in the blue room. Naturally no sane man need spend his time in denying this. Just as preposterous, but far more common, is the notion that a Catholic President would abolish the public-school system. This again is palpably silly. One need not even pause to ask, And how would he do it even if it were, by the most ridiculous stretch of the imagination, his desire?

However, it is pertinent and fair to inquire as to whether membership in the Catholic church could possibly affect a President's attitude toward Mexico. This point Governor Smith has answered fully, completely, and convincingly. I think he is as little likely to send armed forces across the border as any man now mentioned for office. It isn't important whether some particular Catholic might be moved to intervene against Calles. We need only concern ourselves with Smith's attitude. There is not the slightest suggestion that as Governor he ever took counsel from any cardinals as to his acts in office. Indeed he pardoned Jim Larkin against the protest of his coreligionists. In the matter of hands off Mexico, Smith can well be expected to lean over backwards.

While it is true that the Governor is Wet it would not be sensible to attribute this to his Catholicism. There are American Catholics as bone dry as any Baptist preacher. Of course the blanket charge will be made that the Catholic church sometimes interferes as a church in American politics. It does; particularly in local politics. The action which the New York police took against a birth-control meeting was inexcusable. But for every piece of Catholic transgression I will agree to furnish ten instances of Baptist and Methodist meddling. A land which has lived with the Anti-Saloon League for these many years has lost its reason if it says it opposes Smith because his church plays politics.

Personally I would prefer to have my favorite candidate Jewish, Unitarian, or agnostic. These are the denominations which meddle least in temporal affairs. But it is too late to convert Al and there is not a scrap of evidence to support a campaign of heffling. America should know Smith well enough by now to realize that he will do his worshiping on his own time.

Hughes at Havana

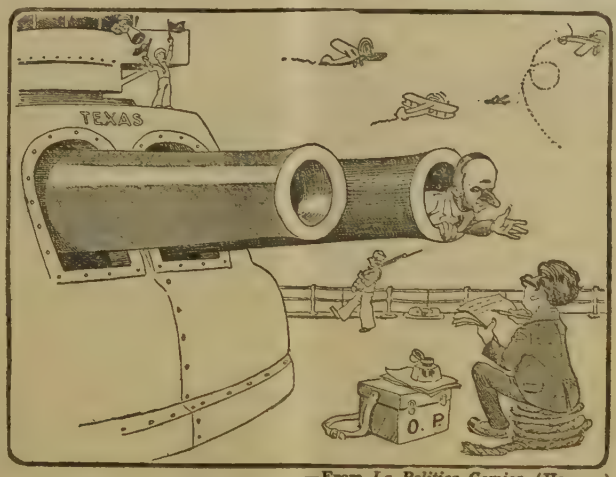
By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, January 26

IN the bad old days international conferences were very secret affairs. In the Wilsonian era of "open covenants openly arrived at" plenary sessions of conferences were opened to the public, or at least to the trusted representatives of the press, and, of course, all the real decisions were made in secret committee meetings.

Democracy has advanced another step at Havana. Committee meetings are public. At the public committee meetings the delegates argue boldly and openly such questions as whether the Committee on Economic Affairs shall have a *ponente*, or reporter, on immigration, or whether the resolution on immigration will be left to a *ponente* of another committee, and whether the Committee on Private International Law shall have four or five *ponentes;* they discuss the not-very-burning question of frontier police; and they make long public speeches on the fraternity of peoples. Then the *ponentes* and subcommittees meet in private, iron out some of the knots and wrinkles, and decide to postpone discussion of dangerous subjects to some other conference.



—From *La Política Comica* (Havana)

President Machado listens to his great and good friend.

It leaves one wondering a bit wearily whether the next Pan-American Conference will decree publicity for subcommittees, and whether the chiefs of delegations will then retire into secret sessions of sub-subcommittees.

II

Felipe A. Espil, counselor of the Argentine Embassy in Washington, a gentleman of parts who succeeds in combining diplomatic subtlety with a sense of humor, was designated to report to the Committee on Communications upon the subject of inter-American automobile traffic. Now, automobile traffic is a less contentious topic than some upon the agenda, but the astute Mr. Espil submitted a report which, he smilingly admits, is a perfect text for this entire Pan-American show:

> WHEREAS, The subject of juridical regulation of inter-American automobile traffic includes the study and solution of technical problems, and
>
> WHEREAS, The First Pan-American Highways Congress, which met in Buenos Aires in 1925, decided to charge the Central Executive Committee of the Pan-American Highways Congresses with the study and preparation of projects for uniform traffic regulations in all the countries members of the Pan-American Union; be it
>
> *Resolved,* To recommend to the Second Pan-American Highways Congress, which will meet in Rio de Janeiro in July, 1928, to formulate the bases of a convention for the international regulation of automobile traffic among the countries members of the Pan-American Union, and that the said bases be submitted to the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union in order that they may be taken into account in preparing the convention which will be formulated and submitted to the governments which are members of the union. It is also recommended that the Second Pan-American Highways Congress formulate a draft of a uniform traffic law, which shall be sent to the Pan-American Union and be transmitted by it to the governments members of the Pan-American Union in order that the principles established in the said project may, so far as possible, be taken into account in the legislation which may in the future be adopted, and that thus gradually the traffic laws in America may tend to approximate uniformity in general principles.

That is a resolution worth study. It provides that this conference do nothing; it recommends that the Pan-American Highways Congress meeting next summer "formulate the bases of a convention," and that then these bases be submitted to the Governing Board (the ambassadors and ministers in Washington) so that it may "take them in account" in formulating another document which will then be submitted to the various governments. In other words, it passes the buck to another conference, asks it to pass the buck to a third body, and the third body to pass it back to the governments. It is safe to predict that Mr. Espil's draft is typical of most of the documents which will emerge from this Sixth Pan-American Conference.

III

It is the unwritten law of this conference that no one shall mention Nicaragua in public, but the delegates enjoy the sport of skating close to controversial issues without actually saying the tabooed word. Home opinion in all countries demands a little noise, and the device of having four committees meet publicly every day affords an abundance of opportunity for speeches intended for home consumption. But no two speeches seem to head in the same direction.

At the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Chile five years ago a Latin-American bloc really sought to express itself and to obtain action upon certain measures. The United States delegation was kept busy running about stopping the leaks. Here there are no leaks. There is no Latin America—there are twenty Latin republics, each pursuing its own individual policy, and seeking to flatter the great

United States by following Yankee policy upon general questions.

I wrote last week that Argentina might lead an independent move. But Señor Pueyrredon's speech upon the "economic basis of Pan-Americanism" made it plain that such was not the case. He chose for his major address the one topic upon which Argentine interests are most diverse from those of the other Latin countries. Semi-tropical nations do not compete with North American production or come into competition with our tariff; temperate Argentina's beef products do. To object to the high tariff of the United States was a popular move in Argentina and, he may have calculated, would divert some of the anti-American sentiment which usually expresses itself upon the more perilous topic of Nicaragua. But it was not upon the agenda, not important to the other delegations here, and Señor Pueyrredon knew that it would not disturb Mr. Hughes and his colleagues. He was playing safe. Argentina is happy to wash her hands of the Nicaraguan muddle, and she will not disagree with the United States upon the key questions of the conference.

If any republic leads an opposition it will be good old Mexico. Embarrassed as Mexico is by her debt troubles, her delegates see the fundamental issues clearly. They do not fool themselves or let themselves be flattered. Mexico is the one Latin republic with a really powerful labor and peasant movement, and that keeps her vision clear.

Chile, concentrating on the Tacna issue, is opposed to any proposal for compulsory arbitration. On all other issues (except, perhaps, aviation) her delegation acts as if instructed to follow Mr. Hughes's lead. Peru, with the same absorption in Tacna and the same desire for Yankee favors, follows a similar policy. Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela also dog Mr. Hughes's trail across the agenda. Cuba and Nicaragua are obvious rubber stamps. Panama does not dare act as freely as her able representatives might desire. Haiti is outside the Spanish-language group and is looked down upon as a frankly Negro republic. Colombia is opposed to North-American monopolization of Panama as an air junction, and has a mild desire for a Pan-American Court of Justice, but will not oppose us at any other point. This leaves Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Ecuador as the possible basis of a Latin bloc—not much to build upon! Even here there is imperfect agreement. Salvador is content with the World Court at the Hague; Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American court. The Dominican Republic opposes the Mexican proposals to reform the constitution of the Pan-American Union.

The net result of this Latin-American diversity of interest is that there is no concerted drive at any goal, and the steady hand of Mr. Hughes is guiding the conference toward its appointed destiny.

IV

This conference will be remembered for President Coolidge and his armada of eight warships and for Mr. Hughes, his voice and his beard. Mr. Hughes has one of the two beards and the finest voice in the conference. He is impressive and genial. He never completes a sentence without an inclusive smile. The delegates like him; they are impressed and flattered by him; they do as he suggests.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Hughes commands. He is an expert diplomat. One of his most successful gestures, trying as it is to the North American newspapermen, was his refusal to waste time having Spanish speeches translated into English. Four languages are represented here, but only Haiti speaks French, only Brazil Portuguese, and only the United States English. Brazil and Haiti at first desired interpretation, but Mr. Hughes waived translation into English, and the conference accordingly proceeds more rapidly. Mr. Fletcher actually addresses his colleagues in Spanish; Dr. Rowe also speaks it. Mr. Hughes understands somewhat, and an interpreter pours a rapid summary into his ear. When he rises he dominates the session. The rustling of papers and the whispering stop. His voice booms out with tremendous volume. He speaks briefly and to the point, and his remarks, both before and after translation, are greeted with a chorus of "muy bueno."

Another successful gesture was his indorsement of Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, the distinguished Salvadorean Foreign Minister, who really cares about the independence of small nations, as chairman of the important Committee on Public International Law. Dr. Guerrero had been making comments on the subject to the press; now, as chairman, he feels honor-bound to silence. A third able act of diplomacy was his frank mention of Nicaragua and Haiti in his speech before the American Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hughes assumed, without argument, our irresponsible "right" of intervention, but he expressed a modest regret, and he actually spoke the dread word "Nicaragua" in public. By saying "Nicaragua" out loud before any other delegate had screwed his courage to the speaking-point, and by stimulating an attitude of acute diplomatic courtesy, Mr. Hughes has made it exceedingly difficult for any of his colleagues to be rudely frank. He seems to have insinuated into the conference a theory that respect for sovereignty and independence requires avoidance of any issue which might embarrass anyone—particularly the United States.

V

Possibly there is something in the theory of secret diplomacy. Almost any two diplomats together in a closet would come closer to realities than did Ollaya Herrera of Colombia and our Mr. Fletcher in discussing the "right" of the United States, in accord with Panama, to bar non-Yankee planes from the neighborhood of the Canal Zone. Every delegate had a map of the two Americas in mind, and realized that Panama was destined to become as important to air traffic as to sea commerce. Within ten years, possibly sooner, four great airlines will meet there—one from Chile, one from Argentina, one from our own East coast, and one from the West. Panama will be the junction where mail from the two coasts of one continent will be sorted and transshipped.

Colombia is the only South American country with developed air lines. One of her companies is already seeking a landing-field in Panama and plans extensions to Trinidad and Cuba. At the Pan-American Aviation Conference in Washington in May the question came up, and the Latin republics were unanimous against us. They would agree to our establishing our own barred zones, but not to our having privileges in other American countries from which they would be barred. Henry Fletcher, the suave man-of-the-world of the American delegation, offered an amendment to the Washington convention permitting two nations by treaty to close certain zones to all others. He was think-

ing, of course, of Panama outside the Canal Zone. Herrera was thinking of the Colombian air line, which, backed by German capital, wants a share of the Pan-American air business. The big smiling Colombian and the little smiling North American debated for two hours. But neither of them once mentioned the subject they were debating. They talked general principles. Neither once said "Panama!" In the Communications Committee the word "Panama" is almost as taboo as "Nicaragua" in the Commitee on Public International Law.

VI

The Pan-American Union has its permanent seat in Washington. The Governing Board consists of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Government of the United States—which has the right to declare any individual persona non grata. Its director-general has always been a North American; the present director-general is actually a member of the United States delegation. Its chairman has always been the Secretary of State of the United States.

Suppose, for a parallel, that the League of Nations had its seat in London, and that diplomats accredited to the Court of St. James's were the members of its Council; that its chairman was the British Foreign Minister and its Secretary-General a former official of the British Foreign Office. Would it seem rude to suggest a change?

The Mexicans suggested a reform of the Pan-American Union. Suavely and courteously, paying warm personal tributes to the amiable Americans who have occupied official posts, they suggested that Latin countries be permitted to name delegates who were not accredited diplomats, and that the chairman and director-general be elected in rotation from the twenty-one republics. Mr. Hughes seemed to feel hurt. The chairman, he said, had never sought to impose his will upon the Union—which was true enough; Dr. Rowe had made an admirably sympathetic secretary-general—which was equally true. But if Mr. Hughes had been a shade better diplomat, I think, he would have welcomed the Mexican suggestions with only such amendments as the other Latin delegations might have been counted upon to make or even have anticipated them by himself proposing reduction of North-American control of the organization.

VII

Little concrete progress is being made at Havana and little will be made. The delegates cannot agree on the most minor matters. There is no continental urge to unity. Meanwhile the Yankee trade monopoly grows, Yankee capital is sought and granted, and the marines chase Sandino. No one talks of these essentials at Havana. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in engendering an atmosphere of friendship without conceding an iota in policy. It is a diplomatic triumph. But what will happen when the delegates go home?

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 30

HARDLY a week had elapsed after the Standard Oil Company's formal declaration of a world-wide price-cutting war upon the Royal Dutch-Shell, before Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, doubtless stirred by deep patriotic impulses, hurled the navy into the fray on the side of the Standard. Learning that the Honolulu company which leases and operates Naval Reserve No. 2 in California was selling a large share of its product to Shell, the indignant Secretary appointed a board of Rear Admirals to investigate and recommend "remedial" measures. In other words, he intervened in the private oil war to shut off one contestant from an important source of supply. In contemplating the impropriety of such an act it is well to remember that British Government officials are among the largest owners of stock in the Dutch-Shell—a circumstance which prompted British officials to announce, at the outset, that their government would keep hands off in this conflict of industrial giants. No such good sense hampered Secretary Wilbur. Whether he was imposed upon by Standard influence, or whether he was merely guilty of another gratuitous blunder, is not known.

* * * * *

WHAT everyone had suspected, but no one could prove, was admitted by M. T. Everhart, who broke his long silence and told the Senate Public Lands Committee that the $233,000 in Liberty bonds received by his father-in-law, Albert B. Fall, in 1922, came straight from the hands of Harry F. Sinclair, to whom Fall, as Secretary of the Interior, had just leased the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve. He added something new, namely, that Fall also had received cash "loans" totaling $35,000 from Sinclair, for which no notes were given. Everhart insisted that the bonds were in payment for a one-third interest in Fall's ranch, and that the "loans" were advanced for the purpose of improving the property. He did not explain why, if this was true, he had on two previous occasions refused to tell it, on the ground that his testimony might incriminate him. Stranger still, Senator Walsh did not ask him that question. Everhart contributed much to the gaiety of the capital by explaining that Sinclair and Fall intended to convert the ranch into a club. The project never got any further than the passage of $268,000 in cash and bonds from Sinclair to Fall, but if it ever does progress, we suggest a name, "The Teapot Dome Club for the Relief of Indigent Cabinet Officers." Compared with this yarn, Doheny's story of the

$100,000 cash "loan" in "the little black bag" sounds really plausible. Sinclair and Fall have moved somewhat nearer to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE Committee, however, has still to learn who got the remainder of the $3,000,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates. Extravagant rumors are afloat, and it is whispered in the Press Gallery that "this thing reaches so high that it never will come out." Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is one of the four men who might tell, but—and for the second time—when his testimony is needed he is found to be on urgent business in Latin America. However, after Senator Walsh had read into the hearings a report of the Colonel's doings at the Jockey Club and the Yacht Club, in Havana, as reported in the society columns of the Havana *Post*, it was announced that he was returning to the States forthwith, and would submit himself to the committee within a week. Blackmer and O'Neill frankly are fugitives in Europe. The fourth man, Sinclair, has a genuinely valid reason for not testifying—unwillingness to give self-incriminating testimony.

* * * * *

SENATOR NORRIS rose in the Senate the other day and spoke what was on the minds of many other persons concerning the conduct of Justice Siddons in the contempt trial growing out of the Fall-Sinclair jury-fixing conspiracy. Instantly the gallant but well-paid legal defenders of the accused jury-fixers rushed to the defense of the assailed jurist and lavished their most furious invective upon the Senator who would attempt to influence the administration of even-handed justice to Sinclair, Burns, and their hirelings. Ex-Judge Daniel Thew Wright, whose claim to fame on the bench rests chiefly on his unsuccessful attempt to jail Samuel Gompers, Frank W. Morrison, and John Mitchell for alleged violation of his injunction in the Buck stove case, led the chorus of the outraged barristers. Martin W. Littleton and Judge Charles A. Douglass chimed in with expressions of horror over Senator Norris's unspeakable crime. One could hardly read their statements, published fully in Ned McLean's Washington *Post*, without reaching the conclusion that Mr. Norris, instead of the persecuted Sinclair, should go to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE urgent need for searching investigation of the gigantic power trust which dominates the country's public utilities could not have been more convincingly demonstrated than by the frantic efforts of the trust's Washington lobby to block the investigation proposed in the resolution of Senator Walsh of Montana. It furnished prima facie evidence that there must be something concealed which the nation should know about promptly.

The lame ducks, Lenroot of Wisconsin and Thomas of Colorado, were rushed to Capitol Hill to impress upon their former colleagues the disastrous consequences that would surely follow in the wake of the proposed investigation. Allied with ex-Secretary of the Treasury George B. Cortelyou, they did their best to have the Walsh resolution shelved or emasculated. Mr. Lenroot, whose delicate sensibilities were sorely wounded several years ago when his colleagues took him to task for secretly trying to show Albert B. Fall a way out of the Teapot Dome scandal, proved himself so insensible to the proprieties of his position that he did not hesitate to take advantage of his privileges as an ex-Senator to invade the floor and cloakrooms of the Senate.

Cynical old-timers could hardly repress a smile as they watched those battle-scarred comrades-in-arms of the Mulhall days, Jim Watson and Jim Emery, agreeing that the liberties of the people would be jeopardized by the inquiry. Watson, now the head of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, listened sympathetically to Emery, still the representative of the National Manufacturers' Association, singing the old familiar hokum, "States' rights." To those who find it difficult to understand the solicitude of Jim Watson and the Manufacturers' Association for States' rights, we commend the ancient maxim: "Any port in a storm."

* * * * *

SENATOR BORAH promises an investigation of the Nicaraguan situation by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman. He should head the subcommittee which makes the inquiry. An investigating committee composed of the Republican Tories and Bourbon Democrats which comprise an overwhelming majority of the Foreign Relations Committee would be worse than none at all. On Nicaragua, at least, Borah's performances have always been up to his promises.

There is no doubt that Congress is becoming increasingly restless over Nicaragua. Sympathy for the Nicaraguans probably is no deeper or more widespread among Congressmen than among their constituents, but there is a sentiment which is deeply and generally held in that body —jealousy of its powers. One of these is the sole power to declare war. War is being waged in Nicaragua, and Congress did not declare it—hence the growing determination to learn who did, and why. This curiosity, of course, is purely academic, since every member knows that Coolidge and Kellogg declared this war. The jealousy, however, is genuine, and a genuine jealousy, operating through an academic curiosity, is capable of producing an embarrassing investigation.

* * * * *

EXPERT opinion in the capital is pretty well convinced by now that Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama is aiming to run for President on a Klan ticket in case the Democrats nominate Governor Al Smith. In addition, it is pretty well convinced that Heflin, by his attacks on Smith and the Catholics, has made the nomination of Smith almost inevitable. The prospect of a divided Democratic Party in the next campaign instantly inspires pictures of a Republican victory even more overwhelming than those of four and eight years ago. But there is another side to the picture. It is pointed out that the real strength of the Klan in recent years has been, not among Southern Democrats but among Middle Western and Northwestern Republicans. There are seasoned politicians who declare that the presence of a Klan candidate in the field would be less likely to result in Georgia, Alabama, Texas, or Arkansas going Republican than in Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, or Oregon going Democratic. They argue that the Republican Klansmen of the Middle West and Northwest have demonstrated far more willingness to stand by the Klan regardless of party ties than the Democratic Klansmen of the South have shown. And they are more numerous.

Lenin—A Legend in the Making

By JOSHUA KUNITZ

IN the literature and folklore published in Soviet Russia the figure of Lenin has been gradually assuming legendary proportions. The proletarian poetaster and the Communist Party member, the Ukrainian soil-tiller and Archangel fisherman, the Siberian nomad and the Caucasian mountaineer have all contributed toward the creation of an image of a mighty giant, an epic hero.

Many elements have entered into the creation of this legend. Besides the actual, authentic personality of Lenin, there has been, of course, the ever-present urge of people to find fulfilment in myths and legends, in saints and heroes, and the deliberate encouragement of this urge by the most influential and articulate group in Russia, the Communist Party. Furthermore, the grandeur of the historical setting was, no doubt, an important contributory factor. Lenin's name and work have been associated with the most crucial and picturesque period in the history of Russia. His was the central figure in a monumental drama. His compatriots saw him rise in the lurid glare of storms and conflagrations, of wars and revolutions. He passed out of the scene before the everyday light of the reconstruction period had become so prosaic as to render his silhouette more nearly commensurate with his actual dimensions. He was spared the irritations, failures, and humiliations, the jealousies and the criticisms within the party that have brought the once adored Trotzky to the estate of a dangerous heretic, a spurned Messiah. Lenin, dead, has become the most potent of rulers. "Lenin," "Leninism," "the spirit of Lenin" are words constantly invoked by the dominant group in justification of various, often contradictory, policies and dogmas. Lenin has been virtually canonized. Every clubhouse, every meeting-room, every factory has its Lenin corner. Here the icon has given place to the portrait of Lenin; the Bible, to his "Collected Works." The Lenin mausoleum on the Red Square in Moscow has become a Mecca for countless thousands of devout pilgrims. Indeed, the worship of Lenin seems to have become the moral equivalent of religion and patriotism.

Naturally, all this has found its way into the imaginative literature of the period. The fumbling "little man," described by H. G. Wells, "who, when he sat on the edge of his chair, his feet scarcely touched the ground," has been seized upon as the subject of numerous heroic poems, stories, and legends. Most of these products are artistically worthless, only a few are possessed of genuine literary merit. Their significance lies mainly in the affectionate attitude they reveal. Many of them are as cloyingly sentimental as our own story about little George and the hatchet. In one such story, for example, we see Lenin as a little boy hilariously releasing "birdies" from a cage, in another, as a modest young man helping a poor peasant buy gifts for the peasant's family. In stories of this genre there is usually a crude though touching attempt at a very obvious and one-sided kind of realism. One constantly encounters wearisome references to Lenin's squinting eye and raised eyebrow, his old cap and shabby costume, his warmth and his friendliness. "Lenin is like a bulldog; he has a deadly bite," once said Vera Zasulich, Lenin's coworker for many years. But the Communist fiction writer overlooks this aspect of the master's personality; he dwells on the simple, the approachable, the Christ-like in Lenin. "In his presence," one writer says, "one is enveloped by a strange dizziness that embraces one in a peculiar human way, like something very, very near; as if this man were one's elder brother." And in Vaska of Alexander Street, a story about a Communist soldier, we see Lenin stoop over Vaska, the dying Red hero:

> Vaska looks into Ilyich's face, and Ilyich's eyes are big, soft. "Permit me," Vaska says, "to embrace you and kiss you, Comrade Ilyich."
>
> The eyes of Ilyich grow bigger, softer . . .
>
> "Well," he says, "let's kiss."
>
> Vaska embraces Ilyich's broad shoulders, presses his lips to the ground, and dies. . . .

In addition to Lenin the sympathetic comrade, the elder brother, there is Lenin the *bogatyr*, the hero, the savior. This image of the Communist leader is the more prevalent and is particularly pronounced in all the stories and poems treating of him as the champion of the subject peoples of the East. Now he brings hope to the oppressed Georgians, now to a little Hindu boy, now to a hungry and beaten Chinese coolie. The coolie faints when he hears of the death of Lenin:

> Lenin is dead. But what does it mean?
> But how about the Chinese coolies?

In one Oriental chant we read that at the moment when Lenin was born into the world, he saw Man's woe and he sighed. The earth heard that sigh, and people knew that he was born. . . . And Lenin walked from hamlet to hamlet, from door to door; he beheld Man's suffering, and his heart began to glow with a great hatred and a great love. . . . Lenin gave his heart to the people. And the heart sent forth countless sparks. And each spark was brighter than a bonfire at night. And people saw the way to happiness. . . . In another chant Lenin is described as a hero born of the moon and a star, using the magic powers he inherited from his parents to overcome the monster-dragon that lay on the road to happiness. In still another, he very ingeniously outwits the White Czar. In one Eastern legend Lenin rises to colossal stature; he "splits" mountains.

> . . . And on the sixth year, when the earth was free of lords and of slaves, Lenin vanished. . . . And when people saw that Lenin was no more, they said that he died. But Lenin has not died. He remembers the testament of his teacher, Khatto-Bash; he is seeking happiness in the mountains. Men see the earth shaking, and they say it is an earthquake. No, it is Lenin splitting mountains in his search for the little rod, in his search for happiness and truth. . . . And when he finds the little rod, then all peoples, yellow and black and white, will live happily. No one will worry about his fate, for all fates will be alike. No one will ask why life is so sweet, because no one will know that life can be bitter. . . .

The legend of Lenin is still in the making. For many years to come the peoples of Russia will go on weaving glowing tales about his hallowed name. And alongside of the historical, authentic figure, popular fancy will have gradually created Lenin the symbol, Lenin the objectification of the hopes and aspirations, the dreams and the yearnings of the Russian masses.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never been impressed by the idea of elections being "supervised" in one country—usually a small one—by representatives of another country—usually a large one and, it must be confessed, often the United States. Therefore he is willing to believe all the implications that lie behind a letter on his desk from Mr. L. J. de Bekker, on the subject of an election conducted some years ago by the United States Marine Corps in Haiti.

Some ten years ago [writes Mr. de Bekker], on a fine January morning, the French liner on which I had sailed from Santiago de Cuba for Port au Prince put in at a small port in Haiti to take on coffee. A sergeant of marines came aboard to take in beer, and I felt it my duty to assist him, the beer being excellent and his conversation most enlightening. He was, he told me, in charge of a district with a population of more than 100,000, of whom not more than two or three could speak English, while his French was of the table d'hote variety, somewhat spiced. They called him "Monsieur le Grand Prévot," he explained, while he called them "damned niggers," being of Southern extraction, though not of the type whose forbears had been slave-owners. He was tremendously impressed with his responsibility, and with the difficulty of the position into which he had been forced, and was, I gathered from his talk, earnestly desirous of administering justice impartially, of maintaining the peace. He knew nothing of the laws and customs of the people, nor was he of their religion; and he knew nothing of the civil government or laws of his own country, but he seemed to me clean, decent, honest, and heartily glad of an opportunity to talk frankly with a white man, and to drink American beer.

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AN election was to take place tomorrow, he explained, and he was expecting to be extremely busy, so it was a matter of luck to have the Mount Vernon put in when it did. He didn't expect any real trouble at the election, but it was the sort of thing he did not know much about, having been in the Marine Corps a good many years, and never having seen an election at home. He had received a letter of instructions, however, from the Marine Headquarters in Port au Prince, and it all looked very easy. There were two sets of candidates to be voted for, and it was thought best in Port au Prince that there should be a show of competition. He couldn't get ballots printed, because there was no press in the district and no time to send to Port au Prince, so he planned to distribute slips of white and colored paper to the electors, the white ballots to be for the candidates supposed to be favorable to the American Occupation, the colored ones for the opposition. "All the Haitians," he said, "know that an election is to be held, and that they are expected to vote. Signs have been posted in French in various places, and the people who can read pass the word to those who can't."

* * * * *

AND so I missed seeing the last election for members of the National Assembly in the République d'Haïti, "free and indivisible," for while the independent electorate of the republic was registering its sovereign will under the aegis of the United States Marine Corps, I was still upon the sea. But the next day, upon landing at the capital, I was told that the commanding officer of the Occupation, General Eli Kelley Cole, was much gratified at learning that a *majority favorable to the Americans* had been chosen, and that there had been no disorders of any kind during election day in any part of the country.

* * * * *

SINCE that time there have been practically no elections in Haiti, although it would be obviously a simple matter to arrange one at any time. But the facts as Mr. de Bekker sets them forth give one pause in considering the coming election in Nicaragua. When it resolves itself into a mere matter of white and colored slips of paper, with a Marine Corps rifle as a background, one wonders why it is necessary to subdue a "bandit" chief before the election can be held.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lyman Beecher and the Skunk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, as a young man could not see a fish but he must catch it, a partridge or a rabbit but he must shoot it. One moonlight night, as he was going to visit his sweetheart Roxanna Foote with a copy of "Edwards on the Religious Affections" under his arm, a little rabbit ran across the path in front of him. Having no other weapon, he knocked it over with Jonathan Edwards's ponderous logic. But in fact it was not a rabbit but a skunk, and it dealt with Lyman as a skunk will.

Many years afterwards in Boston when he was assailed with lies and slanders Lyman Beecher refused to make any reply in the newspapers, saying "I threw a whole volume at a skunk once! I'll never do it again! It's no use!" It was a wise conclusion! No skunk ever did anyone serious harm in person or reputation.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, December 25

"City of Brotherly Love"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Philadelphia is in Pennsylvania, and, roughly speaking, in the North. On Locust Street, between Thirteenth Street and Broad Street, stands the Russian Inn. Round the corner is the Negro section.

A student at Lincoln University, who was with me last summer in Russia, stopped in Philadelphia on his way back from a speaking engagement. Having a few hours for a chat, we picked the Russian Inn.

We placed our coats on the rack near the entrance. The hostess arose from her chair and eyed me with utter amazement. Her eyes said: "Now you, above all people, should have more sense than to do this. Shame on you!" But she said nothing. Instead she tapped the proprietor, who was sitting at a table with some friends, on the shoulder. He arose and said to us: "Do you want to use the telephone?"

"Yes. And please reserve a table for us."

"I'm sorry, but we can't do that."

"Why?"

"Just so."

My friend was amused and took it philosophically.

"I wasn't treated this way in Russia," he said.

As we left the place he smiled. "Sol," he said, "I see you know nothing about your own country." My friend is a Negro.

Philadelphia, December 24 SOL AUERBACH

Add North Dakota

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your recent editorial, Debts of Justice: Unpaid, declared that "only California and Wisconsin have provided laws to indemnify the unfortunate victims of mistakes in the administration of criminal law."

May I call your attention to a law (Chap. 172 Session Laws of 1917) in which North Dakota also makes some provision for the relief of those wrongfully imprisoned. The board established by this law has authority to indemnify victims at the rate of $1,500 per year, up to a total of $2,000. For sums over $2,000 the board must have the approval of the legislature.

Fairdale, N. D., December 14 Albert Lundberg

As You Like It

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The correspondent of the New York *Times*, Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

> Big guns boomed salutes and a multitude of people cheered with the enthusiasm born of an intensive Latin nature. . . . Shouting men, women, and children, crowding the roofs and balconies . . . added their share to the demonstration. . . . There was no cessation of enthusiasm from the moment the battleship Texas . . . was sighted off the city.

The correspondent of the New York *Times*, Mr. Simeon Strunsky, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

> They were cordial rather than feverish in their salutations, maintaining at the peak of the President's visit the note of unostentatious good-will which is encountered by the tourist who arrives by less humble means of transit than an American battleship. This I take to be the normal attitude of the Cuban people to the Northerners.

It is more or less understandable when the New York *Times* correspondents in Moscow and Bucharest fail to agree in their accounts of an event in the Ukraine. This naturally follows from the theory that all news is fit to print. Such journalistic eclecticism accounts for the wide circulation of the New York *Times*, wherein any man may find what he will. Yet it will trouble the future historian who seeks to learn from the *Times* what manner of reception greeted Mr. Coolidge in Havana.

New York, January 16 Maurice Fontaine

Religion in the Schools

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago my eight-year-old nephew came home from Public School 217 and brought a paper, issued by the teacher, which read as follows:

Week Day Religious Instruction
Protestant-Catholic-Hebrew

To the Parent or Guardian:

Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants in our city are agreed that the need for religious instruction today is of vital concern.

To meet this need they are promoting weekday schools of Religious Instruction for children of public school age in their respective places of worship after school hours.

Will you please sign your name in the space below and have your child return this note to his or her Public School Teacher?

A list of religious schools followed to be checked by the parent. This paper was disregarded. But we were not to be permitted to disregard it. It was demanded again and again.

I should like to find out since when are our public schools to act as agents for religious schools? Since when have our public school teachers to recommend religious instruction? Had their act been only philanthropic in character, that is, had they simply given a list of religious schools to aid those parents who desire to have their children instructed there, it would not be so bad. But it seems that this is not the case. They require back the papers with signatures on them. Now, if the paper is simply to aid those parents who wish religious instruction for their children, why should these papers be signed and returned to the teacher? Can't the parents find the place themselves after having been given the name and address of the school? If this practice is allowed we will soon have our public school teachers recommending military-training schools, Boy Scouts organizations, and many others of similar character.

Brooklyn, January 18 Carl Blank

Contributors to This Issue

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

Lewis S. Gannett, associate editor of *The Nation*, is contributing from Havana a series of articles on the Pan-American Conference.

Joshua Kunitz is lecturer in Russian literature at the City College of New York.

Scott Nearing, economist and teacher, has frequently contributed to *The Nation*.

Robert Frost is author of "North of Boston," "New Hampshire," and other volumes.

Robinson Jeffers is author of "Roan Stallion" and "The Women of Point Sur."

James Rorty is author of "Children of the Sun."

Joseph Jastrow is author of numerous works on psychology.

Clinch Calkins will publish in the fall a volume of poetry called "Verse."

Mary Austin lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is the author of many volumes of prose and poetry.

Babette Deutsch is author of "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

Stuart Chase is co-author of "Your Money's Worth."

Claude G. Bowers is author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

J. A. Hobson is a foremost British economist and the author of "Conditions of Industrial Peace."

Benjamin Stolberg is a well-known contributor to American magazines.

William MacDonald frequently reviews works in politics and history for *The Nation*.

Hendrik van Loon is the author of "Tolerance" and "America."

Alice Beal Parsons is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

Henry Raymond Mussey, professor of economics at Wellesley College, was formerly associate editor of *The Nation*.

Walter Gutman recently reviewed "The Game of Research" for *The Nation*.

Van Wyck Brooks, American critic, is author among other books of "America's Coming of Age" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

W. Norman Brown is in the department of Sanscrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

Theresa Wolfson is author of "The Woman Worker and the Trade Union."

H. B. Haggin has contributed several articles on musical criticism to *The Nation*.

International Relations Section

Imperial Hongkong

By SCOTT NEARING

Hongkong, November 10

HONGKONG is a symbol. In a sense it sums up the relations between the imperialists and China during the past eighty years.

The rugged, steep-sided Island of Hongkong, thirty square miles in area, was taken from China by Great Britain as a result of the First Opium War (1839-1842). Eighteen years later, at the close of the Second Opium War, a strip of territory on the neighboring mainland—Kowloon—was also seized by the British. Between Hongkong and Kowloon lies one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world, deep, spacious, completely surrounded by high hills. The Port of Hongkong lies at the gateway of South China. To it comes the commerce of Europe, the Americas, and Asia.

Although the Island of Hongkong is rough and inaccessible, the British have done wonders with its limited possibilities. Docks and warehouses are ample and modern. The British city has fine buildings, wide, clean streets, excellent hotels, a good water system, a first-class street car and ferry service. Bridges and terraces have been constructed and splendid roads run to various parts of the island.

Grim fortifications overlook Hongkong. Imperial battleships ride at anchor in its harbor. Airplanes circle. Indian and British regiments come and go. Hongkong is the Gibraltar of the East, alive with drilling, parading, maneuvering soldiers and sailors. Hongkong is prepared for military activities with a thoroughness never attained by any Chinese city. Shops, warehouses, docks; cruisers, guns; organized business and organized might embody the work of the imperialists at Hongkong.

Thus, in a few decades, Great Britain made of Hongkong what the Chinese might not have made of it in centuries, a modern commercial center of the first magnitude.

Hongkong is not all British. Quite the contrary. The population consists of 8,359 Europeans, 4,497 other non-Chinese peoples, and 610,368 Chinese. The workers on the docks, in the warehouses, on the streets, in the stone-quarries, on the new construction, all are Chinese. The small shop-keepers are generally Chinese. Even in the foreign-controlled stores Chinese clerks are employed. Hundreds of small Chinese craft work-shops turn out furniture, baskets, matting, leather-goods, tin-ware, shoes, lanterns, coffins, wooden tubs. Chinese jewelers design and execute their intricate, delicate patterns in jade, ivory, gold. Many of the larger jobbing houses are Chinese, as are some of the more important financial institutions. Non-Chinese control only the big business, and not all of that. Economically, Hongkong is almost wholly a Chinese city.

Most of Hongkong—the part where the Chinese live and do business—lies near the harbor-level in a sort of pocket under the hills. The steep slopes run almost to the water's edge. From the narrow, level strip along the water-front—the business center of Hongkong—the streets begin to climb more and more steeply, until, as foot-ways, they emerge on the high points and rocky shoulders that overlook purple-green hills and blue water spread out for miles below.

Down in the harbor bottom the summer days are hot—terribly hot. Sometimes it is equally terrible by night. Along the hillsides breezes almost always blow. High up there on the slopes, above the noise and sweat of docks and shops and busy streets, live the Europeans. In hotels, apartment houses, private mansions, and the Governor's Palace they live on the best that Hongkong has to offer of food, service, comfort, of light, air, and beauty of earth and sky.

Motor cars and rickshas cannot climb directly up the steep slopes to the living quarters of the Europeans but two coolies, with a sedan chair between them, can accomplish the ascent in a surprisingly short time. Besides there is a cable road, running all the way to the top, with cheap commutation rates for regular passengers. Thus the Europeans are able to get from their offices at the water-level to their mountain homes with expedition and little effort.

All of the traffic up the hill-side does not go in sedan chairs and cable cars, however. There is also a freight road up the side of the hill—a foot-path so steep that on wet days it is almost unwalkable in spots despite the fact that it is excellently paved with scored asphalt and cement.

Along this freight road toil the carriers of Hongkong: men and women and children, with food, tools, materials, utensils. A man goes by with a carrying-pole. One end of the pole is fastened to a bag of cement; the other to a bundle of brick. A second carrier swings past with two baskets of vegetables dangling from the ends of his pole. Two women come around a bend in the path. Between them they are carrying a big basket of fruit. Three women follow them, lugging five bundles of bamboo poles that are to be used for a scaffolding near the top of the hill. One woman hooks her carrying pole to a bundle of bamboo, tugs it up for thirty or forty yards, sets it down, unhooks her pole, and goes back for one of the other bundles. With their five bundles, these three women make less than a quarter of a mile in an hour. The sun beats down intolerably as they sweat and pant and labor on up the heavy grade. A man goes by with a set of tin-smith's tools on one end of his carrying-pole and some sheet-iron on the other. Thus the procession passes from early morning until dark, and thus material for the building and maintenance of the high, pleasant houses finds its way from the harbor-level up the stubborn hill-side, on the backs of the Chinese people.

The sun sets. Night falls. The long line of human pack-animals that has fought against the exhausting heat and the steep hill all day long stops to rest. Down in the Chinese city the air is still dull and heavy with the burning heat of brick and stone and cement that have stood all day under a merciless sun. The narrow streets swarm with people who walk and fan themselves. Hundreds of Chinese workers spread their strips of matting along the edges of the pavements close to the fronts of the closed stores and prepare to pass the night. A woman sits under one of the arches of the Post Office. On the matting beside her there are three little children. The oldest may be six. Two sleep soundly. The youngest is restless. His head is bound with a cloth. The mother, watching anxiously as he moves from side to side, strokes his hand, murmurs something to him, and looks about helplessly. She sees nothing except the few scraps left from their pavement-supper, turns back resignedly, and falls to stroking his hand again.

That is Hongkong.

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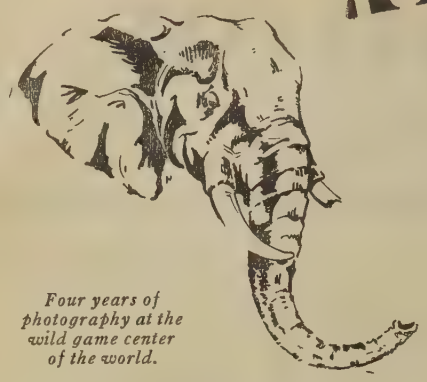

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Midwinter Book Section

Two Poems

By ROBERT FROST

The Armful

For every parcel I stoop down to seize
I lose some other off my arms and knees.
And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns,
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once.
Yet nothing one would like to leave behind.
With all I have to hold with, hand and mind
And heart, if need be, I will do my best
To keep their building balanced at my breast.
I crouch down to prevent them as they fall;
Then sit down in the middle of them all.
I had to drop the armful in the road
And try to stack them in a better load.

Blood

Blood has been harder to dam back than water.
Just when we think we have it impounded safe
Behind new barrier walls—and let it chafe!—
It breaks away in some new kind of slaughter.
We choose to say it is let loose by the Devil;
But power of blood itself releases blood.
It goes by might of being such a flood
Held high at so unnatural a level.
It will have outlet, brave and not so brave.
Weapons of war and tools of trade and peace
Are merely points at which it finds release.
And now it is once more the tidal wave
That when it has swept by leaves summits stained.
Oh, blood will out! It cannot be contained.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

By MARK VAN DOREN

ONE reason, and the chief reason, for the rank in poetry achieved by Thomas Hardy before he died was that his poems were interesting. His only competitor for the highest rank of all among twentieth-century British poets, William Butler Yeats, is in certain aspects more admirable, and this can be demonstrated by reference to known laws of excellence; but Mr. Yeats is not quite so interesting, and therefore, if one is allowed to call in a consideration seldom applied these days to the criticism of poetry, not quite so good. There is actually the implication behind much discussion of the art that in proportion as a poet becomes interesting he becomes bad—interesting, I mean, in general, interesting to laymen, interesting for what he says, interesting for whatever in his poetry might have been prose, and is indeed prose when it is put in other words than the author's. I am very well aware of the desperation which pushes critics into talk about "pure" poetry, and I sympathize with their steadfastness in preferring it to the real thing. But if poetry is in a bad way just now, and there are those who say it is, is this not because of its very purity, its admirable aridity, its unwillingness to compete with other forms of literature on some kind of human ground? With fiction, for instance.

There is reason for the fact that fiction today threatens to put down poetry, that a novelist finds thousands of readers to a poet's hundreds. And this fact has something, I suspect, to do with the eminence of Hardy as a poet. For he was both novelist and poet. He began and ended with verse, which always he called his favorite form of expression; but he did know how to tell stories about human beings, he did know how to make himself seem one, and he could do these things either in prose or in verse—both vehicles being enriched by a mind and an eye bent exclusively upon important and exciting subjects. Certainly his poems in all but a few cases tell or suggest stories. He had a lyric gift, as can be seen in his country songs and in the piece called Let Me Enjoy (Minor Key):

> Let me enjoy the earth no less
> Because the all-enacting Might
> That fashioned forth its loveliness
> Had other aims than my delight.
>
> About my path there flits a Fair,
> Who throws me not a word or sign;
> I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
> And laud the lips not meant for mine.
>
> From manuscripts of moving song
> Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown,
> I'll pour out raptures that belong
> To others, as they were my own.

But even these lines, which by the way ought to be sufficient refutation of the legend that Hardy could not write "smoothly" when it served his purpose to do so, have a narrative reference. They refer to the story, running throughout the man's poetry, of his successive adjustments to the universe. They recall the earlier stanza in Nature's Questioning, where the elements of earth are represented as being overheard by him as they ask:

> Has some Vast Imbecility,
> Mighty to build and blend,
> But impotent to tend,
> Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?
>
> Or come we of an Automaton
> Unconscious of our pains? . . .
> Or are we live remains
> Of godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

The last line there is so highly characteristic of Hardy that it might be made the point of departure for a description of his whole process as a poet. At his best he always saw things this way, and reported them so—with a certain difficulty, as if he peered through mist at something solid and definite beyond, something which was solid and definite because of the very pains required to see it at all. Thus it was that he saw—not, I think, imagined—Drummer Hodge lying dead in South Africa after the Boer War,

> His homely Northern breast and brain
> Grown to some Southern tree,
> And strange-eyed constellations reign
> His stars eternally.

Thus it was that he remembered the Roman road whereon he had walked as a boy with his mother:

> The Roman Road runs straight and bare
> As the pale parting-line in hair
> Across the heath.

He remembered it precisely that way, and so would seek no pretty image less weird or less real than the one he already had. He saw, in The Convergence of the Twain, the Titanic drawing nearer, mile by ocean mile, to its "twin half" in "one august event"—an iceberg. And in the poem called Near Lanivet, 1872, he looked, as it were, clear through a woman and through something she leaned against.

> There was a stunted handpost just on the crest,
> Only a few feet high:
> She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,
> At the crossways close thereby.
>
> She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,
> And laid her arms on its own,
> Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,
> Her sad face sideways thrown. . . .
>
> And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see
> In the running of Time's far glass
> Her crucified, as she wondered if she might be
> Some day—Alas, alas!

Many of Hardy's stories in verse—The Curate's Kindness, The Flirt's Tragedy, The Face at the Casement, The Moth-Signal, The Satin Shoes, and Satires of Circumstance—are melodramatic in a way that must always have seemed old-fashioned. He himself was an incorrigible melodramatist, in prose as well as in verse. But I honor him for such a fault, if fault it is. For it is a guaranty of his central virtue, a determination to be interesting; and it is only the reverse side of a man who after all did see the world with luminous eyes and did grasp it in a plastic hand. The man who in "The Dynasts" looked down and beheld Europe as "a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head" saw more or less, perhaps, than he should have seen; but what he saw one does not forget. One does not forget Hardy's poems, though the novels, the farther they recede into the background, tend the more to pay the penalty of their complexity—the greatest novels being both longer and simpler than his. The poems, crudely worded as many of them are, invariably escape triviality; they stand there old and strong, made out of some personal metal that no other poet will ever use or need to use.

Poems

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Hurt Hawks

I

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder,
The wing trails like a banner in defeat,
No more to use the sky forever but live with famine
And pain a few days: cat nor coyote
Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game without talons.
He stands under the oak-bush and waits
The lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom
And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.
He is strong and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is worse.
The curs of the day come and torment him
At distance, no power but death the redeemer will humble that head,
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.
The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have forgotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying, remember him.

II

I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk; but the great redtail
Had nothing left but unable misery
From the bones too shattered for mending, the wing that trailed under his talons when he moved.
We had fed him six weeks, I gave him freedom,
He wandered over the foreland hill and returned in the evening, asking for death,
Not like a beggar, still eyed with the old
Implacable arrogance. I gave him the lead gift in the twilight. What fell was relaxed,
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers: but what
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded river cried fear at its rising
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

To a Young Artist

It is good for strength not to be merciful
To its own weakness, good for the deep urn to run over, good to explore
The peaks and the deeps, who can endure it,
Good to be hurt, who can be healed afterward: but you that have whetted consciousness
Too bitter an edge, too keenly daring,
So that the color of a leaf can make you tremble and your own thoughts like harriers
Tear the live mind: were your bones mountains,
Your blood rivers to endure it? and all that labor of discipline labors to death.
Delight is exquisite, pain is more present;

You have sold the armor, you have bought shining with
burning, one should be stronger than strength
To fight baresark in the stabbing field
In the rage of the stars: the world's unconsciousness is the
treasure, the tower, the fortress;
Referred to that one may live anything;
The temple and the tower: poor dancer on the flints and
shards in the temple porches turn home.

The Realm of Proust

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the earliest English commentators upon the work of Marcel Proust was disturbed by what he regarded as a moral obtuseness on the part of the author, and in support of his contention that Proust lacked the most elementary sense of honor or decency he pointed to a scene in which the meticulous chronicler takes full advantage of a chance opportunity to peep through a window in order that he may observe a particularly intimate moment in the lives of two of his characters. Just what were the emotions of this commentator when he reached the opening pages of "Cities of the Plain"[1]—pages in which Proust describes, with no more shame than a naturalist, how he maneuvered himself into a hiding-place from which he could eavesdrop upon the first sensual ecstasy of the great M. de Charlus and little Jupien the tailor—it is impossible to guess; but he who cannot accept this crucial example of our author's willingness to sink the gentleman as well as the man when his curiosity is aroused had best make up his mind once and for all that Proust is not for him, because Proust would not be Proust had he not renounced all the obligations of life at the same time that he renounced life itself.

"Detachment" is a much-abused word and it can mean too many things to be used to describe the attitude of a writer unless it be given some further definition, but the secret of the nature of Proust's detachment is the secret of his quality. When, burying himself in his chamber, he brought his life as a human being to an end the result was not at all to detach himself from it in the sense of freeing the logical faculties from the bondage of the senses, since his consciousness remained, what it had always been, primarily a realm of finely discriminated sensations, and since he turned not from perceptions to thoughts, but merely from perceptions to the memory of perceptions. But the fact that he was dead in the sense that he no longer planned to take any part in life, that he no longer felt any desires capable of eventuating in an act, not only made it possible for him to live passionately in memory and to approach more nearly than, perhaps, any other man ever did to that "total recall" which is a psychological impossibility, but also made inevitable that disappearance of all ethical or conventional standards which distressed the English commentator.

Let philosophical idealists say what they will, the adherence in sentiment and fact which men ordinarily vouchsafe to moral or conventional codes is, at least in the case of persons like Proust whose world is largely perceptual, merely the result of a working agreement entered into for the purpose of orderly existence. It is a pact tacitly formed between the individual and either society or a certain section of it in the course of which the individual agrees to behave in a certain way in exchange for an assurance that this society will back him up in an insistence that others behave in the same way toward him; and the indignation which he feels against violators of this code, whether their violations do or do not directly affect him, is largely the indignation of one player against another who does not follow the rules. But such an adherence, being founded upon practical considerations, can have no meaning after death, and Proust was in this sense dead before he began to write. He was no longer playing the game and accordingly had no concern with the rules. With nothing to gain and nothing to lose he no longer cared even for the opinion which others might form of him, and he was accordingly as little concerned with the moral judgments which might be passed upon him as with those which might be passed upon his characters.

To make the most exquisitely minute discriminations always, but to judge between the things thus discriminated never—that is the essence of his method. Had he cared to do so he could doubtless have written a whole half-volume devoted to the exact nature of his ungentlemanliness in consenting to eavesdrop—he has certainly devoted many pages on more than one occasion to the analysis of much less conspicuous breaches of the code—but he would have been no more judicial in his treatment of it than he is in the treatment of M. de Charlus's erotic devotion to jockeys and trainmen. No man was ever more completely than Proust a slave to sensations; no man ever lived more entirely by and for the nerves; but by shutting himself off from all but the memory of these sensations he not only recovered them with unexampled fulness but recovered them in a state more nearly pure than would have been possible for anyone who had a living future which could occupy him with plans and desires—recovered them, that is to say, unmixed either with his own personal concerns or with those moral fervors and antipathies which, for such at least as he, are in fact part of a personal concern.

The two newly translated volumes form, like the three previous instalments of two volumes each, a recognizably distinct section of the work. They have as their central subject homosexual love—treated with an equally conspicuous absence of both salacity and moral indignation—and they are concerned chiefly with M. de Charlus, Albertine, the Verdurins, and a new character named Morel, while certain of the characters very prominent in the other parts—Swann, Odette, Gilberte, and the Guermantes—appear either incidentally or not at all. And yet the work as a whole is too marvelously one in style, spirit, and matter for these volumes to contribute anything new in any gross sense; they are fresh mines of delight of exactly the same kind which those who, like myself, read this author with almost unreserved pleasure have already found in the others. Here are the same occasional incidents which rise to an almost painful intensity, and the same endless profusion of exquisitely discriminated nuances which command the interest less because of any intrinsic importance in the things discriminated than because of the marvelous delicacy with which they are expressed—operations which awake admiration like that which one would feel for the superhuman dexterity of a skilful demonstrator dissecting under the microscope; investigations which are concerned

[1] "Cities of the Plain." By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Printed for subscribers only. Albert and Charles Boni. $15.

not with the gross, but with the micro-anatomy of emotion, with the histology of the soul.

There is, however, one other problem to which I should like to allude because its solution did not become clear, to me at least, until the reading of the volumes from which "Cities of the Plain" is translated. I refer to the question, so hotly discussed pro and con, of whether or not Proust can be charged with a vulgar snobbishness upon the basis of his great preoccupation with the world of fashion. If we consider the part which the standards of this world play in the artistic structure of the work, I think there is no reason, in spite of the extent to which they are used, to doubt the sincerity of his expressed indifference toward them. We cannot discuss the varieties of human conduct, character, or emotion without reference to certain fixed norms any more than we can discuss the position of a point in space without reference to certain other fixed lines or points; and since all the moral, legal, or even aesthetic standards by which the deviations of character are normally measured in fiction had disappeared from Proust's realm it was necessary that certain others should be set up. The traditions of fashionable society are the x- and y-axes of his spiritual geometry. Meaning nothing in themselves, being merely fixed lines by which locations can be indicated and relationships established, their arbitrariness is the thing which makes them useful. Unlike moral or other standards, which might seem to have an importance in themselves, they make it possible to bring order into his universe without introducing anything extraneous to his view of it, and he chooses them for the very reason that he and his readers can agree to give them nothing except a purely formal meaning.

God's Children

By JAMES RORTY

All God's children got wings.
The white rooster flaps his wings in a perfect New England stage set.
"Pure, pure!" crows the white rooster, between dawn and dark of a transcendental day.
The white rooster dies. The sun also rises. Some gentleman of color must have strutted in the barnyard:
Hear, what remembered lust in the hen's cackle; see, what spotted malice in the chicks!

All God's children got wings.
The blind bats hang head down from the cobwebbed corners of the courtroom.
Bat wings brush the face of the late-working Governor, hell's padlocks rattle as the watchman goes his rounds.
The President sleeps badly; the witches have come again on bat wings to suck his blood.
Twelve o'clock in the editor's office; the rats in the composing-room have grown wings—what lewd squeals as the cold presses grind the news!
A cold fear, a cold hate, a cold lust—cold bats mewing the covenant of the coldest hell—
Come, death, come in a great burning, come!
Come, death, and loose these bats out of hell!

All God's children got wings.
Elijah's chariot stops in front of the death-house at Charlestown.
Swing low, sweet chariot, good children, brave children, coming to carry you home.
"Barthol! Niccolo!" Death's voice is like the trumpets of the Gracchi, great Michael's angels beat their wings.
What though the people sleep? The graves are opened, the great dead shout and sing in the streets.
This midnight blooms in power and passion, lit from this burning the waste lands burn and are healed.

All God's children got wings, got wings,
All God's children got wings.

The Education of Woodrow Wilson

By JOSEPH JASTROW

ON Wilson the statesman my complete and profound ignorance of politics either as art or as science enjoins silence. But his academic pursuits and his preparation for them I can follow with the sympathy and experience of a colleague, and for that reason I was particularly interested in Ray Stannard Baker's recently published volumes on Wilson's early years. My residence at Johns Hopkins University overlapped his. We were all specialized as graduate students headed (we hoped) for specialized chairs. But the congenial simplicity of those days provided easy contacts; departments exchanged hospitalities, and even the psychological laboratory was not estranged from the historical seminary. As chance would have it, my marching mate in the procession to receive the Ph.D. was Wilson. He was already a *primus inter pares* and the envy of many because he held a position at Bryn Mawr (at the enviable salary of $1,500) and had returned after a year's teaching to receive his degree.

Unlike Henry Adams, whose "education" confesses the superiority of its author to the need of all education, Wilson, with no less definite a view of his capabilities and career, showed how the conventions of the higher education could be bent to the program of a gifted mind. The keynote is struck early, though by scholastic standards Wilson was neither precocious nor unusual. He was a youth with a formulated purpose suitable to maturity. From the picture of Gladstone which the boy enshrined above his desk to the cards on which he wrote half in jest and half in prophecy: "Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Senator from Virginia" he knew clearly where he was going.

However effective the written phrase of Wilson was, the added effect of its delivery remains with me as I recall his address as president of the American Association of American Universities. My assurance of its value seemed welcome to him; for he felt, as I did, that it was coldly received by the company of college presidents and deans, most of whom were not ready for his educational reforms, could not perceive the wide gap between an idealist with a practical-minded zest and their own opportunist advocacies and canvassings. I still hold that Woodrow Wilson contributed as significantly as any other leader in the higher education to the ideals that universities must live by, that his views are an oasis in the dreary desert of the sayings of college presidents.

The story of Wilson's career is familiar: his ancestors on both sides with their passion for education, his deep family affection, poverty enough to make opportunities esteemed, a religious setting that made serious thinking natural, a determination and an encouragement to make his way to a significant life. All this made for an independence in outlook and conduct which, though to that degree rare, may well be accepted as the distinctive feature in the education of leaders in any field. At all important times of decision he took his education in his own hands. That remained the central principle of his "University," a place where under proper guidance, in which personality should be first and machinery last, young men of serious purpose could find themselves. "When a Man Comes to Himself" remains a characteristic Wilsonian pronouncement. A university is an instrument for this process, and it can be little more; yet, being that, it is inevitably much more. The long story of the Princeton controversy has somewhat lost its interest, but in the sense in which the president of Princeton lost his cause, the American university lost it, and is still suffering from the set-back. The same issues have grown so formidable as to be now beyond control. A university cannot be merely an annex to a stadium, and studies only disturbing incidents in a social life. Sooner or later someone will have to write the dismal story of miseducation.

I am selecting the emphasis but am not throwing out of focus the intellectual features of Woodrow Wilson in posing him as a teacher, though it seems hopeless to give that term the functional worth which it should carry. His precepts were practices; the care and finish that he put on his job of lecturing to classes made those classes an experience; and his popularity as professor may still prove to the skeptical that youth has so catholic a devotion that it will run after sterling as well as plated gods. When he had his administrative chance, it was upon the intimate contact of minds not too widely separated in maturity and interests that he staked the fortunes of his educational system.

Above and through all the incidents of his career appears the man, the essential Wilson. In the hierarchy of his dominant ambitions an active public career, with a scope for influence in shaping events, stood foremost. Chafing first under the necessity of teaching women, he was in due course restless in teaching men. The law was too mercenary a gateway, a menial side-door at best. The academic portal was worthy and opened to values intrinsically satisfying. But they were secondary interests, though deeply cherished. If he chose to be a scholar in politics, it was because he held knowledge to be the authentic guide to power. "A man may be defeated by his own secondary successes" is a characteristic Wilsonian sentiment. He seemed afraid that his extraordinary popularity as a professor might turn a prologue into an epilogue. He welcomed the unexpected presidency of Princeton as a call to action, a constructive and commander-in-chief position at last.

It is ever the perspective of satisfactions that sounds the depths of a character; the handicaps of that character are often instructive. Wilson's inhibitions were real though not deep; he was keenly aware of them, and noted that he often found it difficult to speak of what was nearest to his heart; he could write what he could not release by word of mouth. He was more confidential in public than in private; for, as he said, there is less reticence to be felt in pleasing a group than in aiming directly for the favor of one hearer.

In the combination of aggressive leadership and in inhibiting reserves lie the possibilities of misunderstanding, and Woodrow Wilson ran the gamut of adoration and detraction. The most common charge was that he insisted on playing a lone hand; that when he became the most acclaimed of men this flaw led to his undoing. It was held to be responsible no less for his dissensions at Princeton. However true or false, this diagnosis is directed to the vital spot. It takes so little to mar the picture of greatness; and of all the qualities that have introduced the false note in the lives of great men, this is the most dissonant. We can all think of careers that reached almost to the heights, yet fell by reason of this deadly failing; and the Freudians would have it that it is often a faulty compensation for an inhibited self. Morally we term it the ambition that does overreach its goal; but the psychological version seems the truer one. It explains the divergent views of Wilson's reputation, and perhaps also the varying wisdom of his decisive steps and missteps at critical moments. Those who stood near to advise him at the Versailles Conference brought back reports of his declining the very services they had come across seas to render; that he was so engrossed with the importance of his position as to become an easy victim of Continental masters of diplomacy unhindered by idealistic commitments. It is difficult to decide how true this may be. But stricken by illness as he had been so frequently, halted by threatening disability in the course of his ascent to fame, he was his kind of hero to the last.

Some may prefer to present the conflict less as temperamental than as occupational. The academic mind sets its own course; the politician must appeal to party and follow it, must build his machine. The pursuit of truth is uncompromising—hence the "single-track mind"; politics demands compromise, making such strange bed-fellows as Wilson and Bryan. The democracy of politics suspects leadership, through ideas most of all, as a mask for power, is suspicious of more than a rhetorical preference of principles to spoils. The "highbrow" does not herd congenially with "narrow foreheads." The people get tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, or Solon the Wise. In the American setting Wilson provided a tempting target. Unfortunately his temperamental traits offered no effective guard against the thrusts. His most dangerous foes were those ready to prove that the scholar could be a genial politician as well; the narrower schisms are the bitterest. Wilson, even more than Cleveland, is entitled to respect for the enemies he made.

Back, Wolf

By CLINCH CALKINS

Back, wolf, I have left you my blood
on the step in a bowl.
What more can you want of me now that
I've given you body and soul?
Nightly I've fed you the lean of my thoughts
for all of these years
And at morning tossed out of the window
the bone of my fears.

Tonight if you watch you can enter
and sniff on the air
And you'll find that the place is quite empty
And nothing left there.

I Have Known Poets

By MARY AUSTIN

I have known poets in my time. . . .

I have also known a Cardinal,
A gold-laced General,
A Cabinet Minister and several millionaires,
Learned men, lover men—
And I would lose the lot of them
For any one of half a dozen poets that I know!
And I say, Lord,
When my time comes to go,
I shall not care for Heaven if the poets stay outside.
You may keep my starry crown
For some poor soul that craves it,
And give my harp
To any Angel child that plays it,
But I will take the poets and what you have left over,
A windy hill to walk upon, a filmy cactus flower,
A maple tree, a lady fern or bee caroused in clover,
Of all I've loved and sung about just the odds and ends—
And two or three poets to be my friends!

Error

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

When autumn burns along the sky
And the moon, like some harvest fruit
Cradled in tall trees, seems to lie
So hot, so ripe, so without root,

Does not a sunflower awake
In the dark garden chill with dew,
And thrilled with radiance, mistake
Dead gold for living, and pursue?

So, in this autumn of our love,
My heart, night being at its noon,
Woke, startled, and began to move
On the cold roadways of the moon.

Books

Reviewing Russia

The Economic Organization of the Soviet Union. By Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy. *Village Life Under the Soviets.* By Karl Borders. *How the Soviet Government Works.* By H. N. Brailsford. *Religion under the Soviets.* By Julius F. Hecker. *Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors.* By R. Page Arnot. The Vanguard Press. Fifty cents each.

The Russian Land. By Albert Rhys Williams. New Republic, Inc. $1.

THIS humble effort is what can only be termed mass production in book reviewing. Mass production in Model A's, bathtubs, and confession magazines is all very well, but to put authors—such distinguished, hard-working, and altogether sapient authors as the above—through the rolling mill is a different and far more dubious matter. They deserve a column apiece at the very least, each under his own headstone; and, with one exception, far more expert talent than the undersigned to appraise their virtues and their failings. I did pick up a fact or two about Russian industry last summer, strained to be sure through interpreters and translators; but what do I know about religion, about farming, about political structure, and about the neighborly Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, and Finns—to say nothing of the brotherly and backslapping British, French, Americans, and Japanese? Precisely, or almost precisely, nothing at all. Just because one has rushed across the Ukrainian steppes in a German motor car and a shower of dust one does not become a learned commentator on all phases of the biggest slice of territory on the planet.

The then unpublished manuscript of Messrs. Nearing and Hardy I had with me when I entered Russia. It made a splendid introduction to the internal economy of the Soviet state. By its aid I was able to select the factors which seemed particularly to deserve more intensive study. But the more intensive I got, the less rewarding the manuscript became. Not that it was wrong in any basic particular, but rather that it was so much more wooden than the actual facts. It slurs over many matters that demand critical plain speaking; such as the serious unemployment situation, the poor quality of the bulk of consumer goods, the artificial stimulation of the cooperative stores. It says nothing at all about the reliability of the statistics which are so abundantly quoted. On the other hand the book fails, in my opinion, to give due weight to the stupendous audacity of the attempt to coordinate the whole economic mechanism through the medium of the State Planning Commission, locally known as the Gosplan. This is something new in the world, an experiment so brilliantly conceived, so comprehensive, and withal so courageous, as to call for a full chapter—aye, and a loud hallelujah or two—rather than the few staid paragraphs it gets. Still, it is their book, not mine; it helped me a great deal in getting the mechanism of Russian industry into focus, and I am sure it will help many others to do the same.

Mr. Borders's "Village Life" is anything but wooden. It is warm, flexible, and alive from cover to cover. The opening description of a typical village carried me back bodily to the huddle of thatched huts, the gilded dome above them, the dogs, the dust, the glowing fields of sunflowers, the smells, the stolid stares, the eternal timelessness of scores of villages through which I had passed; and groped dimly to understand. Mr. Borders makes the record as plain as it can be made in a brief volume. His criticisms are acute and telling, and his praise, so far as I know anything about it, is just. He gives not only the warmth of local color but sober and penetrating observation on the whole economy of Russian agriculture; its relations to the state, to the cooperative movement, to the towns, to the structure of industry.

We come now to Mr. Brailsford. He attempts to tell us how the Soviet government works. I do not think he knows how it works; I do not think the members of that government know how it works; I do not think that anybody knows how it works. Logically it should have been a heap of ruins years ago, splintered into a thousand hates and envies and lusts and martyrdoms. One can chronicle the grains of sand and lime—the bureaus and committees—but only God himself knows what hidden forces have cemented these grains into a solid, unbreakable, and functioning mass. One cannot, however, read Mr. Brailsford's last chapter without realizing that there are few political philosophers alive in the world today who are equipped with wisdom, tolerance, and sympathetic understanding to come as close to the heart of the matter as he has come. He may not know the formula for that unearthly cement, but he can make us feel to the fingertips its tingling and gripping cohesion. And he can show us the many rankling injustices which remain as the price of that cohesion. For you and me, dear reader, brought up as we have been, modern Russia would be on all too many occasions a very painful place in which to live.

Mr. Hecker writes upon religion under the Soviets. He

ought to know something about it. He was born in Russia, he received a Ph.D. at Columbia, studied theology at Drew and Union Theological Seminaries, was with the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., joined the famine-relief expedition to Russia in 1921, and is now teaching sociology in the Moscow Theological Academy. He writes with clarity and tolerance. He tells how the young republic tried to get along without religion for a few years, came a cropper, and in 1923 unlocked the church doors and set those huge, bronze, slightly sour bells tolling again. (In the Campanile of the Lavra at Kiev, 300 feet above the ground, I almost got a twelve-foot bell ringing by pulling with all my strength, in an ever-widening arc. Just as the clapper was about to kiss the rim in a joyous clang, two tall priests appeared from nowhere, wrenched the rope out of my hands, looked daggers, and withdrew. Was this religious freedom? Obviously not.)

The churches are all open, services are going on, women are kneeling and crossing themselves as of yore. But an open fight is on for the souls of the children, with the Communists holding a stacked deck of cards. Will they win out and convert the next generation to the religion of communism? Mr. Hecker doubts it, and so do I.

With Mr. Arnot's opus on neighborliness I go down for the third and last time. Just what Russia is up to in respect to the British Empire, China, Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Rumania, Poland, the Border States, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, the United States, and the world at large is all set forth here, section by section, and chapter by chapter. I have read most of it, but would have got farther reading the "Novum Organum" in Latin. I am naturally soft-headed when it comes to open covenants openly arrived at. I do not think I ever recovered from the shock of the secret treaties. I just do not believe anything anybody says about foreign relations. This is hard on Mr. Arnot, and upon what may be a genuine masterpiece; but what can I do?

Albert Rhys Williams has been living in Russian villages off and on—not for days and days but for years and years. I saw him in Moscow and he told me all about it. All about the food and the booze and the bugs . . . and the decency and the friendliness. It was a great story with the ring of utter verihood. In "The Russian Land" he sets down eleven prose etchings from out of the multitude of his experiences. There are no figures, no summaries, no prophecies, no learned conclusions—there are only first-hand stories of Russian life as Mr. Williams has seen it and lived it. And I am rather inclined to think that if you really would understand Russia this is the best volume of them all. STUART CHASE

Washington Alive

George Washington, 1762-1777. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow and Company. $5.

Washington Speaks for Himself. By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

George Washington, Colonial Traveler, 1732-1775. By John C. Fitzpatrick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

WHEN the first volume of Rupert Hughes's biography of Washington appeared, giving us the first really illuminating and honest story of his earlier days, a prominent historian denounced it as containing "exactly 297 absolutely false statements." In an Afterword to the second volume, which carries Washington's career forward to 1777, Mr. Hughes informs us that the historian wrote him personally that having reread the book he had "not found one statement that he would call absolutely false." The "falsehoods" turn out to be "disparagements"; and "disparagements" mean all references to the fact that Washington drank, danced, swore, and made wagers —all of which he did.

This second volume is even more interesting and scholarly, and even more packed with proof, but we may expect a renewal of the hue and cry against the author from professional patriots. Mr. Hughes is clearly concerned with a search for truth, which is, presumably, the purpose of any honest historian. This truth cannot possibly be palatable to the followers of Parson Weems or Professor Sparks, or to those who busy themselves plucking the well-earned plumes of other men to bedeck Washington, who needs none but his own. Mr. Hughes shows conclusively that his subject was not an important or active member of the House of Burgesses; that he did his share of breeding slaves and concerned himself not at all in their morals; that he advertised not only for runaway slaves but runaway white servants; that he could laugh heartily at an improper song and copy improper stories; that he did his share of land-grabbing, a fashionable vice of his time; and that he had an aristocrat's contempt for the ordinary man, and for the rank and file of the Revolutionary army.

And yet, throughout this volume as through the first, there runs a profound admiration and appreciation of Washington. But it is an intelligent, not a maudlin appreciation, born of the realization that he was a human being and not a colorless thing of the spirit. Here was a man like other men, with imperfections and petty failings, who marched to ultimate immortal triumphs through many failures. His was a process of slow growth. In these humanizing pages he appears for the first time a bit pathetic in moments of disillusionment bordering on despair. No irresistible mythological character this, dashing gaily on to triumphs anywhere and any time. He fought his way. He blundered occasionally as all men must, but he learned his lessons and he carried on. It is a really fine thing to be able to feel sorry for Washington now and then, as we feel sorry for Lincoln; to see him in his moments of depression and defeat is to bring him closer to us.

Thus by giving us the shadows along with the white lights of his character the biographer has done more than anyone else to make him real—and interesting. He climbs out of his heavy frame, dust-covered, and clasps hands with people and loses nothing by the contact. He was, of course, a creature of his time. He followed the fashions. When everyone was speculating in land, he speculated. When everyone was drinking, he drank. When almost all men of means and position played their gentlemanly game for stakes, he played and jotted down the record of his earnings and his losses. What mockery, what dishonesty to deny the record! In truth there are few of the "disparagements" in Mr. Hughes's biography that are not to be found in Washington's "Diary," published by the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association. Had Mr. Hughes fared forth as a muckraker he could have painted a dark picture from the "Diary" alone by mobilizing and marching all the failings without reference to the evidence of high virtues. Being an historian, and an honest one, he has given us the good and the not-so-good in just proportion, and the result is the recreation of the man whom all admired and trusted.

And we are asked to take nothing on faith. The book is literally packed with proof. Every startling or striking statement has its citation to authority. If Mr. Hughes maintains the standard of the first two volumes in those that are to follow we shall have the most illuminating, scholarly, definitive biography of Washington yet written.

In "George Washington, Colonial Traveler," by John C. Fitzpatrick, for many years in charge of the manuscripts at the Congressional Library, we have a valuable source book for this period connecting with the two volumes by W. S. Baker which carry on until the last year of Washington's life. It is a day by day record as he wrote it, admirably arranged.

In "Washington Speaks for Himself" Lucretia Perry Osborn has done for Washington what Nathaniel W. Stephenson did for Lincoln—given us a connected story of his activities and thoughts in his own language; with just enough editing to make the story consecutive. It is as interesting as an autobiography. CLAUDE G. BOWERS

The King Business

King Edward VII. By Sir Sidney Lee. Volume II. The Macmillan Company. $8.50.

TO the ordinary reader, as distinct from the student of political affairs, this volume, presenting the official story of King Edward's reign, will be less interesting than the earlier one dealing with his life as Prince of Wales. Not that he changed any of his ways of life, putting off the "Prince Hal" for the dignified King Henry as is sometimes suggested. He remained to the end sportsman, *bon viveur*, "man of the world." Traveling still occupied a large part of his time, and he mingled easily with all sorts of people. His biographer not unnaturally tries to present him as a "Great Monarch." That he was not. The days of great monarchs are over. Edward did not even pose as great, like his nephew the Kaiser. But though not great, he was highly competent for a constitutional monarch in a country like Britain. He had both the qualities and the defects for this part. Indeed his great personal popularity was largely attributable to sympathy with his break away from the austerities of parental control, and with his addiction to racing and other levities. But he had sufficient brains and energy left to carry out successfully the more serious duties of kingship, as set out in this volume.

What the British people want in their monarch is ceremonialism. He must supply an element of pageantry to an otherwise drab life, must redeem democracy from a secretly unpopular equality, must stir the sense of loyalty to a figure that represents in some half-magical way the historic continuity of a nation. Now King Edward, like his mother, was fond of ceremony and really interested in uniforms and points of precedence. He was always noticing little divergences from usage, such as the wearing of a decoration on the wrong side of a coat or the use of a Minister's name, in place of his office, in a letter. The deference paid to him in small matters of detail bought off any disposition to assert his personal will in bigger matters which lay in the margin of the royal prerogative. Occasional friction arose between him and his ministers, especially about appointments, but he had sufficient tact to know when he must give way. Though essentially a strong conservative, he was no aristocratic tory of the old school, but tempered his love of feudal relics by ample intercourse with big-business men and cosmopolitan financiers.

But the dramatic interest of this period turns upon the fluctuating personal relations between King Edward and his nephew, the Kaiser, and the part played by their antagonism in preparing a war atmosphere. German statesmen, unable to understand the position of a constitutional monarch in relation to the deeds done in his name, freely charged the King with planning and helping to carry out the policy of "encirclement" which they set out to break in 1914. Now the King, of course, had no such plan or policy; indeed it is quite evident he never had anything that could be called a policy. His biographer ingenuously claims that "What made him an accomplished ruler was that he lived entirely in the present moment, and had no thoughts for anything beyond the immediate and actual reality." But "encirclement" there was, though doubtless it appeared to those responsible as a mere redressing of "the balance of power" disturbed by the Triple Alliance. King Edward was a more than willing instrument in forming and strengthening the Anglo-French entente, and his personal relations with the Czar were helpful in checkmating the attempted German-Russian alliance and in swinging Russia over to the Western scale of the balance.

But though the King was industrious in politics, he was not a determinant force. He merely made no attempt to recover lost prerogative. Fortunately for him and his people he was not a serious constructive statesman. The most illuminating chapter is that entitled The Social Side. The King was "a good mixer." "The King enjoyed life so much that he wished everyone else to be happy, even if it were Sunday," is his biographer's account of the displacement of the Victorian Sabbath by the Sunday of "companionable jaunts and relaxations." The real King with his *joie de vivre* is so vividly expressed in a single long paragraph that I cannot do better than cite it to dispose of the absurd notion, countenanced by some passages in this same volume, that he was a profound and devoted statesman.

> His life was passed in an extraordinary exactitude. Every week, almost every hour, was mapped out beforehand; the succession of engagements was almost immutably fixed. From 1904 to 1907 he spent a week each January with the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Parliament was opened in state late in January or in February. A visit to Biarritz in the spring, preceded and followed by a stay in Paris, was usually fixed for March, and a Mediterranean cruise would follow. The early days of April would find him in Copenhagen with the Queen, in order to celebrate the birthday of his father-in-law, Christian IX. The opening week of June saw him at Epsom for the Derby, and on the night of the Derby he would entertain all the members of the Jockey Club at dinner at Buckingham House. In mid-June he would be at Ascot. Several courts and state dinners would follow. The King would also attend the horse show at Richmond and Olympia. In July and August there would be a round of country-house visits where he met at ease his almost unchanging social circle. At the end of July he would stay with the Duke of Richmond. A week later he would be at Cowes for the yachting, passing on to Bolton Abbey to spend "the twelfth" with the Duke of Devonshire. Early in September he would stay with Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey to witness the St. Leger at Doncaster, followed by a three weeks' cure at Marienbad—and a visit to one or another of the European monarchs. October would see him at Balmoral for the shooting season, and in the last two months of the year he resided at Windsor or Sandringham or Buckingham Palace, always, however, spending Christmas and New Year's Day at Sandringham.

What a life!

J. A. HOBSON

A Serious Thinker

About Ourselves. By H. A. Overstreet. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

SHE was very pretty and an awfully good sport. But she was not intellectual. At least, so her friends thought. They meant to have some fun with her. At the annual dinner of The Group they seated her next to the fascinating young psychologist. With unholy glee they anticipated her discomfort.

"Do you really think that Dr. Watson can escape the Freudian Censor?" she asked her dinner partner. He look surprised, and pleased. "Dr. Watson *thinks* he can by behaving like a rat. But the disguise, I fear, is too naive for Dr. Freud." For the rest of the evening they discussed Bleuler, Breuer, Janet, Charcot, Adler, Jung. They played upon each other's wishes. There was "a something more than chatter" between them: "laughter at times; a good deal of quiet smiling. But also a kind of brooding in the faces." At first her friends were thunderstruck. Then they felt ashamed. Finally they listened. Poor fools! They did not know that she had read "About Ourselves" by H. A. Overstreet and that she knew all about modern psychology.

There is not the slightest reason why YOU should not converse as brilliantly on "the science of human behavior." There was a time when human nature was a matter of mere guesswork. Now and then, some "shrewd observers such as Socrates,

Confucius, Lao-tsze, Jesus, Montaigne" guessed fairly well. But on the whole such metaphysical speculations "did serious damage in turning mankind psychologically astray." Stop *guessing!* Be one of those who *know!* And, above all, know Thyself! Mr. Overstreet's little handbook of the human psyche, a "really" scientific outline in the "accurate sense," will enable you to be your own psychiatrist.

Are you, like most of us "normals," incapable of rigid thinking? Do you "trip in [your] logic" by "projecting" the monkey wrench of "sex" into your syllogisms? Learn how to avoid "the seductive art of wish-thinking." Do "fears beset" you, "fears-plus-shame" or "fears-plus-guilt"? Read how to "expand" or "contract," as you may need, your "basic psychological patterns," how to integrate "the basic processes of the Body-Mind."

"Some of us have moods"—have you? Do you "take flight into pleasure"? Do you hate to do your job today? Are you wanting in decision? Does your "ego inflate"? Is your love-life what it ought to be? Any one of these fairly normal maladjustments would indicate that you "undoubtedly suffer from a form of what might be called infantilism in adult life." Grow up! Balance your "output" with your "intake." Read how We Fly into Disease. Fly out of it! Purge your unconscious of all "psychological poisons" and "induce" your own "mental transformation."

Moreover, even the subtlest aesthetic values may become common property. All we need to do is to become aware of our personalities. Read the chapter on Ears That Hear and enjoy the gift of musical appreciation. Acquire Eyes That See and make "essentialistic" art your own. The essay on He Who Laughs will give you a sense of humor. "Why Poetry?" Listen to "this quizzical, taunting thing:

> With half a laugh of hearty zest
> I strip me off my coat and vest.
>
> Then heeding not the frigid air,
> I fling away my underwear;
>
> So having nothing else to doff,
> I rip my epidermis off.

Could there be a more zestful, laughing invitation to let go, to come across, to get out of one's seclusive grumps?"

But, above all, learn how to partake in "the intercreating mind" in which "the individual and the group process" synchronize "toward reality." Be like Socrates! "For Socrates is convincingly [*sic*] like what any average individual might be, if only that individual could grasp the idea of emptying himself of pretensions and trying to build up ideas by the intercreating process of discussion with his fellows," even as Mr. Overstreet, who wrote this book with a "group [of] coworkers" through a mutually "modifying process . . . of progressive or serial creation."

Of course, if you happen to be "hopelessly perfect" the author frankly advises you to "close this book." But it seems to me that this advice is a bit too modest; for no matter how perfect you may be this little volume will add a great deal to your knowledge. Though technically it has the same relation to modern psychology as the Abrams Box to modern medicine, it is by all odds the most unwitting, and hence the best, psychological case record of the latter-day "outline" vulgarian in the guise of a Serious Thinker. It is the most naive self-portrayal of the pseudo-cultivated man writing for the pseudo-educated mob of post-war confusion. There is no characteristic of what Joseph Conrad called "the silly vanity of being abreast with the ideas of the day after tomorrow" which Mr. Overstreet fails to bring out in bold relief. Ignorant of the subject matter he discusses, obtuse by nature, "wishing" intellectual recognition, Mr. Overstreet is the perfect "new psychologist" who is plaguing the genius of the new psychology. We suggest that Dr. Freud

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analyze this book for an essay on the foolish man, whom modern psychology has so sorely neglected. As Mr. Overstreet has it: "After all, as a man speaketh with his tongue, so he is."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

And Peace Proclaims

Olives of Endless Age. Being a Study of this Distracted World and Its Need of Unity. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

MR. BRAILSFORD, like so many others before him, not only wants a new world but is ready, after meditating long upon the form and nature of the structure, to give us a sketch of the façade, an outline of the floor arrangements, and some hints of the specifications. Any one who is convinced that the political world, however new it may become, will never take on much more regularity of form or consistency of idea than is to be observed today, and that in any event the march toward relative perfection will be exceeding slow, will probably dismiss Mr. Brailsford's book as only one more bit of useless political speculation; but even those who care nothing for dreams will find a good deal to set them thinking in the author's keen analysis of contemporary world politics, and his severe arraignment of the wisdom of the mighty and the great from whose more recent performances all sorts and conditions of men still suffer.

So large a proportion of the intelligent people of all countries now admit that the so-called peace settlement was a crime, that not even Mr. Brailsford's literary skill can give to his indictment of the peace any air of novelty. It is in what he has to say about national, regional, continental, and world situations at the present moment, after the seeds of a blind and criminal peace have sprouted and grown, that he makes his best contribution to political criticism. The view, as he depicts it, is not alluring. A jealous and aggressive nationalism is preparing the way for further wars, there is no likelihood that the nations will disarm, the League of Nations is chiefly to be commended for its non-political activities, political intervention goes on apace, and international capital is exercising an influence greater, often, than that of states.

For this situation Mr. Brailsford sees no permanent remedy save in the ultimate development of a new world order. Self-determination, when pushed to its logical conclusions, is a rather empty formula. Denunciations of imperialism do not help, because imperialism, when put through Mr. Brailsford's laboratory, is found to contain as much of good as of evil. It is useless to look for continental unity in Europe, some of the essential elements of unity are lacking in Asia, and the Americas, of whose unity of spirit Mr. Brailsford seems to think rather highly, are after all a good deal apart from the rest of the world. Even the League, which in spite of its shortcomings appears to be the only glass through which he can scan the future, will have to do vastly better than it has done before it can become the nucleus of a perfected world state.

What is proposed, accordingly, is that the great Powers shall "bring themselves to sign unlimited treaties of arbitration" which shall "abolish the right of private war and confine the right of blockade to the League"; that the League's mandate supervision shall be extended, the national state ceasing "to be the protector and promoter of the trade and investments of its citizens beyond its frontiers" and the League courts taking over the performance of these functions; and that a world organization shall be built up "to regulate the distribution, and, if possible, also to stabilize the prices of raw materials and staple foodstuffs." The problems of imperialism having thus been solved, with the aid of financial assistance and administrative guidance for weak or backward states and protection for all national minorities "in Europe," both of these things to be supplied by the League, the ground will have been cleared for

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the formation of regional groupings or federations on a continental basis within the League; "modest police forces, military and naval, to support the authority of the League against any possible aggressor," may then make disarmament possible, and the structure of perfection will be crowned by a World Assembly, representing Parliaments "in some rough proportion to population" and working through a majority vote.

It is difficult for a reviewer who much prefers facts to theories to take seriously a scheme which, in addition to ignoring most of the traits of human nature that make political or economic trouble in the world, pins its faith to the development, within some period of time brief enough to be worth thinking about, of a type of individual and social character the like of which has never yet been found on land or sea. It were easier to believe that the nations of the world, enmeshed as they are in a tangle of obligations and prejudices for which no one of them is alone responsible, should come in time to see the advantage of minding each its own business, keeping out of each other's way, practicing common justice and ordinary decency in internal and external matters, and developing such culture and happiness as they may, than to believe that they should throw themselves into the arms of a sublimated League and let a glorified secretariat tell them how to get on.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Anglo-Saxon History

The American Adventure: A History of the United States. By David Saville Muzzey. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. $10.

I WISH that I knew a lot more American history than I do. For then I would be able to write a review of Mr. Muzzey's book with some sort of intelligence. Now I can only say that these two volumes contain pretty nearly everything the average citizen ought to know if he has a sincere conception of his serious "civic responsibility" and desires to understand the country of which he is a happy and prosperous part. For that, according to Professor Muzzey, is the purpose of the book, to provide the American world with a "readable history, up to date and not too long," that shall give him the "historical understanding which is at the basis of his daily duties as a responsible member of the community."

But the matter is not quite so simple. Whenever the American of foreign birth dares to express himself upon the sacred subject of our national adventure there is the cry of "Ellis Island." What does he mean, the miserable foreigner when he talks of "our" history and "our" ancestors? His own ancestors lived somewhere in a dark ghetto. They inhabited the Russian steppes. They fished for herring in the fjords of Norway. "Ours" indeed! Next they will be claiming that George Washington was born in Poland or that Calvin Coolidge reads the *Vorwärts*.

I do not wish to turn a book review into a public debate. But are the professors who write our American histories quite sure that only the honest folk of Anglo-Saxon descent peruse their learned tomes? I have my doubts.

As a rule it is the American of foreign descent who is hungry for information, who thirsts after new ideas, who is eager to accept a new point of view. And he will read books like these with a slight feeling of annoyance. I would not mention this if we were not living underneath the shadow of the silly performance in Chicago. What has been happening in Chicago every one knows. What most people in the East seem to fail to understand is that this man Thompson is not an uneducated clown, a mere cheap demagogue who wants to get the nomination at the next Republican convention, but on the contrary that he is a fairly intelligent Anglo-Saxon who knows exactly what he is doing and who is certain of a tremendous following among those who for good or evil, cannot follow the

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historical school of which Professor Muzzey is one of the ablest exponents.

Three pages of more than a thousand are devoted to the other "foreign" elements that came before the Puritans "to enrich and diversify American life." My friends, if I go on much longer, the debate will start and, Heaven help us, there are enough quarrels in this world. But do not blame the Thompsons if they use this sort of history to build up a new party that shall have as little use for the Anglo-Saxon-who-could-not-hold-his-own as did the Goths for the Romans of the outgoing empire.

Of course I know the risk I run by writing this. How could I ever feel the true inner spirit of such a book? And so I do not mind drawing attention to a very insignificant item, that incidentally helps the Thompsons and their sad followers in their warfare upon critical intelligence. On page 311 of the first volume there is a picture of the "Landing of Negroes at Jamestown from a Dutch man-of-war." A man-of-war according to the Oxford Dictionary is an armed vessel belonging to a country's navy. Professor Muzzey may be more familiar with the records of the Dutch admiralties than I am. If he can find the record of a single Dutch man-of-war importing slaves to America I will give fifty dollars in cash to the country's fifty neediest cases. I know of course that the Dutch West India Company traded in this sort of human merchandise. But a man-of-war is a very different story.

"Absurd," you will say; "a foolish little detail." Perhaps so. But let us see. No doubt there are private citizens who are selling arms and ammunition to the diverse revolutionary armies of China and Central America. Suppose an American citizen picks up a Rumanian history and finds a picture of an "American man-of-war selling guns to the Generalissimo of Guatemala"? Probably he would not quite like it. And this is but a small part of my suspicion that books written from the angle so capably propounded by Professor Muzzey (if angles can be propounded, which I do not know) will never quite reach all the people who have dug and hammered and blasted and sweated and suffered and hungered and thirsted their way through the great American adventure.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Sophistication

Whatever We Do. By Allan Updegraff. The John Day Company. $2.50.

THIS is a gay, sad, tumultuous, and on the whole completely unconvincing tale, told slangily and with careless inconsequence. It belongs to the sophisticated genre of "South Wind," and I find that I cannot formulate what I think about it without saying what I think about the genre in general, perhaps because although simple books may be as unlike each other as "Tom Jones" is unlike "The Idiot" and "Lost Illusions" unlike "Fathers and Sons," sophisticated books have a way of being very much alike. The reader will probably object that there is nothing very simple about Dostoevski or Balzac. I call those books simple, as opposed to sophisticated, whose authors recognize the limitations of their knowledge of the universe as keenly as does any naive scientist who dedicates a lifetime to the discovery of one new chemical substance, or any painter who thinks it reward enough to see some hue in the shadows cast by a summer sun that others before him have not seen. Curiosity, a sense of the mystery of personality, of the ultimate insolubility of every phenomenon on which the eye lights, is a distinguishing characteristic of simple great books, as it is of man. Dull books haven't it, because it takes intelligence to be curious. Sophisticated books haven't it, because the authors of sophisticated books know everything to begin with. They see life spread out in tiny panoramas as if from an airplane. And because everything looks pretty

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much the same seen from an airplane, sophisticated books are all pretty much alike.

Often, as in the case of "Whatever We Do," considerable talent has gone into their making. And often, as again in the case of "Whatever We Do," they are written with pity and humor. Pity and humor are likable qualities in any book, as is the ability to quote poetry appositely and to be pertinently allusive over a wide field of reading and experience. And it is quite true that even omniscience would lose its sting if the style in which it was wrapped were sufficiently good. But this book is written in a kaleidoscopic, careless, blubbery style, a style very much in vogue at the moment because it is disarmingly casual and because it seems to have done away with all old-fashioned author's comment. I question, however, if occasional philosophizing on the part of the author is more reprehensible than continual philosophizing on the part of all the characters.

"Pretty flimsy old triangle, that Faith, Hope, and Charity—not likely to get a man anywhere without intelligence. Nor without Health, either—what good is charity to a man if he hasn't the strength to apply it? Set up a new motto, boggod, Faith, Hope, Charity, Intelligence, and Health." And more, and much more. Enough to raise any reader's suspicions, if it weren't accompanied with so much drink and lechery.

There have always been special hells for the sensitive, but the World War devised so many more that the publishers will never be able to keep pace with them. When men who no longer believe and no longer desire wear sophistication like a jaunty cloak, it has the irresistible appeal of gallantry. So, although I don't believe in Mr. or Mrs. Parsons, and Henry-O Falstaffian humors seem to me not so extraordinarily humorous or new, and even "South Wind" failed to convert me to the Guide Book Italian Novel, and Peleus isn't so different from various other heroes of other novels, I must be made of stone indeed to fail to admire the gallantry and good humor of the book, and its romanticism. For occasionally the folds of the jaunty cloak blow aside, and we see inveterately romantic man.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A Puritan Socialist

Money Writes. By Upton Sinclair. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

TELLING what's the matter with Upton Sinclair is one of our most popular indoor sports; notwithstanding, Upton Sinclair continues to flourish and some of us continue to think that he is one of the most useful literary men at large in these United States. (I speak with all deference to the judgment of competent literary critics, among whom I have no place.) But Upton Sinclair has more industry and knows more facts than all his critics put together, and the curious thing is that most of his facts are so, which is inconvenient for the critics, because they are reduced to making faces at him, or else saying that they don't like his taste.

"Money Writes" is the final volume of a series of six works in which Mr. Sinclair, in the brief space of ten years, has taken successively the American pulpit, the press, the universities, the public schools, the artists, and now the literary men, and has shown how we each and all pipe and dance when the wily capitalist calls the tune. These volumes contain an immense body of facts, mostly disagreeable, and mostly true so far as I happen to know; but it seems to me that Mr. Sinclair finds out only a part, even though it be an important part, of what they mean; and as one of the goose-steppers who has not been wholly asleep during the past quarter-century I feel fairly sure that I know something of what they mean in at least one important field. Of course money talks and money teaches and money controls, but not in a world of simon-pure capitalists and wage-slaves. All the people of my acquaintance

A MAN once owned the very latest novel. There was nothing wrong with it; in fact, it was a very good novel. But the man felt that it did not completely satisfy his sporting desire to keep up with the times, for he had heard, in a vague way, that in all fields of knowledge a great many new things were constantly being discovered.
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are complex, not simple, folks; the capitalists that I know have a thousand interests beside oppression, while the wage-slaves that I consort with approve of no revolution later than the American, and think Upton Sinclair harmlessly crazy if nothing worse. So my capitalist friends do not have to sit up nights devising plans to befuddle them; instead, the bourgeois oppressors give their money to these wretched class institutions where I keep running across flourishing sappers and miners of the existing capitalist order, and the children of proletarians (blessed word) keep getting in somehow in larger or smaller numbers, and getting miseducated. To me it is all awfully complex and confusing; to Upton Sinclair it is simple, and plain as a pikestaff. Therefore I think he is mistaken.

None the less I think "Money Writes" a useful book, and I enjoyed it thoroughly—the more, probably, because I share most of Mr. Sinclair's puritan tastes, even if I don't always agree with him about what is great poetry. Like him I abominate pornography, even when the critics call it high art; much as I like to let people do as they please, like him I believe in our attempt to prevent people from drinking themselves to death, just as I believe in public-health work generally; and like him I hate the smooth conformity and pusillanimous success of young and middle-aged men who know better. So I enjoy his scarification of most of our current literary lights, even though I don't always share his estimates of them, and though I find his explanations of their success or failure almost always partial.

The world as I watch it is ruled most of the time in most things by Mammon. I find it a reasonably safe rule, then, that the perpetual riders on the front seat of the bandwagon are bound to be servants of Mammon, not because the mammonites are specially wicked and designing, and not because we live under capitalism, but just because the world is made that way. So as a puritan I am glad to see Upton Sinclair keep pointing out the everlasting choice between God and the devil, even at cost of some parlor conventions. I doubt whether even the prophets wore Arrow collars.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Modest Genius

The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh to His Brother, 1872-1886. Translated from the Dutch with a memoir by J. van Gogh-Bonger. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $15.

TO look in the letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother for the same values one finds in the writings of Cézanne or Délacroix is to be disappointed. While they were notable critics as well as craftmen, highly conscious of their mission, he was a very simple man, much like the average in his tastes, and extraordinarily moderate in his self-esteem. Though he was aware of the impressionists and allied geniuses of his time, he preferred men of the school of Millet, Israels, and L'Hermite; at one time going so far as to choose Millet, "that essential modern painter who opened a new horizon to so many," in preference to Manet. And we know from the third volume, not published in this series, that this preference remained even after he was a friend of Signac, Renoir, and Cézanne.

What, then, explains the modernity of his painting? Simply, I think, his modesty. He was aware, of course, that he had something worth cultivating, but until his very last years he seems to have regarded himself as a student attempting to perfect his medium. Had he been more confident there is no doubt that he would have tried compositions in the manner of Millet and others of the romantic school. As it was he painted as the impressionists did, directly from nature, concentrating his attention on his means; not because he felt, as they, that it was the correct way to paint but because he thought it necessary in order to learn.

If because of this simplicity these letters yield little to the student of art, they are for that quality, and for the human drama they reveal, delightful for the general reader. Probably a more difficult fate was never borne with equal equanimity. A failure in business, in teaching, in the ministry, and in love, he began at the age of twenty-seven to make out of a hobby his life's work. Yet there is no complaint against fate, no yearning for the good fortunes of others. He is poor, deserted by his powerful uncles and much of the immediate family. His father dies and his only support is his brother Theodore. His drawing is unappreciated and can scarcely be sold. He has one hot meal a week; lives mostly on dry bread. His drawing masters attempt to quarrel with him. Even Theodore seems to doubt. His health fails seriously. Yet there is no sign of failing in his undemonstrative resolve to succeed. Had this resolve been a little less fanatic, had he used a bit more of his money for food instead of paint, his health might not have failed and he might have lived good-humoredly to old age; but we would never have bothered with his letters. Into whatever Van Gogh did his whole self went, so that the passion which had been frustrated in love and been kept from serving others evangelically was poured into his art; it is reflected in his writing so unconsciously that while he was doubtless difficult to live with he is charming to read about.

As to the volumes themselves, what a pity that unusual material and careful editing should be defeated by mediocre publishing. Over one thousand pages of high-calendered paper are hard on the eyes, nor are they assisted by small and characterless type. As the books are already too dear to be popular, some more could have been spent on type-designing and in printing the not numerous illustrations separately. There are in addition rather numerous misprints.

WALTER GUTMAN

The End of Aristocracy

Democratic Distinction in America. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. BROWNELL has invented a phrase that promises to become, in its own sphere, as classic as George Brandes's "aristocratic radicalism." Its sphere is social rather than sociological, and it is peculiarly happy in its applicability to American life. Mr. Brownell maintains that "the tyranny of the aristocratic principle has been demonstrated to be intrinsic and inveterate. In science, letters, and art the principle is on its good behavior." He adds that "individual man in his personal sphere and social relations is with us already essentially emancipated and beyond its reach"; and meanwhile he reveals, in his long chapter on Popular Culture, his deeply sympathetic apprehension of the innumerable manifestations of a cultural awakening on the part of the American people. We shall never again, he says, "talk about every man's natural sphere in any other sense than as Napoleon's 'carrière ouverte au talent'." Aristocracy, then, in any normal sense of the word, has ceased to be a just or possible ideal for Americans, and Mr. Brownell has defined a new ideal in his conception of "democratic distinction."

In his first chapter, on Our Democracy, Mr. Brownell cordially accepts the idea that we should "preponderantly possess instinctively democratic sympathies and, whatever our different opinions and conduct, *feel* with our fellow-men as social individuals and political units on a scale and in a degree quite our own"; and he defines the peculiar distinction of Americans, not so much on the basis of his own assertions as on the testimony of a long series of European observers from Thackeray to Mr. Chesterton, as that of having their hearts "in the right place," as that of possessing the "politesse de cœur" which Bismarck found lacking in the French and Arnold in the English. Amiability, in other words, is our chief trait, "and if we have less grace we also have less ungraciousness"; and this is the very human foundation upon which he hopes to build. Mr. Brownell

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is quite aware of the limitations that result from this amiability, the levity, the eccentricity, the lack of sentiment in our humor, the drop in seriousness during the last three generations of American society, the drop in religious feeling, the limitations also of the sense of tradition in Americans; but for so severe a critic of our civilization as he has previously shown himself to be he finds a very substantial array of reasons for hopefulness.

He urges, for instance, that we have in reality a very much stronger and richer tradition than we are usually aware of or inclined to take advantage of, as well as what Mr. Belloc has called a "temperamental earnestness about serious things which is the world's best hope of creative action," not to mention the long Anglo-Saxon tradition that precedes ours and supplements it. And the great advances in our formal education amply second tradition. Here Mr. Brownell takes occasion to point out the shortcomings of mere intellectual muscularity, of that educational liberalism which consists rather in "student thinking" than in student learning. "The value of student thinking," he says, "is doubtless superior to that of student thought—certainly not overvalued by the student himself a few years later." And if thinking for oneself at any age is a precious thing, "culture implies conformity," and thinking for oneself runs the risk of being just so much waste of time if done in ignorance of the thinking of others. But the astonishing development of so many agencies of popular culture is Mr. Brownell's chief basis for hope in the spread of the ideal he describes. It has become almost the rule, for instance, for the sons of very rich men to be deliberately educated not only to carry on their fathers' business but to see, as Mr. A. D. Noyes says, "that the accruing wealth should be rightly disbursed or distributed for public and philanthropic purposes." Summer schools for working men and women are becoming more and more numerous; two-thirds of the States now possess one or more museums of art, the smaller towns are vying with the great cities in the development of parks. Garden clubs and private gardening have become almost universal, as well as at least a degree of musical appreciation.

It goes without saying that Mr. Brownell's mind plays over these phenomena with all its usual subtlety and with an alert apprehension of current American life in its multiform aspects that can be matched by few critics of the younger generation; for Mr. Brownell comments as appreciatively on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," on Will Rogers and Booth Tarkington, not to mention the vitaphone and radio, as on other works and figures with which he might be expected to be more sympathetic. If the title-phrase promises to become classic in its sphere, the book as a whole deserves also to remain as a standard work on our contemporary civilization, for it is the summing-up of a lifetime of observation and reflection on the part of the most interesting and discriminating of our older critics.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Hindu Art

History of Indian and Indonesian Art. By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. E. Weyhe. $17.50.

AS yet the phases of Indian art that command the most sympathy in the West are Indo-Mohammedan architecture, such as exists at Agra and Delhi, and the much earlier Graeco-Buddhist sculpture of Gandhara. The more truly indigenous types of architecture and sculpture, being more remote from things with which the West is already familiar, are but little known and less understood. Yet these purer types of Indian art are of tremendous significance. They express the dreams and ideals of one of the most sensitive and civilized people in the world, and hence deserve our patient contemplation. It has been maintained by many critics that the acme of Indian art lies in the mystic creations of the medieval

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period—the caves of Ajanta and Elura; the temples whose walls are crowded thick with ornate sculpture; the idealized figures of Hindu gods and goddesses. Nowhere else has art been so fully dominated by religion, and nowhere else have the religious ideas been given plastic form with such profound symbolism and meaning.

This excellent volume of Dr. Coomaraswamy provides a rapid but complete survey of Indian art from the earliest "Indo-Sumerian" finds in the Indus valley down to the present, with the one great deplorable omission of Indo-Mohammedan art. This was omitted to save space; but the book could well have been longer, and that department is of great importance. Without a treatment of it the book cannot justly be entitled a history of *Indian* art; rather is it a history of *Hindu* art, using the word, as commonly, to include Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Jaina. With the Indo-Mohammedan treated, the book would possibly have superseded Vincent Smith's one volume "History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon" (1911). As it stands, with a thorough knowledge of the history of Indian art—no one knows it better—and a just aesthetic appreciation coupled with a full understanding of the meaning the objects had for their creators, Dr. Coomaraswamy has given us the best account we have in one volume of the departments he does cover. Added to the excellence of his text is an admirable discrimination in the selection of illustrations, which are clearly and beautifully reproduced.

More specifically, the book makes an advance in at least one point. The distinguished French archaeologist, M. Foucher, some years ago propounded the theory of the Greek origin of the Buddha type, tracing it back to the Graeco-Buddhist images of Gandhara. Dr. Coomaraswamy, who has written on the subject before, points out that "the Gandharan sculptor . . . did not so much make an Apollo into a Buddha as a Buddha into an Apollo," and then goes on to establish that contemporaneous with the Gandhara type, if not earlier, was the quite different and not Hellenized Buddha type of Mathura (modern Muttra) which finally crowded out the Gandharan and was the real source of the later prevailing Buddha type. At the conclusion of his discussion he seems to have the better of the argument.

The chief fault of the book is its distressing brevity. Almost everything is mentioned, but little gets more than the briefest treatment. What I miss most, and what I think is needed for Western readers, is interpretation—which Dr. Coomaraswamy is so well qualified to give. Footnote citations to other books are not satisfying; those books are not at hand.

One last fact lamentably forces itself upon a reader. That is the scarcity of art material from India in the United States. Therein lies the explanation of some of America's lack of sympathy with Indian art. Aside from several excellent collections of paintings, all that our museums can show is a little scattered sculpture with some examples of the minor arts. There is nowhere a fair representation of even a single period of Indian art. Scholars are not wanting in America who would undertake archaeological work at some of the many unexcavated sites in India; what is lacking is interest among those who could furnish the means to send them there.

W. Norman Brown

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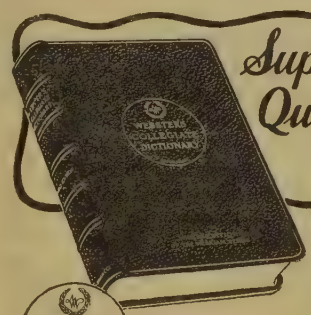

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employee identifies himself with a billion-dollar industry. To the extent that the psychology of the tank driver is typical of the American worker, to that extent has big business succeeded in "Americanizing labor," according to the interesting thesis which Mr. Dunn presents. "The Americanization of Labor" is replete with vital and interesting material on the offensive which organized employers throughout the United States have waged against organized labor particularly since the war. It is not always an open warfare. It includes all the subtle devices of military warfare—espionage, camouflage, psychologic propaganda to "caponize" the American labor movement and render it weak and ineffectual. The existence of a real warfare between the organized employers and employees can hardly be denied after one has read the first few chapters of Mr. Dunn's book.

The first-line offensive of the industrial battlefield is held by the open-shop movement—a frank and aggressive attack against trade unions and the union shop. Associations of employers organized for the purpose of protecting their economic interests are carrying on national and local campaigns against workers' organizations on the ground that they are un-American and Bolshevistic. Mr. Dunn presents an amazing array of facts to show the methods employed in the offensive. There is a special appeal for solidarity among employers in their refusal to recognize workers' organizations or their representatives. There is the employers' black-list, an active boycott of union men or any workers known to have asked for better working conditions or higher wages. There is the employers' lobby in State and national legislatures that openly opposes legislation favorable to workers.

Mr. Dunn analyzes the espionage methods not only of the William J. Burns agency but of several equally prominent detective agencies who hire the thugs, strike-breakers, and other "hands" helping organized employers in their Americanization process. Injunctions, "yellow-dog contracts," and State police called in to protect private property are among the factors forming the second line in the offensive.

Nor is the offensive confined to spiked clubs. Mr. Dunn analyzes the more subtle methods: the company union, employee stock ownership, insurance, pensions, and other company welfare activities. These are developed to create loyalty to the company and identification with it. Production standards and elimination of labor turnover depend upon such loyalty. In a discussion of company unions and its implications Mr. Dunn permits himself to interpret this comparatively new movement and to account for its phenomenal development. The company union fostered by the employer sprang up in the post-war depression as a formidable attack against the trade union. It has frequently facilitated and oiled the network of industrial relations within a large factory. It has provided an avenue through which the employer can easily reach the psychology of his workers and mold that psychology to suit his ends. It has not proved to be an adequate substitute for the trade union as a means by which the worker can secure his share of the profits of an industry. The weakness of the trade-union movement made possible the widespread adoption of the company union, but because of the nature of the origin of the company union it can never represent the vital interests of the workers or afford them anything like the degree of economic independence which they need.

It makes little difference whether the company union is in the form of a house of representatives or of a "town meeting." If all managerial decisions are finally made by the employer and all decisions affecting the workers and their jobs are also made by him, then there is no industrial democracy because there is no equality of power. In the last analysis power is the beginning and the end of industry. Mr. Dunn points a way out of the wilderness for the American Labor movement—a way in which it can "un-Americanize" itself, and yet one through which it can find its soul and strength.

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The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

A strange fantasy, never entirely clear, by the youthful son of Thomas Mann and the present literary leader of the German younger generation. Presumably this little fable is intended both as satire and as praise of the contemporary young European intellectual, but beyond that it is difficult to make any statement. A rather beautiful and fairylike quality in the prose makes one desire to read more of Klaus Mann's comparatively voluminous works.

The Third Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Miss Rittenhouse's two previous anthologies in this series have become justly famous. They had character even while they were catholic. The present volume, bringing the picture up to date, will be quite as valuable as its predecessors.

The Days of the King. By Bruno Frank. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Three episodes from the life of the enigmatic Frederick the Great, fictionally presented with considerable power and reality. Bruno Frank is one of the leading figures of the middle generation in Germany. Readers of this book will be forced to echo Thomas Mann's judgment on it which speaks of Frank's "urbane and candid genius, here addressed to the humane purpose of destroying a whole host of chauvinistic puppets."

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A witty and stimulating examination of the elements of the novel, divorced from the slightest trace of pedantry and prejudice. Mr. Forster confines himself to the uttering of critical truths which are so fundamental and simple that they have not been noticed for a long time; but his delightful style manages to place them in a new and interesting light. One wishes that all novelists could write so ably and intelligently about their own art.

America Arraigned. Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Dean and Company.

This Sacco-Vanzetti anthology is both good poetry and good propaganda. Not only are the contributors eminent in many cases; all of them have been stirred by their subject to significant and impressive utterance.

The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Five volumes. The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

These five small volumes supply a want that has become acute since Mr. Robinson added so many poems to the canon established by the "Collected Poems" of 1921. Everything is here and in attractive form.

Ballads of All Nations. Translated by George Borrow. A selection, edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

A welcome glimpse into this very copious work which Borrow thought his best. It is not that, for his verse is bad; but it is a spirited panorama of old life in dozens of countries, East and West.

Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

In Ballad of a Strange Thing, Bill Gets Burned, and Hasbrouck and the Rose Mr. Putnam shows himself to be one of the most interesting poets now writing in America. In these three poems, and in one or two others grouped under the section of his book called "Brandy," he speaks with a voice which is quite his own, molds his verse with a powerful, original hand, says something weirdly, obscurely important about life, and com-

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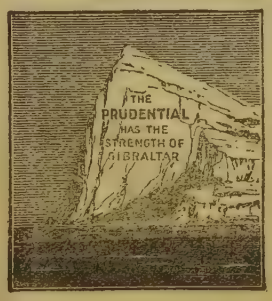

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD,
President

Home Office,
NEWARK, N. J.

municates a vision which is appropriate to poetry of the strongest, saltiest kind. The other section, entitled "Green Wine," is disappointingly poor, and in general it is surprising to find a poet of Mr. Putnam's ability publishing, after years of furtive fame, so small a quantity of first-rate verse. One hopes that he will extend the series of poems about Hasbrouck and Bill until he has an epic in the rough.

The Oxford Book of American Verse; 18th to 20th Centuries. Chosen and edited by Bliss Carman. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

It is a pity that an anthology which will have the circulation of this one is so poor. It does well enough for the nineteenth century, but it gives a curiously distorted picture of American poetry in the twentieth. According to its testimony T. S. Eliot does not exist at all, and Dana Burnet and Don Marquis are as important as E. A. Robinson. Admittedly the selection of an editor for the task was difficult, but certainly one could have been found who better combined within himself the scholar and the living poet.

The Book of Poetry. Edited by Edwin Markham. Two volumes. William H. Wise and Company. $12.50.

A work of vast extent, this corpus of British and American poetry assembled by the author of "The Man with the Hoe" will be useful and perhaps popular. Rivaling "The Home Book of Verse" in length and generosity of selection, it clearly represents Mr. Markham's long-considered personal choice, and as such has value over and above that of the material within.

Music

Democracy and Music

THE person who wants to hear music is dependent upon those for whom the providing of music to be heard is a business. If, therefore, his taste happens to be a developed one he is out of luck, for this business, like most others, is steered in the direction of the greatest profits, which is not the direction of his developed taste. Thus it is only two or three years since the phonograph companies began to list recordings of entire symphonies and quartets. Before that a few isolated middle movements, badly cut, with a few of the most popular lieder and piano and violin pieces, were the extent of their departure from the arias and ballads which they believed most people wanted. Worse still, when the Brunswick company did allow the Elshuco Trio to record a middle movement from Brahms, something on the order of "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes" had to be coupled with it, so that everybody was unhappy. At present things are better but still far from what they should be: the phonograph companies are just catching up with the more popular of ordinary concert programs.

With radio the story has begun all over again. The person with developed taste who wept formerly over the lists of European phonograph records may now weep to read of "Parsifal" and "Rosenkavalier" being broadcast, with concert programs of the same caliber, by the British Broadcasting Company. For this is undoubtedly the most valuable service the radio could perform for him; yet WJZ, which brought the Saturday night concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to New York and points south last year, is not doing so this year; and he will again be offered timorous mixtures which will tax nobody's ears and his own patience.[1]

With proper modifications the preceding observations may be applied to the programs of concerts. A symphony orchestra, true enough, cannot hope to earn a profit, but it is managed to earn as small a deficit as possible. Again, therefore, the preferences of the majority are deferred to, and those symphonies are most played which will attract most money to the box office. I do not deny that they are, most of them, genuinely great works—Beethoven's Fifth, for example, or the César Franck—analogous to accepted masterworks of painting that are on perpetual view in a museum. Nor do I, therefore, object to their being performed frequently; but I do object to other compositions being performed less frequently or not at all. What if certain acknowledged masterworks of painting had their faces turned to the walls of the museum and were allowed to be seen only once in five years, or two years, or one year? Yet that, in effect, is what happens to analogous masterworks of music, by which I mean not only other symphonies of

[1] Since this article was written the far less interesting concerts of the New York Philharmonic have begun to be broadcast by WOR.

□ LECTURES □

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Beethoven but more recent works of equally established value by Debussy, Ernest Bloch, and Sibelius. Mr. Stokowski, for example, has managed to persuade certain people of consequence that he is indefatigable in his search for the unhackneyed and the unfamiliar, but just how I am unable to understand, for on examining his programs in Philadelphia over a period of five years I was astonished by the holes in even his standard repertory.[2] But there are in addition new works of unestablished or ephemeral or only news value; and while I object to their not being played more—which is an old story—I also object to their being played, when they are played, not at special concerts for the purpose, nor even with the less familiar works of established value, but with the popular favorites. What if every time one looked at a painting that represented some contemporary tendency one were obliged to look at Mona Lisa or Whistler's portrait of his mother?

B. H. Haggin

Drama

On Villains and Cads

I FANCY that I am not entirely alone in sometimes finding the villains of drama more appealing than the heroes, and I trust that when I do so it is not necessarily because I love darkness more than light.

Your heroes, I find, work usually with the precision of a machine. When a button is pressed their accurate souls clank for an instant while the wheels go round and then the impeccable response is ground forth. If doubts seem sometimes to assail them for a moment, one may be sure that it is only because an unusual number of tumblers is involved in the solution of the problem and that one need only allow time for a few more revolutions of the mechanism, since there is no more danger that it will fail to function than that an adding-machine will be stumped by an unusually difficult sum. We can hardly withhold our applause from such a demonstration of efficiency and we can hardly help envying the possessors of so dependable a character; but those of us whose souls are more crazily built have a feeling that the villain would understand us better and that there are moments when we would rather trust ourselves to his weakness than to the terrible rightness of the hero.

It is not so much the dark deeds of the former which attract us as it is the perversities which beset him. We, too, sometimes feel that the commands of the categorical imperative are not so insistent as we are told. Our impulses, like his, are not always integrated and clear; we do not always want to do "the right thing" even when we know what it is; and (whisper it in the most intimate confessional of the heart) we are not always willing to sacrifice the warm insistence of a desire upon the cold altar of Ethics. Sometimes when an advantage is put in one pan and a principle in the other, the balance tips in a direction calculated to make Justice frown beneath her bandage. We may, as in duty bound, hiss the villain after we have applauded the hero who shames him, and we may do so half in order to reassure ourselves and half in order to conceal from the friends around us how completely we understand him; but if we are frank with ourselves and if (as is usually the case) we are not

[2] There was no mention of the first, fourth, and sixth Brandenburg Concertos of Bach; Handel was represented by one performance of one Concerto Grosso, Haydn by four performances, in all, of only three symphonies, Mozart only by his three best-known symphonies. There was no mention of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote," of Debussy's "Ibéria" and "La Mer," of Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" and "Daphnis et Chloe." There was a single mention of one symphony by Sibelius, of one work by Loeffler, of one of Bloch's "Trois Poèmes Juifs," his "Schelomo" and his viola suite. There was no mention of Stravinsky's "Petrushka," except on a program devised for the guest-appearance of the composer; and there was mention of only one performance of the "Sacre du Printemps." But Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," two of Debussy's three "Nocturnes" and his "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," Sibelius's "Finlandia" and "Swan of Tuonela," and Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," among other works, were mentioned almost every season.

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made of heroic stuff we will admit that it is not we who are triumphing with virtue upon the stage.

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Cad, by his own admission, he is an amiable and understandable cad nevertheless. He has intelligence without ambition; he has been known to cheat at cards, and he is in the habit of committing that mystically unforgivable sin which consists in taking money from women. But he sails under no false colors; he does not pretend to be bound by the rules which he does not accept, and he is brave enough to face out the scorn of those who behave as they are supposed to behave. Women prefer him to their correcter husbands and lovers because the things he has to say are more interesting than their virtuous but mechanical pronunciamentos, and on the whole they are right. Louis Calherne plays the cad with a great deal of charm, but most of the credit for the creation of a difficult character and the production of a difficult effect must nevertheless go to the author who had few models to follow. Most of us know thoroughly agreeable scoundrels, but they have not often got their due in art.

While I was admiring the freshness of the interest which this character lent to the whole drama I heard behind me the voice of one of those paying patrons who, according to Dr. Johnson, give the drama its laws. Frankly disturbed, he was saying to his companion: "The trouble is that that young fellow is too nice. What this play needs is a real villain." Now whether or not this commentator was actually made of that heroic stuff which can understand none except the noblest characters I have no way of knowing, but like most people who go into a theater he wanted no relaxation in the virtue of his heroes and no mitigation for the blackness of his villains. As for me I should have preferred to see this villain get the girl rather than the bullet. And though I hope that it will not from this be concluded that I either allow myself to be supported by women (none have ever offered themselves) or habitually make love to two people at once, I will confess that neither of these actions is for me the occasion of that blank, horrified incredulity which it generally awakens in the breasts of the other characters in a play. I can imagine that men not outside the pale of sympathy, even though they may be outside that of ethics, have done both; if that be caddishness then make the most of it.

Gilbert Miller's production of "The Patriot" (Majestic Theater), a translation from the German of Alfred Neumann, brings back to the stage a kind of tragedy which once dominated the stage but which is now seldom seen. A historical drama dealing with the assassination of Paul I of Russia, it is somberly and gorgeously impressive. Though modern in its language it suggests those emotions which the Middle Ages associated with "the fall of princes" and Shakespeare with "sad stories of the death of kings." Mr. Miller has given it an excellent cast and made it genuinely moving.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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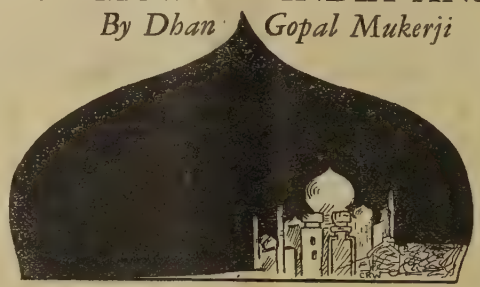

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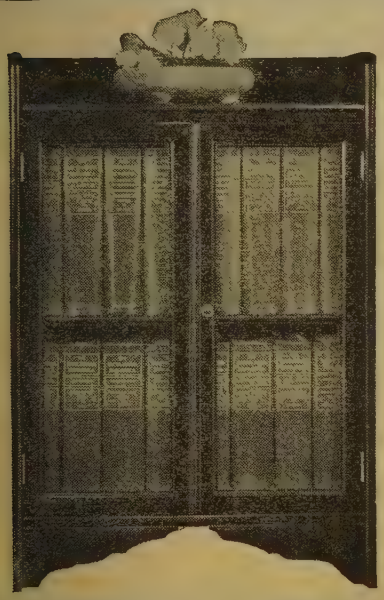

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ONE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT has got through to Sandino. Five weeks ago *The Nation* cabled to Carleton Beals, then in Mexico City, to see Sandino. He has done it. For almost two weeks he has been with Sandino's troops, riding with them on horseback nearly halfway across Nicaragua. With good luck he has escaped the bullets of the marines and the bombs from the airplanes and has made his way safely across the lines into "American" territory. Now, safe in Managua he is sending the story of what he saw and what he heard on that extraordinary journey. Against Lindbergh's good-will flight, we match the good-will mission of Mr. Beals, who toiled through the jungles instead of flying above them. He went from Mexico by way of Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Here his guide was arrested, but Mr. Beals made other arrangements and went into the Nicaraguan jungle. He is the only foreign correspondent who has been behind Sandino's lines; the only American who has interviewed that stubborn leader of a forlorn hope. Other correspondents relying on news from Marine Corps headquarters in Nicaragua have filled our press with propaganda and vague rumors as to the spirit and attitude and condition of Sandino and his harried troops. *The Nation's* desire for full reports from both sides of the line, and our correspondent's courageous readiness to undertake an uncertain and hazardous mission, will, we hope, result in a new degree of understanding of the State Department's "war" in Nicaragua and its purposes in waging it.

THE HARMONIOUS ATMOSPHERE which Mr. Hughes had so successfully engendered at Havana was somewhat shaken when debate began upon the Maurtua proposal described by Mr. Gannett elsewhere in this issue. Home opinion, not subject to Mr. Hughes's personal magnetism, has begun to make itself felt at Havana. The Argentine Ambassador, reading from a manuscript which perhaps did not express his personal views, voiced the emphatic dissent of his Government from the ambiguous position upon intervention taken in the Maurtua report. His government was opposed to all intervention. So, of course, was Mexico's. So was that of Salvador, whose distinguished representative, Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, is becoming the spiritual leader of the Latin nations at Havana. And once the magic spell is broken, it is difficult to see how agreement is possible at Havana. No Latin delegate in his senses can approve the irresponsible "right" of intervention assumed by the United States in Central America; and our State Department is not yet ready to accept any curb upon its policy of dictatorship.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT appears to be firm in its belief that a small sticker protesting against marine rule in Nicaragua is either indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening, or libelous. Postmaster General New has indorsed the ruling of Solicitor Donelly and the action of Postmaster Kiely of New York in refusing to allow matter decorated with such stamps to go through the mails. The All-American Anti-Imperialism League will fight this decision in court with the backing of the American Civil Liberties Union. In the meantime it has ordered a new edition of its stamps, which can be obtained from the League office at 39 Union Square, New York City. Our advice to our readers is to affix as many stamps as they can afford to as many letters as they can dispense with, secure in the knowledge that they are violating no law but may be causing some annoyance to impertinent officials.

BUREAUCRATIC INTERFERENCE in the business of private citizens seems to advance a step every time a Cabinet secretary opens his mouth. The latest instance is the veto of Secretary Kellogg upon the business arrangement by which the Chase National Bank agreed to act as agent for the payment of interest and retirement charges upon Soviet Russian bonds. The statement read:

> The department objects to financial arrangements involving the flotation of a loan in the United States or the employment of credit for the purpose of making an advance to the Soviet regime. In accordance with this policy the department does not view with favor financial arrangements designed to facilitate in any way the sale of Soviet bonds in the United States. The department is confident

that the banks and financial institutions will cooperate with the Government in this policy.

And doubtless they will,—a national bank cannot afford to buck the State Department. Not four months ago a former Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass, was denouncing this new assumption of executive power in vigorous terms. Banking and newspaper opinion generally supported him, but already his protest seems to belong to a past era of individual freedom. "The Department of State," Mr. Glass said on October 12,

> has no more right to prohibit the sale of American credits abroad by the National City Bank, the Chemical National Bank, or the house of Morgan, or all these combined, than it has to favor or veto the sale to the European trade of General Motors, the United States Steel Corporation, Henry Ford, or any other private concern in this country.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sat in the Cabinet with Fall and Daugherty and Denby: and he kept the Teapot gentry in his Cabinet until public opinion forced them out. We do not recall that he has ever found occasion to voice a syllable of criticism against his crooked colleagues. He is stirred instead to criticism of the critical press.

> Our own nation [he says], or any other nation, does not consist of the counterfeits; it consists of the genuine. Constantly to portray the failures and the delinquents is grossly to mislead the public. It breeds an unwarranted spirit of cynicism. Life is made up of the successful and the worthy.

The successful and the worthy, unfortunately, are not always the same, although the bulk of the American press encourages a simple confidence in their identity. Cynicism, we believe, is bred by such remarks as Calvin Coolidge's, not by the clean indignation of newspapers which expose corruption in high places. When public officials abdicate, when open bribery and gross corruption sit boldly in the Cabinet-room of the White House, then that press which speaks most frankly seems to us most patriotic. Patriotism does not consist in condoning the vice of one's fellow-nationals; it consists in the effort to make one's country approximate one's ideal. Sometimes, with a State Department like ours, patriotism inevitably leads to agreement with foreign criticism of our Government's policy; but to imply, as the President did, that such criticism must be inspired by "foreign connections," betrays the pettiness of a narrow mind.

TEN THOUSAND MORE FRENCH TROOPS have been withdrawn from the Rhineland, which is good news. But 50,000 remain. It costs more to maintain them there than at home, and, like all forces of occupation, their presence breeds ill-feeling. Why does not France withdraw them all? With Germany disarmed the old plea of "security" is sheer delusion, and Foreign Minister Stresemann's sharp words were justified:

> The time has come [he said] at last to point out that there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in the demand for security against Germany, which can no longer be endured by the public opinion of the world.

M. Briand, in reply, dropped the old Poincarist talk of security, and said frankly:

> Locarno gives us all the security we need, but the small force we keep there is by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles and so long as the Treaty of Versailles is unfulfilled we must regretfully stay where we are. If you Germans want us out sooner than 1935 you will hurry along with the commercialization of your reparation debt and the fulfilment of all disarmament conditions, then we will be only too pleased to go.

But commercialization of the reparation debt, as M. Briand admitted, is not dependent merely upon German good-will, but upon the state of the world market; and one of the factors which tend to maintain an uneasy world market is the irritating presence of French troops in the German Rhineland.

THE SIMON COMMISSION to investigate constitutional reform for India landed in Bombay February 3, and if any doubts still existed in regard to its unpopularity they must immediately have been dispelled by the protesting demonstrations in Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad, Nagpur, and Delhi. One of the most unfortunate aspects of the situation is that the Indians, whether rightly or wrongly, have now come to regard the British Labor Party, along with the Conservative and Liberal, as being against them. Ramsay MacDonald's article in *The Nation* for January 4 seemed to indicate that he was consulted in the steps taken. If the Labor Party's intentions toward India are in accord with Nationalist aspirations, even of the milder sort, then this collaboration with the Conservative Government would seem regrettable. When the Labor Party came into its brief period of power a few years back there was a tentative hope among Indian Nationalists that it would support their cause. But in October, 1924, after it had gone out, Gandhi could speak of "much that has been reactionary in the policy of the later Labor Government with regard to India," adding his hope that the "working men and women in England, . . . among whom the ideal of Ahinsa (non-violence), for which India stands, has become a living truth," would in time prove able to sway the whole Labor Party. The party was on thin ice then; and this year the effigy of Ramsay MacDonald was burned by protesting Indians along with those of Premier Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir John Simon. India seems to see no help anywhere in England.

CHICAGO'S FOREIGN RELATIONS DEPARTMENT is kept busy. Having concluded a war with England, although peace has not yet been declared and the enemy is still the enemy, the Windy City has proceeded to recognize the sovereign government of Mussolini. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Mussolini has recognized the sovereign state of Chicago. For the other day from Italy came Commander Zuinini, vulgarly accredited in the past as Italian Consul General to Chicago, but now endowed with ministerial credentials, having been elevated by Premier Mussolini to a diplomatic post ordinarily obtaining between states of equal rank. Mayor Thompson should acclaim himself King Bill the First before receiving his new minister. There would be few in our country to say him nay, for, after all, his is a brand of vaudeville native to America and we like it, although at times we shake our heads over his antics. But he must be warned about one thing: as long as Chicago remains safely a part of these United States it may conduct elections as it likes and allow its bandits to run wild. But if it sets up as an independent state, first thing it knows we will send in marines to clean up.

DOUBTLESS A PSYCHOLOGIST could tell what made the Official Spokesman or, as the New York *World* has it, "an eminent personage who must never

e quoted," refer, as last week he inadvertently did, o "President" Hoover. The occasion was the regular conerence of newspapermen with the President; the question sked was whether or not Mr. Hoover would leave his post n the Cabinet while campaigning for the Presidential nomination. The "eminent personage who must never be quoted" replied that he had no information as to the plans of "President Hoover." That, to say the least, was prenature. We must never be indiscreet; we must never hint who the eminent personage in question might have been, not even when Mr. Coolidge, as the next day he did, announces that in the future no references whatever to press conferences may be made. But, suspicions aside, what if it had been Mr. Coolidge? Tales have not been wanting to the effect that all was not serene between the President and Mr. Hoover; time was when Mr. Hoover was not invited to one of the Presidential breakfasts, or when—we never can remember details—he came and was allowed only one helping of sausage instead of two. Is the quarrel, if quarrel there was, patched up now? Is the White House officially registering itself "Hoover for President"? In a simpler age, before the subconscious became so public, an eminent personage might have made such a slip with comparative safety. But not today.

"WITH THE THERMOMETER hovering around zero while this is being written, a hundred thousand striking miners' families in the coal-fields of central and western Pennsylvania, northern West Virginia, and Ohio are living on an average of $3 a week or less from the union treasury." So writes Basil Manly in a series of articles on the coal situation appearing in the New York *Evening World*. Reading on one sees that living conditions among the miners, their wives, and their children are little short of desperate. For cruelty and brutality, for trampling upon helpless women and children, the Pennsylvania coal and iron police, privately hired by the mine operators, can hardly be matched. Much the same heartlessness prevails among the operators who, not content to deprive the miners of a living wage, have in addition evicted them from the company-owned houses. And while the company-owned houses remain empty and boarded up, hastily improvised barracks must serve the miners as shelters. In these barracks, writes Mr. Manly, "one room . . . is the standard rule for each evicted family regardless of size. There may be three children. There may be seven. All must be crowded into this one room." In view of these flagrant issues of the general strike which began April 1 of last year, Senator Hiram Johnson's resolution urging a Congressional investigation of the bituminous coal-fields seems appropriate. Meanwhile, the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, will welcome contributions.

A GOOD POINT TO START FROM at the Russian Exhibition of the Soviet Union at 119 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, is the map which covers one wall of the lecture-room. It shows the resources of the Soviet Union by the most direct and impressive method. Here is an outcropping of coal—real coal; there a shearing from the pelt of some far-away Soviet sheep; salt, radium, gems, gold, silver, wood—all are represented by real samples or some realistic substitute. And all over the map has been meticulously pasted the groundwork of Russia's wealth, its oats and rye and wheat. Looking at this map, one realizes, however briefly, the size of this country called Russia. The map prepares the visitor for the extent and variety of the exhibits culled from the far reaches and the many nationalities of Russia. Their quality and appeal may be judged by the fact that almost everything on exhibit bears a "sold" tag. The toys must be mentioned—varicolored pyramids that screw off into a dozen pieces; bright large mushrooms that are filled with little mushrooms; carved bears, horses, woodcutters. The enthusiasm of the young visitors gathered around them was an indication—and a warning—that one part of America has already recognized the USSR. What the map cannot show, a series of impressive, bright-colored charts, posters, stage sets, movie stills do show—the amazing progress made by friendless Russia in industry, agriculture, education, in the theater, the cinema, aeronautics. The records are on view until February 15; apparently people find them interesting—for 10,000 passed the gates on February 5.

THE MERGER of the London *Daily News* and the *Westminster Gazette* is more accurately to be described as the submergence of the latter into its older rival, which was founded by Charles Dickens five years after the start of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. Those who know London journalism are aware that the *Westminster Gazette* virtually passed over in 1921, when the famous green evening journal was transformed into a morning paper, and its distinguished editor, J. A. Spender, a welcome visitor this winter to the United States, gave up the control which he had exercised, with remarkable consistency and perfect temper, for more than twenty-five years. The evening *Westminster* commanded a small special public. It had great political influence but was never near to being self-supporting. The morning *Westminster* was started without the vast financial backing nowadays essential to a metropolitan daily. Hence it stood no chance in the world of Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks, Riddells and Berrys. There is no protection for the working journalist as the process of consolidation goes on, as merciless in London as in New York.

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? A great American assembly in New York City rising to its feet and cheering to the echo—a German? All standing with hats off while the band played "Die Wacht am Rhein"? Where was the American Legion, and where were the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the American Defense Society, and Elon H. Hooker, and Solomon Stanwood Menken, and all our other Hun-eaters? This man whom the Americans cheered was a representative of the "baby-killers," a member of that Teutonic tribe which every Liberty-loan orator ten years ago declared should be wiped off the face of the earth as unfit for association with human beings. Facts are facts, and here it must be recorded that on the shameful second of February, 1928, fifteen thousand Americans in Madison Square Garden enthusiastically cheered Dr. Otto Peltzer, the German runner, when he won his first American race, and then unitedly stood to the strains of a German anthem the public singing of which would have landed any American in jail ten years ago. We know, of course, that Dr. Peltzer won a most grueling race under every possible disadvantage, against a field of nine, on a track which he had not known, with only an hour's notice that he was eligible, and that the American crowd's enthusiasm was the tribute of lovers of sport to a magnificent athlete. But where were the patriots?

The Shipping Muddle

BY 53 to 31 the Senate on January 31 voted for the Jones bill which continues the present government ownership and operation of merchant vessels owned by the United States. The Progressive Senators and other independently minded legislators voted in the affirmative. An amendment declaring that nothing in the bill should be construed to mean permanent government ownership and operation was defeated by a vote of 43 to 38. As the bill stands, its first section reads: "The policy declared in Section I of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 is hereby confirmed and the purpose of the United States to maintain permanently a merchant marine adequate for the proper growth of the foreign commerce of the United States and for the national defense is hereby affirmed." In addition it provides that no ship or ships can be sold unless the entire membership of the Shipping Board votes for the sale; that the Board shall be free to recondition or reconstruct any of its ships; that it shall transmit to Congress all recommendations for replacements of existing vessels whether those originate with the Board or private companies; that all vessels must be built in the United States and must be planned for their use as "auxiliaries to the naval and military services of the United States." Whether the bill will pass the House and escape the Presidential veto is questionable; its provisions are directly contrary to the President's declaration in his annual message to Congress that government ownership is a failure and that there should be an immediate return to private ownership.

We confess that this bill leaves us gasping. We have rarely recorded any legislation as confused and as contradictory. It was certainly not necessary to reaffirm the purposes of the Act of 1920. If the real purpose of the bill is to make a unanimous vote of the entire Board necessary to sell a ship, it could have been much shorter and should have been devoted to that purpose. As for recommendations to Congress, it is our understanding that the Board would have had to recommend anything calling for funds outside of the use of the revolving fund which the Board now controls. Again, if the intention is definitely to put us into government ownership for all time the bill should say so, and should declare for sole government ownership and operation, precisely as is the policy in Soviet Russia. We cannot see how there can be any continuance of the existing highly unsatisfactory situation in which government-built and government-owned ships compete directly with privately owned and operated vessels. It should be one thing or the other. It cannot be both. Next, we object strongly to the clause that each ship must be built with a view to operation as a naval or military auxiliary. Merchant ships to be successful must be built for the kind of service they are intended to render. If building them as naval auxiliaries involves extra expense above what a simple merchant ship would cost, then the government boat enters into trade with an additional handicap. Another practical question is, Shall these merchant ships be constructed with an eye to transporting troops in war time, or purely merchant cargo? It takes a special ship for the voyage to Australia, or for a steady trade to tropical climates. Shall these practical needs be subordinated to supposed military and naval necessities ten, twenty, or thirty years hence in some future war, when no one can venture t guess today what the naval conditions of that war will be

Furthermore, bringing in this question of naval auxil ary not only injects an issue which detracts from a consid eration of the main issue, namely, whether the governmen shall build, own, and operate merchant ships, but it imme diately takes on an international aspect in that it bear directly upon the armament race that we are now enterin into with Great Britain. And why should it be necessar to have a unanimous vote of the Shipping Board for th sale of a ship? That is not the custom of boards and in thi case the daily press has stated that one member of the Boar has voted against every proposed sale of a ship since he ha been a member.

That our merchant marine is in an extremely bad pligh is well known. Our ship-yards are empty, our war-buil fleet is ten years old and, as far as machinery is concerned is entirely out of date because the world has turned to th building of faster and more economical Diesel-engine tramps. Some ships are being refitted by the Shippin Board, but comparatively few. The only new proposals be fore Congress are those for the modernization of two ol German liners, the Mount Vernon and Agamemnon, and th startling application for a government loan of $94,000,00 to the group of American capitalists who are planning four day liners from New London, or Providence, or Boston t Europe—in their case the bait is held out that the ships ca overnight be made into airplane-carriers. The Jones bil makes inevitable the reference of this proposal to Congres where it is likely to become a matter of politics. Privat owners today are utterly discouraged, for they do not know where they or the government stand. They do know, how ever, that it is as preposterous for Congress to vote tha we shall carry our goods in a government or privately owne merchant marine as it is to order the waves to stand still That depends upon economic conditions, and upon the free ing of our merchant vessels from entanglements such a antiquated navigation laws, unnecessary port duties, an other handicaps. For decades friends of the American mer chant marine have been appealing for this in vain.

More than that, the cost of ships which is so much higher here than abroad, despite our extraordinary natura advantages and the greater efficiency and skill of America labor, is in some measure due to the dead hand of the pro tective tariff. What nonsense for Congress to vow that w shall always have an American merchant marine before a way is open to having one that is economically sound an self-maintaining! American shippers have again proved sinc the war that they will not ship by American-flag ships whe they can save a lot of money by using other vessels. W can have a merchant marine if we choose, but only in one o two ways. Either a free shipping, helped by legitimate mai payments and by temporary shipbuilding loans at low rate of interest, will win the cargoes it needs on its merits, a was the case when our clipper ships were in every port, o we shall have an artificially created and government-main tained merchant fleet running at a terrific loss and paid fo out of the taxpayers' pockets in order that we may have th childish satisfaction of flying our flag on empty ships.

Codifying the Law of Nations

THE Secretary General of the League of Nations recently sent out certain questionnaires and reports prepared by the Committee of Experts of the League for the progressive codification of international law. Four of these questionnaires or draft conventions related, respectively, first, to the taking of testimony abroad in criminal matters by the use of letters rogatory and the service abroad of witnesses; second, to the codification of the legal position and functions of consuls; third, to the revision of the classification of diplomatic agents as agreed upon at the Congress of Vienna; and, fourth, to the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction in certain cases over foreign states. The Secretary General asked the United States Government, among others, whether in its opinion these subjects could be regulated by international agreement and whether this was deemed by the United States desirable.

The State Department's answer was not encouraging. As to the taking of testimony in foreign countries, it was stated that this was a matter of State law in the United States, and in criminal cases accused persons must be confronted personally with the witnesses against them. Nor would we undertake to serve with process here witnesses desired in foreign countries. The existing extradition treaties and procedure were deemed by the United States sufficient for practical purposes. As to the legal position of consuls no further agreement seemed necessary because of the absence of any serious uncertainty in the matter and the existence of numerous bilateral treaties. Nor was reclassification of diplomatic agents considered necessary by the Washington Government.

But on the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction over foreign states, the United States manifested a readiness to confer with a view to reaching an international agreement. Governments are now so deeply engaged in business of various kinds that it seems necessary and only moral that they should submit to judicial control over their acts. The argument of "sovereignty" has acted like a blight to prevent such assumption of jurisdiction, although Judge Mack in a notable opinion in the case of the Pesaro in 1921 attempted to change the law for the United States by judicial legislation. The United States Supreme Court would not agree, so that now only an international convention is left to solve the difficulty.

The drafts submitted by the Experts Committee were usually left to a single reporter who incorporated his personal ideas, and the committee as a rule declined to adopt the draft as a committee draft. Personal opinions should not have been submitted to the governments. A better procedure is that planned by the Assembly of the League, meeting in September, 1928, according to which the nations are to be invited to send delegates to an international conference to be held in 1929 for the purpose of reaching an agreement on the subjects of nationality, territorial waters, and the responsibility of states for injuries committed in their territories with respect to the person or property of foreigners. The last two subjects clearly admit of at least a certain amount of codification, and it is to be hoped that an agreement may be reached. The subject of nationality will doubtless prove more difficult. Codification can be overdone, and the League may well seek to avoid raising conflicts which have heretofore not existed by attempting to bring about codification where the conditions are not ripe.

Biography or Fiction?

IT is perhaps not strange that in an age which has set so much store by the biographical novel there should have arisen such a thing as the "fictionized biography." Not that the latter thing was unknown before Lytton Strachey, André Maurois, Gamaliel Bradford, and their dozens of followers got going; but in its peculiar emphasis upon the kind of biography in which the author supposes, fills in, and "reconstructs" our age is surely unique. The novel and the "Life" do seem to be trying to meet on some neutral ground which heretofore has had no name and which may in some future time be recognized as simply one more scene of a confusion between two arts. As Lessing explored the confusion between poetry and sculpture, so some critic may yet have to define the inescapable limits of fact and imagination, history and reality, biography and fiction.

The temptation of any author to add to the confusion must be great, because doing so means taking the easier path to the end of his book. The novelist finds many of his aesthetic problems solved, or at any rate got around, when he can go to a document and let it tell the story; and the biographer, weary of research or tantalized by the insufficiency of his data, can seem to accomplish much by "supposing" that his subject felt thus and thus upon a certain occasion—and incidentally can write in that way a much more "interesting" chapter. In either case the escape is to something which looks more real than the thing for which it is a substitute—only a Lessing would maintain that, since the reality attainable by any given art is limited to the materials and methods of the art, the endeavor to transcend such limitations is sure to end in st rility and essential unreality.

It is interesting to see signs already of a protest against the fictionized biography, following by not many years a reaction against the documented novel. George Saintsbury, still perhaps the most engaging of British critics in spite of—or is it because of?—his age, has something good to say on the subject in a review of several recent biographies of Poe. Speaking in the *Dial* of Hervey Allen's "Israfel," he remarks that "the dangers of the 'reconstructive' method are perhaps more fully illustrated in his [Mr. Allen's] book than in any other known to the present writer. One can never be sure when Catarina (the cat)—as she has every right to do *really*—walks across the room with her tail up, whether this rests on evidence or not." Now if "Israfel" were a novel no one would want to know the evidence for Catarina's conduct; if it were given it would be out of place. Whereas the reader of a biography is or ought to be irritated by the intrusion of the author's imagination—particularly when the result is what Mr. Saintsbury says it is in the case of Poe, that after all this supposing and conjecturing "one is left, biographically speaking, with not very much more than one knew fifty years ago."

Emil Ludwig, the German biographer who last year and this has taken America by storm, will not, we fear, put

down the resentment of those who find him taking too many liberties with the facts about Napoleon through his declaration the other day against the historical novel. "My ideal," he said, "is to produce a work which will be strictly accordant with the available documentary evidence, but shall none the less bear the imprint of an imaginative recreation." That last is suspicious, and so is the sentence which follows: "This comes easily to an artist who understands the determinisms that preside over human destinies great and small." Herr Ludwig, then, is not so much a biographer as a philosopher—or a god?

The English Church Crisis

THE English people, we can believe, were themselves astonished when, a few weeks ago, the fact was thrust upon them that the question of church and state had come once again into the foreground of political discussion. For nearly a quarter of a century the church had not been a live political issue in England. Lloyd George as prime minister had redeemed his pledge and brought about the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, but the old Liberal demand for the complete separation of church and state was no longer heard in England. With the removal of the civil disabilities of nonconformists political nonconformism had decayed. In so far as the free churches retained their hold upon the younger generation, it was mainly by the social tie. The power of the Anglican parson was rapidly declining, even in the villages. Only when the divorce laws came up for discussion did traditional church opinion seem to exert any definite influence in public affairs. The episcopal bench in the House of Lords was becoming more progressive and socially minded; indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury had endeavored to play the part of a Christian statesman in the great coal strike of 1926. As for high ecclesiastical politics, they seemed to have been almost forgotten when, by virtue of four surprising December days in Parliament, the English public awoke to the knowledge that the church question is far more interesting to the mass of men and women than party politics ever are, and a disturbing suspicion arose that for some time to come church problems may block the road of legislation.

We may find the beginning of this singularly English social and ecclesiastical crisis in an event which occurred some seven years ago. The Church of England is still under the authority of Parliament, but soon after the war it achieved a measure of self-government in the Church Assembly. The Assembly can frame rules and draw up new formularies of worship, but these, before becoming valid, must be sanctioned at Westminster. Parliament cannot reshape or even amend; it can only vote Yes or No, but its veto is decisive. Last year the Church Assembly, dominated by the bishops, voted overwhelmingly in favor of a modified Book of Common Prayer—not to supersede the famous liturgy fixed in the seventeenth century, but designed as an alternative which the parish minister might adopt or not at his own discretion. By a large majority the Lords approved the alternative book. By a more than sufficient margin the Commons rejected it. The bishops, smarting under a rebuff such as they have not known since the age of the Stuart kings, have subjected the new prayer book to a rapid revision and have made certain changes in the draft and announced that they will resubmit it to Parliament at the earliest possible date. It is as certain as anything can be that the Commons will vote it down.

A detached critic comparing the two prayer-books, and noting only the rearrangements and verbal changes, would find it difficult to understand wherein the high importance of the matter lay. He would remark evidences of undoubted improvement in certain of the special forms, notably that of the marriage service. He would see that some minor absurdities have been removed. But he certainly would not infer that the compilers had endeavored to produce a modernized liturgy, or even to prune the old of its too manifest redundancies and repetitions. But here is the core of the business: The new prayer-book would have gone through Parliament without serious objection if it had not contained an alternative form of the communion service, which, drawn up for the purpose of conciliating the powerful Anglo-Catholic section of the church, is denounced by the evangelical Protestant section as admitting the Roman practice and the Roman doctrine.

The central question at issue is unmistakable. It touches the mystery of the sacrament. Does the Church of England hold the doctrine of the Real Presence, and if so in what form? There is plainly upon this no common ground between the two schools of the Anglican establishment. To the high churchman the Eucharist involves the real presence; to the low churchman that is the superstition of the Mass. The framers of the alternative office of the holy communion have provided for the reservation of the elements, that is, the setting aside, for the use of the sick, of the bread and wine after consecration. Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral affirms that this is contrary to the reformed tradition of England; that the church which so acts is preparing for an unavoidable destiny, absorption into Rome. With that opinion the majority of the Commons evidently agreed. The vote was a reaffirmation of the Protestant position, and it is interesting to note that while 199 English members voted for it to 175 against, the measure was lost by the votes against it of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and of all but two of the members representing the Liberal Party.

The advocates of the new prayer-book announce that the result will be chaos in the Church of England and eventual disunion. They contend that the alternative form affords the one and only means of restoring regularity and discipline in the church. Their opponents retort that what the new book does is to provide two mutually contradictory forms, which would sharpen a vital difference of belief. Some hundreds of the Anglo-Catholic clergy served notice in advance that the alternative book was not for them, and the bishops presumably know well enough that, whether with one book or with two, they cannot enforce a non-existent authority upon celebrants who adhere to the full Catholic doctrine. In the upshot two developments would appear to be almost inevitable: First, a revived church controversy may turn the energies of Parliament and of the political parties away from the ever more urgent concerns of social and economic reconstruction; and second, from within the church itself will arise an insistent demand for the liberation of the church from the state. That is what Lord Hugh Cecil predicts, and he is, or was, the parliamentary hope of the bishops and their supporters.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

RECENTLY, I started to get quite mellow about tradition and particularly college tradition. Several old grads were at the next table and there was so much passing back and forth of cigars and so on that it grew into a reunion. One who was my senior patted me on the back and remarked: "You've said some harsh things about Harvard, but you're still a Harvard man. There is a tie which can't be loosed down at the bottom of your heart." By now the stage of the evening at which I agree to anything had been reached. Indeed we were all in a crimson glow and missed singing "Up the Street" by only a narrow margin. Good old Harvard! Lowell had his points. Blood is thicker than water. No, that was not quite a comfortable thought to harbor. Better remember the Charles and elm trees in the Yard. . . . Kennard's drop-kick and Eddie Mahan's wonderful eleven.

But when I got home I found a clipping from the Boston *Post* sent by Gardner Jackson and with a grinding of breaks my undergraduate regression stopped and skidded. In the fragment from "the great breakfast paper of New England" I read:

> Judge Webster Thayer broke down and wept openly as 700 Dartmouth men cheered him for his stand on the recent Sacco-Vanzetti case at the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at the Copley-Plaza Hotel last night. He had been referred to as "the peace-time soldier, fighting for his country."

There was a subhead "Cheer for Five Minutes" and then the story continued:

> The incident, one of the judge's first public appearances since the case, brought thunderous applause from the men of Dartmouth, when President Andrew Marshall at the outset of the banquet said that Dartmouth has always been proud of the men who have gone forth from her to fight for their country. He extolled the men of the Spanish and World Wars, and then, pointing where Judge Thayer was sitting at the speakers' table, said: "They came back weakened from their sacrifices for their country. Here is a peace-time soldier who during an internationally known murder case fought for his country."
>
> The audience rose and delivered the well-known Dartmouth Wah-Hoo-Wah cheer and then settled down to a full five minutes of thunderous applause. When it finally subsided, Judge Thayer rose from his seat, bowed, and then pillowing his face in his arms, openly wept. This was the chief incident of a most successful annual banquet.

Also, I read that the first official speaker was President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard.

Now, I have not the slightest objection to Judge Thayer's weeping. Even the sternest magistrate must let down at times and give way to pity. But for whom did Webster Thayer weep? Not for the dead I think. Nor was it for New England justice that his tears flowed as all around him rang the inspiring cry of Wah-Hoo-Wah. Rather the old gentleman wept for himself. And in this, too, he was well within his rights. Very likely the diners broke into song and "The backs go tearing by" went rolling through the room. This, also, must have been stirring, for those backs were "on the way to do or die." The case is closed. New England has said it. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" No foreigners will ever tell Massachusetts how to run her courts. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" They dared to sneer at our just institutions. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" And dead they are, Sacco and Vanzetti. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

It would have been interesting to watch the face of Lawrence Lowell. One could not see the countenance of the judge of first resort, for, as in another crisis, the face of Webster Thayer was averted. Old Web Thayer was maybe just a little indiscreet. The committee said as much in its report. Indiscreet but honest. Under the circumstances the situation must have placed a certain strain on Lowell. Should he remain silent and impassive through the stirring scene or did courtesy compel him to sit up and wah-hoo a little?

Let us hope that Professor Richardson of Dartmouth was not present. That might have put a damper on the demonstration. It was Professor Richardson to whom Judge Thayer said: "Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" And this, according to the testimony, was uttered on the football field at Hanover where there was also much wah-hooing. Probably the committee took the circumstances into consideration when it agreed that "indiscreet" was sufficient to cover the remark of Judge Thayer.

To many, let us hope, the jamboree at the Copley-Plaza will seem obscene. If truth and right dogged every step of Massachusetts justice in the case still there would be reason to object to long cheers for an electrocution. But in this business was much that is characteristic of American tradition. It is our custom to submit contentious questions to the ordeal of trial by slogan. The lessons learned at college are never quite forgotten. Against every long cheer for Yale there must come inevitably the answer of a long cheer for Harvard. There is no age in the life of an American when he will fail to respond to the leader with a megaphone who says "Now altogether, make this go!" As the hand goes down our voices rise. It is hard for any single person to make himself heard in the heat of battle. We must cluster into choruses and make rhythmic sounds no matter what the sense is.

Never could I quite agree that the duel between Massachusetts and Sacco and Vanzetti represented simply capital against the proletariat. The factors were more complicated. Not even every Dartmouth diner who joined in cheering for five minutes felt that Webster Thayer had been right and proper in every word and action. But it was a chance to cheer. Old Web Thayer was a Dartmouth man. Pride of State and section entered into the famous case. As the opinion of the world was mustered against Massachusetts the backbone of the community stiffened. The Bay State right or wrong was the unconscious slogan which moved the mob against its quarry. Nor were college presidents above this petty, self-defensive parochialism.

Loyalties, traditions are possibly nothing more than pretty words for ingrained prejudice. Maybe man does better not to commit his roots to any dogma or any institution. Only then can he keep his head clear when all about him the world takes up the shout of "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

Americans We Like
The La Follette Family

By ZONA GALE

The Eleventh in a Series of Personality Portraits

CHARLES LINDBERGH invented a new degree of both physical daring and physical solitude, but he was not the first to use the word "we," less in editorial modesty than in a kind of joyous justice. Long ago, in Wisconsin, Senator La Follette had been accustomed to say quite gravely, "When we were governor." By his "we" he meant the La Follette family.

It is doubtful whether any of us is sufficiently removed from the day and the hour to evaluate that Senator and his family. Those who disapprove of them and of their policies certainly cannot do so. The silent futile folk who think in his terms but will not trouble to vote on any terms cannot appraise the man who, through hot Wisconsin summers, went campaigning up and down a State considered sure, because "more people must understand." And the five million more or less who indorsed the Senator for President in 1924, these, because they care so much, are hardly better equipped to see the La Follettes as historic figures. About 1978 someone may be less sheathed than we in minor interests and more winged than we to escape a thickly littered foreground. Then the La Follette family may sit to a retroactive camera. Meanwhile the La Follette name stands for a sovereign service: namely, the socialization of a State, and of more than a State.

Years ago, Senator La Follette went to La Crosse, Wisconsin, to speak. It chanced that of a committee sent to meet him the chairman was a livery-stable owner. Years later, Senator La Follette again spoke in La Crosse. Again a committee awaited him at the station, and now members came in motor cars. These men were ushering him to a limousine when he saw standing on the platform that livery-stable host of other days. And the Senator said: "Now, will you gentlemen go on ahead of us, and let me follow with my old friend here?" and, uninvited, he joined the devoted livery-stable keeper.

"It was thus," mournfully said a brilliant Wisconsin journalist, "that he built up his machine. Such men would do anything for him."

"It was so," said one of the humblest of his pupils, "that he overturned conventions for the sake of realities."

Two versions. One man.

Had he a political machine or had he a class of students in social values? Students who did not know either the name of their course or its relationship to society, but who, aware or unaware, caught the spirit that makes for tomorrow—namely, that spirit which will act on what it learns and will act on nothing else. If a political machine has the scientific spirit and the social spirit, then a machine was what he built up. Perhaps he did build a machine which had both these. Whatever he built, it had the energy both for research and for emphasis on human values, plus a flame without which no great movement has ever been kindled.

Wisconsin was ripe for such energy, for it was in Wisconsin that Carl Schurz had settled after the German revolution of 1848, and to Wisconsin his followers had come, because there citizenship could be more quickly acquired than in the other States. Aside from any political program, the idea of group consciousness, the consciousness that functions in an individual for the welfare of the group, not for his own success or his own soul, but for the human race here, now, and forever—this idea swept into Wisconsin from the spirit of that German exile who loved his fellows and believed in their improvability. The State became a center of actual social energy. Young Robert Marion La Follette and young Belle Case La Follette were stations that could pick up such energy, and they tuned in, and they began trying to tune in the State.

An unpretentious brown house on Lake Monona, then the Wisconsin executive residence, and later Maple Bluff Farm outside Madison, became the power stations. Energy did actually flow out from those homes, from the worn living rooms, the broad farm porch with its grapevine. In the first brown house, Mrs. La Follette had begun talking to women about their absurd clothes; in the executive residence she and the Governor gave a reception for women suffragists before suffrage was respectable; always they were advocating innumerable causes then frowned upon: women in law—Mrs. La Follette had herself been admitted to the bar, the first woman to be graduated from the University law school; women on State commissions and in State offices; measures of legislation now accepted by the world of social workers as matters-of-course and written into State and federal laws; and gradually those fundamental changes, notably railroad tax and rate legislation, which woke the State and made the Wisconsin Senator a target for the nation.

How did they know—this man and this woman—the measures of social consequence that could in the next decades shake awake complacent people either to follow those measures or to fight them? These two were both born in Wisconsin log cabins, both had arisen and moved on to the university, had graduated there, had taken the law course. Then they somehow found themselves functioning partially outside themselves, in the ill-being and well-being of other people. The words charity and philanthropy were old and approved, but the term social consciousness was not yet common to usage. It becomes clear that in what they had to do, politics was only their medium, not their end. Not that they were not ambitious—they were. Not that they were averse to honors—they were not. But they cared with passion about human values. And nobody can understand that who does not care about human values too.

No wonder that from the time Fola and Bobby and Phil and Mary were old enough to understand English, they were allowed in the room where talk about these things went on. Men coming from California, from Washington

to confer at Maple Bluff Farm, were often astonished to see the fair-haired girls, the black-haired boy and the brown-haired boy listening gravely and quietly to their counsels. "Let the children stay," the Senator said, or "Bring in the children—we are going to talk things over." The string of Shetlands which the children owned and loved would be left in the pasture, and the four would come up to the brown porch or into the colorful and shabby living-room and listen. Long before the public was to know those phrases, the young La Follettes understood that railways were paying taxes according to their own appraisal, that they were to begin to pay them according to the valuation of a State commission, that freight and passenger rates were to be fixed so that those increased taxes should not be paid by the public, that $600,000 had come into the State treasury in increased railway taxes in the first year of the new order—and other bits like these. In all the story of those days, which reads like the picture of a joust on a tapestry, the four "sat in," listened in company, questioned in private, and were taught social values, just as other children are armed with era-making estimates in algebra which they never use again. For these four the schools saw to algebra and such things, and there was time for recreation, for books, for the formal education of the university, for friendships; but the home table equipped them for still more of life, taught them something of the nature of social being.

It was an intensive training. But to both the Senator and Mrs. La Follette its main tenet was freedom. In this child training they were thirty years in advance of their day. Belle Case La Follette, a young and beautiful girl, abandoned the profession of law to enter the inner ministry of law in her family. "Let them decide," she was constantly saying. She spent one winter with the children, alone on the farm, and together they did the farm work. It was in that winter that Senator La Follette fell ill in Washington, and they wired to the farm. The message arrived after the children had gone to bed, so the mother left a note for them and walked three miles through sparsely settled country to take a train at four o'clock in the morning. Over and over she campaigned the State with the Senator, daunted by no condition of roads, or hour of trains, or status of hotels, because "the people must understand." She was a descendant of pioneers and she always pioneered. Mrs. John J. Blaine, wife of Senator Blaine, campaigning with her once observed: "If Mrs. La Follette should say to me, 'Now, I don't know, Mrs. Blaine, but I think we ought to walk the forty miles into Madison tonight,' I should feel that I could go." They left their children free, but they showed them that it was worth while to be free only if they used that freedom in the social struggle. Theirs was the glorified individualism of "Be thyself, but be worthy to be thyself."

"Be thyself." The Senator obeyed that order, and when the war hysteria began, the Senator obeyed that order still. Here is a paragraph, hitherto unpublished, taken from a private letter written by him January 5, 1918:

> War is a terribly destructive force, even beyond the limits of the battle front and the war zone. Its influence involves the whole community. It warps men's judgment, distorts the true standards of patriotism, breeds distrust and suspicion among neighbors, inflames passions, encourages violence, develops abuse of power, tyrannizes over men and women even in the purely social relations of life, and terrifies whole communities into the most abject surrender of every right which is the heritage of free government.

When with all his might—a telling phrase—he had sought to prevent his country from being drawn into the ancient European feuds, rooted in dead blood; when with all his might he had shouted those same words which after the war were to be used by President Wilson at St. Louis, "a capitalistic war," and by the reactionary press, "a war over raw materials"—and when he had failed, and war had been declared, and when he had thereafter voted for every war appropriation measure, "because of the boys"—then he was able to write, in that letter of 1918:

> May I say to you that in the midst of this raging storm of hate I am withal very happy in so far as my own future is concerned. I would not change places with any living man on the record as it stands today.

"Be thyself"—but he added in effect, "Thyself has no such narrow boundaries as they believe." To the La Follette family the human family was "the human being." The La Follette family was never merely a family, it was an idea, in action.

No wonder that Fola La Follette, with a voice cultivated for the stage, toured the country to speak against the political and social subjection of women. No wonder that aspect of her profession interested her which recorded truth about people and nothing else. No wonder that now, in her professions of teacher and reader, she has one passion —to foster human growth. As you listen to Phil, the younger brother, in his twenties, district attorney already, speaking in the rhythms and with the assurance of the orator of long experience—no wonder that you think of a perfectly trained race-horse, supremely ready for his track and his event. Without any question Phil is the coming La Follette in Wisconsin, as Senator Bobby is already so in Washington.

Senator Bobby, as he is called with affection in Wisconsin, probably has not a cell of consciousness which is not made of a desire to get rid of special privilege in the United States. From the time when "we were governor," he has drawn in awareness of the martyrdom of man—some of man—and he believes, as his father believed, that there is a cure for social wrongs without revolution, if the unmartyred will open their eyes in time. There has never been in Wisconsin a struggle which involved human rights as against the rights of those who were disregarding the human side in which Bobby, as schoolboy, private secretary, or Senator, has not fought with the former. His is always the socialized attitude rather than the unsocialized individual's attitude, no matter who the unsocialized individual is. In a campaign for Senator which amazed even his intimates, this man of thirty who had rarely spoken publicly, listed, at the crest of his speeches, the pet aims of the special privilege interests of the nation, and said to the people of the State: "If you want another Senator who will stand for those things, don't send me down there, for that's not the kind of a Senator I shall be." Years before they said it at Washington, they were saying in Wisconsin: "Chip of the Old Block," and "The Lion's Cub."

Patriarchal—such solidarity of family thought? Unconscious domination, the psychoanalysts would say. It is interesting that it seldom occurs to the analyst-in-the-street to instance the Borgias or the Medici as examples of family thinking. Perhaps we are so close to the primal chaos that family chaos is interpreted as a life free

and unrestrained, while constructive family thinking and acting is called a malady. Which recalls an interpretation of Fola La Follette's, when some one said in her presence that building wreckers never have labor troubles. That wreckers are happy, and that this must mean that wrecking is our norm.

"No!" she said. "It is only that wreckers at their work have more individual freedom, while builders have always to follow somebody else's ideas. Wrecking is not our norm, but freedom is."

Here speaks the family slogan: "That the people shall build in freedom."

The La Follette family is an instance of something more than the patriarchal, of more than domination. It is an example of a fact in nature: Of group reaction and group thinking and group action as a psychological verity, just as definite as individual thinking, and far more a tool and a familiar of tomorrow than of today.

"When we were governor." One is not sure that he said it to his family alone. One feels that he said it to his State. And that to his country he was forever saying not "I am the State," but "Now that we the people are Senators, now that we the people are the State." Not a new conception, but, after all, as a practice, sufficiently novel, even on this flashing crest of one hundred and fifty-two years of democracy.

The Indispensable Mr. Hughes

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, February 2

AMONG all the fifty featured reporters and correspondents sent by the North American press to Havana (the number has now dropped to less than a score), I have seen only one—Roger Cortesi of the Associated Press—conversing in Spanish or following the discussions in Spanish at the meetings of the Pan-American Conference. We get our news from Mr. Hughes.

What Mr. Hughes says in English is publicly translated into Spanish; it is taken down by Mr. Hughes's own stenographer, and verbatim copies are usually ready for the newspapermen within an hour of delivery. But the speeches in Spanish are not translated; it is sometimes days before even a Spanish text of an important speech is available; and translations are likely to be a week late. In such circumstances reporters who do not know Spanish are lost.

Mr. Hughes bridges the gap. He sits through the debates with an interpreter pouring into his left ear a summary of the discussions; he takes part, alertly and intelligently, in the discussions; and all the while he makes elaborate notes for the correspondents. Immediately after the sessions of the important committees—sometimes twice a day—the correspondents gather around the long table in the office of the American delegation and listen and scribble while Mr. Hughes tells them what has happened.

Reporters for the Mexico City *Excelsior*, for the Buenos Aires *Nacion* and *Prensa*, even for a Central American press association, sit through the sessions and understand what is going on. The North American press is incompetent; it cannot understand.

Mr. Hughes is a good reporter. But he omits matters which seem of less importance to him than, for instance, to the Mexicans; and his emphasis is of course inevitably his own. His scale of values differs from that of the Latins. All the news coming to the United States is sifted through his mind; instead of many reporters at the conference, each giving his independent interpretation, we have one—Charles Evans Hughes. Before the next Pan-American conference we should take a course at the Berlitz School of Languages.

II

One bright spot in a dreary conference was Orestes Ferrara's defense of freedom of the press. Ferrara learned oratory in his salad days when he was a famous Italian anarchist; today he is Cuban Ambassador in Washington and one of Cuba's richest lawyers. When Mexico, recalling Mr. Hearst's unpunished forgeries, recommended that the publication of false and misleading news be prohibited, Ferrara pulled out the full stop of his rich organ voice and shouted that "the press should have complete freedom. No legislation of this kind is needed in Cuba or would be tolerated." It certainly is not needed. Without legislation two opposition editors have died mysteriously, others have been persuaded to take the cure in Europe, and three daily papers have been suppressed. The surviving editors watch their steps.

III

Mr. Maurtua, the big, brown Inca chieftain of the Peruvian delegation, has been wandering about Havana for days with more than his usual air of Indian melancholy. People sympathized with him, for Mr. Maurtua had to report upon the "fundamental bases of international law," and his subject includes the most dangerous line in the whole code prepared at Rio de Janeiro by the International Commission of Jurists.

That line reads: "No state may intervene in the internal affairs of another."

Now, the Peruvian delegation, because of its acute interest in Tacna and Arica, has been devoted to Mr. Hughes at Havana. And it has been suspected that Mr. Hughes is not satisfied with that line. To be sure, our own indubitably North American Dr. James Brown Scott, Mr. Hughes's colleague in the United States delegation at Havana, was one of the jurists who drew up the Rio report and he signed it. That does not matter. No one matters except Mr. Hughes at Havana.

Dr. Scott, an international lawyer and scholar, understood the obnoxious line in an unobnoxious manner. It was explained to me that, in the first place, it is not intervention if one intervenes at the request of a constituted government, as, it is said, we did in Nicaragua. In the second place, it is not intervention if, in time of disorder, one lands troops and places them about the property and persons of one's nationals in that country. That, it seems, is merely interposition.

Mr. Hughes apparently feared that someone might

think the line meant what it said. Mr. Maurtua's Indian melancholy was due to his effort to find a substitute text which would satisfy the Latins who composed the Rio line and at the same time would content Mr. Hughes. Today he announced his results. His first achievement is the suggestion that the Pan-Americans give up the effort to negotiate a treaty upon the fundamental basis of international law, and confine themselves to "resolutions." Nobody feels bound by a mere resolution. His second achievement is to dig up a magnificent series of words composing a "declaration of the rights and duties of nations." These were drawn up, under the leadership of James Brown Scott, by the American Institute of International Law in 1916. They have the supreme virtue of having been cited with approval in 1923 by Mr. Hughes himself. In the original English they read as follows:

1. Every nation has the right to exist, and to protect and to conserve its existence; but this right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the state to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending states.

2. Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has a right to the pursuit of happiness and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other states, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other states.

3. Every nation is in law and before law the equal of every other nation belonging to the society of nations, and all nations have the right to claim and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws entitle them.

4. Every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over its territory and all persons, whether native or foreign, found therein.

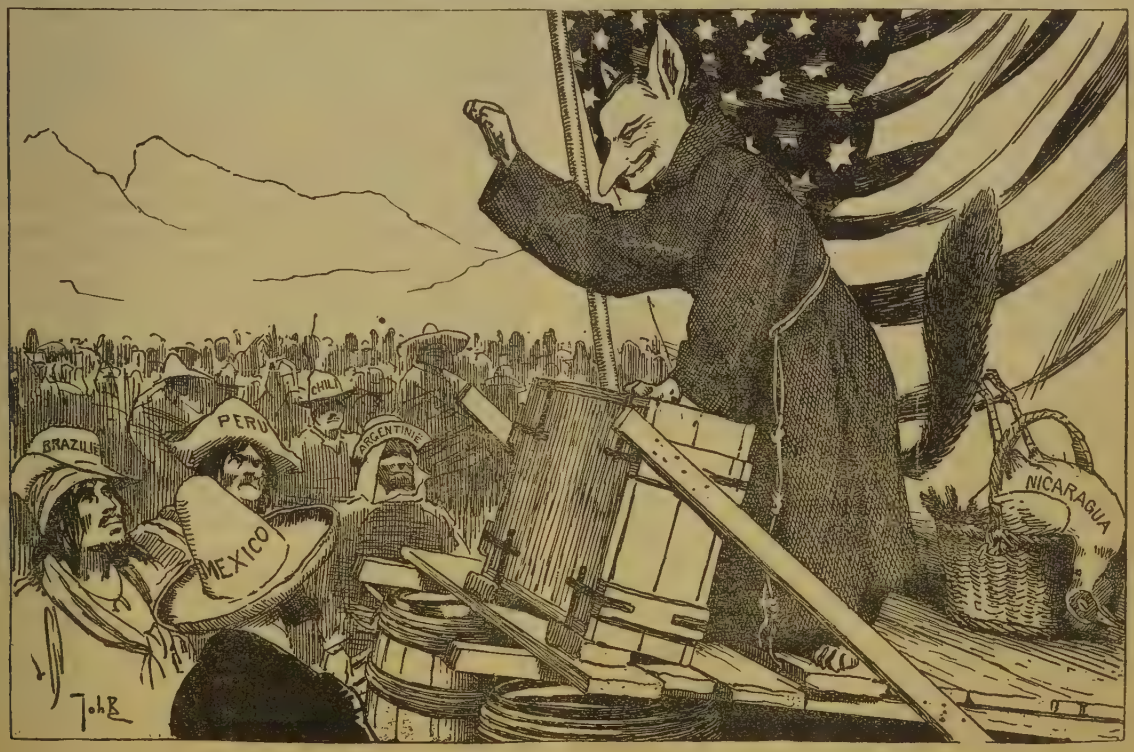
5. Every nation entitled to a right by law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by other nations, for right and duty are correlative and the right of one is the duty of all to observe.

Just what it all means I do not know; but I doubt if it will be satisfactory to the other Latin delegates.

IV

Some uncontroversial work has been accomplished. A sweet resolution upon the Red Cross has been adopted with unanimous enthusiasm; proposals for "intellectual cooperation" and for sanitary codes have been indorsed. A magnificent, all-inclusive code on Private International Law has been accepted, the United States beaming with approval but declaring that unfortunately, because of our federal system, we could not sign it. With a similar benevolent gesture Mr. Hughes has declared that he can not sign the resolution upon the right of asylum, and that upon frontier police has been reduced to a recommendation. It is evident that Mr. Hughes does not intend to sign anything which might in any degree bind the hands of the United States. We do not want customs unions, world courts, compulsory arbitration, law codes, anti-intervention rules, or anything that might restrict us in any way or manner.

Unfortunately, absolute freedom of action and membership in an international cooperative organization do not fit together. Can it be that, as the United States forced the idea of the League of Nations upon a doubtful Europe, and then withdrew, it is going to sponsor Pan-Americanism for the Latin-American nations, and then retire into a new and even more splendid isolation?



—From *De Groene Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam, Holland)

The Fox Who Preaches Peace

"The sovereignty of small nations is respected."—President Coolidge

James M. Beck vs. the Constitution

By JOHN BILLINGS, JR.

FOR all his learned discourse on the federal Constitution, James M. Beck never felt the full authority of this charter upon his personal fortunes until he presented himself for admission to the Seventieth Congress as a Representative-elect from the First Pennsylvania District. Then, like a sudden wind from the North, his right to a seat in the House was challenged on the ground that he failed to qualify under the Constitutional provision that a man must be an inhabitant of the State he is chosen to represent. By order of the House a committee is now investigating his claim to inhabitancy of a small apartment in Philadelphia.

Regardless of how sorry may be the spectacle of a man deeply versed in the lore of the Constitution trying to twist and pry apart its plain intent to wriggle through some technical aperture into Congress, Beck's fate at the hands of the House is of minor consequence compared with the larger and more threatening issue that lies behind his case. The significance of this issue may be set forth by the question: Shall the States be represented at Washington by their own people who live chiefly and permanently within their borders and breathe their atmosphere or shall mere non-resident agents, circumventing the Constitution with the aid of ignoble political machines and the connivance of their colleagues in Congress, perform this function of State representation at the capital? The answer given by the House to the Beck case will be, in a large measure, an answer to this major question of national policy.

As a Constitutional specialist, Beck's reputation is widespread. As a blue-ribbon lawyer, he has risen to a profitable eminence in his profession. As a polished orator, he has for years preached the gospel of civic righteousness within the Constitution. As a literary pamphleteer, he has sought to popularize his reasoned conceptions of Constitutional government. As Solicitor General of the United States, he has helped to guide the Supreme Court through the intricacies of the Constitution to sane and wholesome interpretations. That such a substantial citizen, suddenly deserting his high estate, should cast in his lot with the low designs of a corrupt political organization in Philadelphia and help it along in defiance of the Constitution is just one more example of the inexplicability of human nature.

Mr. Beck's renown has tended to obscure the basic issue in this case. That the great lawyer can do no wrong where the Constitution is concerned is a theory held by many in and out of Congress. But had some hack politician instead of a "best 1920 mind" attempted this trick, Mr. Beck would have been the first to detect the assault on his beloved charter and to raise his voice in righteous protest.

In questions of inhabitancy physical facts, rather than wordy intentions, are controlling. A man lives where he does by choice and thus becomes an inhabitant, a word without legalistic mysteries. When the Constitution was framed the word "resident" was first proposed for this provision of qualification, but was later replaced by "inhabitant" to divorce more completely the new Congressional system in the United States from the practice of non-resident representation in the British Parliament. Obviously the intention at Philadelphia in 1789 was to require members of Congress to have actual and permanent abodes within their States rather than just fly-by-night residences.

Beck, under cross-examination, has supplied most of the facts against himself. He was born in Philadelphia and lived there until 1903, when he moved to New York, where he remained for seventeen years. In November, 1920, he sold his New York residence and, purchasing a large and luxurious home in Washington, transferred to the capital his family, his large library, and his "treasured personal possessions." The following June he was appointed Solicitor General, claiming a voting residence at his summer home in New Jersey, where he cast his 1924 ballot. In June, 1925, he resigned as Solicitor General and set up a law practice in Washington, with Supreme Court work as his specialty. For a year his only residence, real or otherwise, was in the capital.

In July, 1926, a desire to sit in Congress turned him back to Philadelphia politics. He leased an apartment at 1414 Spruce Street and simultaneously came forward as one of the most ardent champions of William S. Vare, political boss of the city, then a much-criticized nominee for the United States Senate. This alliance with Vare in time of trouble is the secret of Beck's sudden political success. Just as the Daugherty-Jesse Smith regime in the Department of Justice found Beck useful as a society front, so the Vare organization welcomed him into its ranks as reputable window-dressing.

The Vare machine, through Albert M. Greenfield, real-estate dealer and contributor of $125,000 to the Senatorial campaign, found Beck an apartment of two rooms, bath, and kitchenette, renting for $110 a month, in the First Congressional District—a most wretched and machine-ridden area covering South Philadelphia. Beck's name was hurriedly placed on the assessment rolls—two months before he even pretended to take this apartment—to accumulate "time" to qualify him as a voter. He returned at once to Washington and his fine home and the malodorous assignment of defending Vare.

On September 9, 1927, Beck paid his first Philadelphia tax in twenty-four years—fifty cents delivered to Vare's secretary in return for a poll-tax receipt needed the next day when he registered as a new voter. Ten days later he voted in the Republican primary. On October 26 Vare's brother-in-law obligingly resigned as Congressman-elect and Beck was nominated for his place by a group of seven ward leaders whose names Beck did not even know. He bustled into the city campaign, urging the election of the Vare ticket as a means of vindicating his new client in his fight to break into the Senate. On the Saturday before election he returned to his Washington home, claiming a cold. On Tuesday, Election Day, he was too ill to travel back to Philadelphia to exercise his first franchise as a citizen there in a quarter of a century, but by evening he was sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to attend a smart Wash-

ington dinner party "around the corner." The next morning, from his Washington law office, he issued a triumphant statement to the press, declaring the Philadelphia election had "vindicated Mr. Vare."

Beck owns no real estate in Pennsylvania. He has no law office there. He has paid no taxes there for years, except the 50-cent poll tax. His two automobiles are registered in the District of Columbia. His federal income tax, under the Washington address, is filed through the Baltimore office, which includes the District of Columbia. The Pennsylvania clubs and societies which he cites as proof of his identification with the city carried him as a nonresident member until after his election.

As for his inhabitancy of the Spruce Street apartment, he has never eaten a meal there. He has slept in it only on occasions and keeps no clothes or books there "to speak of." Rather than disturb his sister, to whom he loans it during his long absences from Philadelphia, he would go to clubs and hotels in that city for the night, inadvertently registering from Washington. Witnesses have sworn that since he leased the place he has never been seen in the neighborhood. By his own admission, he lives far more in his Washington home than in his Philadelphia apartment.

That he never made any appeal to the voters of this brow-beaten district for election to Congress goes without saying. Instead, he ingratiated himself with the czar of one of the worst political organizations in the country and championed his disreputable cause for a seat in the Senate on an election "partly bought and partly stolen." The Vare machine did everything else from supplying him with the apartment to delivering on the morning after election the "overwhelming majority" of which he so loves to boast.

Against these facts Beck argues a continuing intention from 1903 to return to Philadelphia as a citizen. He considers that his status as a voter there also makes him an inhabitant, quite failing to recognize the fact that in one case he must satisfy only a State law, while in the other he must comply with the federal Constitution. He exhibits his apartment lease and a handful of rent checks as his best proof that he inhabited Pennsylvania. According to his contention the regular occupancy of the apartment is by no means essential. He explains that the framers of the Constitution deliberately omitted a time element in dealing with the qualification of inhabitancy, leaving that to the good judgment of each citizen. He frowns on being a disfranchised citizen in Washington, yet he continues to live there on unofficial business, even to the point of failing to vote when he had the chance in Philadelphia.

Though he compares his case to those of government officials forced to reside in the capital, there are these two important differences: Public duty did not keep Beck in Washington after 1925; Congressmen and Senators start from their States as inhabitants, and conscientiously maintain that status, whereas Beck reversed the process by starting from Washington and trying to create a fictitious residence in Pennsylvania. To many people State representation in Congress has sunk to a discouragingly low level. But any attempt to improve its personnel by the wholesale importation of men like Beck, utterly alien in thought and temperament, to districts assigned them by political bosses, would in the long run prove to be a rebelliously unpopular remedy for this problem.

Militarism or Education in Virginia?

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Richmond, January 16

IS a State justified in appropriating funds for the support of an institution which is almost purely military in character? In so far as the State of Virginia is concerned a commission of eleven prominent citizens of that commonwealth has answered this question emphatically in the negative. In a report to the legislature of the Old Dominion, made public on December 30, the commission recommends unanimously that the Virginia Military Institute be discontinued at once as a State-supported institution, on the ground that the students devote most of their time to military theory and practice at the expense of subjects which are culturally and vocationally much more important.

The full significance of this recommendation cannot be grasped by anyone who is unfamiliar with the history of the V. M. I. and the place it has held in the life of Virginia since its establishment at Lexington in 1839. Preeminent among institutions of its type in the South and generally acknowledged to be second only to the United States Miltary Academy among the military schools of the country, the V. M. I. is particularly sacred in the eyes of Virginians because of its association with "Stonewall" Jackson, who was a member of its faculty for ten years, and also because of the bravery displayed by the youthful cadets of the institute when called into action at New Market in 1864. V. M. I. men have likewise played conspicuous parts in the Spanish-American and World wars, and an impressive group of leaders in various walks of life has been turned out by the institute during its long history. The suggested withdrawal of its State appropriations has seemed to many Virginians to border on sacrilege.

Strangely enough, the members of this commission which has had the audacity to say that an institution devoted almost exclusively to military affairs has no proper place in the educational system of an American State are conservative and impeccable citizens of the Old Dominion who were chosen last year by Governor Harry F. Byrd and the Virginia General Assembly to make recommendations for the improvement of the system of elementary, secondary, and higher education in the commonwealth. The chairman of the commission is Robert T. Barton, Jr., a young Richmond attorney who served overseas as a captain of artillery during the World War and who is a former State commander of the American Legion. Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar College and sister of United States Senator Carter Glass, and Dr. Charles J. Smith, president of Roanoke College, also are members of the commission. The other commissioners are equally solid and substantial persons whose integrity is unquestioned.

In their findings relative to the Virginia Military Institute they declare that "aside from the military features of its program there is no educational service being rendered at V. M. I. which is not already duplicated or can be more advantageously and less expensively duplicated at the other tax-supported institutions." They then go on to say: "The military training at V. M. I. is too exacting and time-consuming for young men who are preparing for civilian life. The excessive number of hours given to military theory and practice impinges greatly upon the time that the student should give to real intellectual or vocational preparation for his work in life." The commission might have gone further and said that aside from its courses bearing on the military the academic standards of the institute are little better than those of a good preparatory school. This, however, would have offended the faculty, students, and alumni unnecessarily. As the report proposes discontinuance of all appropriations at the earliest possible date, the main point in the commission's argument, namely, that the State should not contribute to the support of a military school, is made amply clear to everyone.

It is not suggested that the V. M. I. be closed. The commission proposes that it be taken over by alumni or other interested parties and operated privately. Since the State has been contributing a relatively small percentage of the funds needed for its upkeep, this arrangement would appear to be quite feasible. But in the event that no one comes forward to assume the responsibility for operating it as a private institution, the commission stipulates that the type of education now provided be done away with as speedily as possible and that vocational work and preparation for professional courses be offered by the faculty of the Institute instead.

The commission of eleven Virginians was materially aided in reaching these conclusions relative to the educational needs of the commonwealth by a group of trained educators from other States, headed by Dr. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. The O'Shea committee made a comprehensive survey of the entire educational system and submitted a lengthy report. The Barton commission then adopted those portions of the report which seemed to it practicable and advisable.

Dr. O'Shea and his associates declared that "the need for the particular type of education which is found at Virginia Military Institute has largely passed," and added the following:

> The military mode of life at the V. M. I. affects the character of the educational work so that it is more formal, conventional, and static than is needed in Virginia today. In an earlier day, when education was merely disciplinary, the V. M. I.'s formal educational regime was quite satisfactory; but it has already been pointed out that Virginia is in need today of a dynamic type of education which cannot be conducted most efficiently under the conditions made imperative by the military mode of organization and conduct.

These are the findings of unbiased men and women who have given careful and conscientious study to the question. Whether those findings will be approved by the General Assembly at present in session is another matter. Considerable sentiment in favor of elimination of the V. M. I. from the list of State-supported institutions has developed since the suggestion was brought forward by the Barton commission, and several of Virginia's most influential newspapers are advocating it. On the other hand, the alumni of the institute are numerous and powerful and will bring heavy pressure to bear on the law-makers. The commission feels that the money now spent by the State on the V. M. I. "could be more advantageously invested in strengthening elementary and secondary schools, blotting out illiteracy, or making more effective investment of the taxes paid by the people in the field of higher learning." But the jingoes and professional patriots will clamor that such institutions as the V. M. I. should at all times be encouraged and supported. They will point to the glorious record achieved by the institute in the service of Mars, and will foresee hideous consequences to the State and nation if the appropriations are withdrawn. The proposal, on the whole, seems destined to produce an extraordinary quantity of fustian in the legislative halls. Whether it will produce anything else remains to be seen. The next two or three weeks will determine the result.

In the Driftway

NOT long ago the Drifter carelessly remarked that the magazines which express the revolt of the *jeunes révoltés* were filled with conventionally worded complaints of the inadequacy of all words heretofore invented in any language. Until these free spirits should devise a way of writing without words—like the long-sought technique of painting without paint or composing without tone—the Drifter incautiously advised them to set about coining new ones. The other day he saw another copy of *Transition* (he begs its pardon—*transition*) filled with the appalling results of his advice. An apparently serious writer on music regaled his ears with an onomatopoeic symphony of "Madel-grinny," "nicK-Spacing," "SKlaf-squeaking," "synthe-fluffing," all of which sound interesting to the Drifter, though he does not pretend to pronounce the capitals. When he came to "incipientated," "self-structed," "imboded," the Drifter felt that he could almost define them. It is different with the renowned Mr. Joyce in his later manner. His newborn words do not stand alone, but nudge their parents impishly, and cling to their neighbors' backs. "Brahming" might mean anything in music or Indian philosophy, but "brahming to him down the feed-chute" completes the picture with donkey's ears. Similarly with "lalipos" and "bowmpriss" and "tummell" and "drederous" and "mouldaw" and "talktapes" and "gangres" and "dneepers" (adding gangrene to Ganges—"the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin").

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER must be younger than he thought he was. He catches himself, coat off and shirt-tail streaming after the "combies" and the "glommens" and the rest—after an evasive meaning that he always fancies he sees grinning behind the fog of crazy syllables. At last it steps out, openly defies him to comprehend "proxenete," and confesses itself an anti-abecedarian. What has the Drifter done? Who is he to have a hand in founding an anti-abecedarian movement? He does not quite dare disown the fruits of his carelessness; but for himself—after looking at them attentively—he remains a pro-abecedarian.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dogs—and Humans

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the correspondence column of *The Nation* there appeared on November 9, 1927, a communication entitled Only Dogs, and on January 4, 1928, another entitled Only a Human. The writer of the first of these was obviously influenced by misleading propaganda, issued by an organization that opposes scientific medical research and would like to prohibit it by legislation. The second correspondent expresses that hope which is ever present in those who are afflicted and in the friends and loved ones of people who are suffering from incurable, fatal maladies.

I believe that most of your readers can conclude, without appeal to their emotions, whether or not ownerless dogs, that are frequently a menace to public health if permitted at large and that are deliberately put to death by the authorities if captured, should be sacrificed to prolong life and relieve human (and animal) suffering. It is my desire, therefore, to present some facts illustrating the purpose of the investigations referred to in the above-mentioned correspondence.

The role played by the adrenal glands is quite obscure. They are indispensable for life and health. Their destruction by disease results in symptoms which rapidly lead to a fatal outcome. One condition which results from adrenal disease or insufficiency, in human beings, known as Addison's disease, is characterized by pigmentation of the skin, profound weakness, low blood pressure, serious gastro-intestinal disturbances (leading to vomiting of bile or blood), and, in the terminal state, central-nervous-system derangements (delirium, maniacal yelling, hallucinations, convulsions, and coma) occur. It may develop at almost any period of life, and up to the present time has resisted all treatment.

In the H. K. Cushing Laboratory of Experimental Medicine of Western Reserve University, Professor G. N. Stewart and I have been engaged in the study of the functions of the adrenal glands in health and disease, for over twelve years. We observed, in the course of our studies, that pregnant animals (and animals in rut) survive removal of their adrenals much longer than non-pregnant ones, thus establishing a possible physiological relationship between the adrenals and the glands of reproduction. The practical significance of this observation is apparent from the fact that, at the present time, I have among my patients with Addison's disease one young woman, married two years, who must be advised whether or not pregnancy might be a favorable or unfavorable circumstance in her condition. Another young woman, engaged to be married, who developed the disease recently, desires to be advised whether or not to marry. The importance of our studies on pregnant animals is further suggested by the similarity of the symptoms which develop with the toxemia of adrenal insufficiency and those associated with certain toxemias of pregnancy (eclampsia).

Recently our studies have led to prolongation of life and mitigation of symptoms, in animals with adrenal deficiency, by administration of material prepared from adrenal glands. When perfected for human administration this extract will supply that which is essential to life and which is lacking in individuals afflicted with Addison's disease or other manifestations of adrenal deficiency. I conclude with a statement suggested by one of our patients with this disease, who finds hope for relief in the progress made through these investigations upon animals: "Anyone who aims to prohibit medical research, on the pretext of sparing a few stray dogs, should be considered willing to pass sentence of death upon the many sufferers of maladies for which a remedy is not yet known."

Cleveland, January 13 J. M. Rogoff

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Books, Music, Plays

Tenebrae

By LEONARD CLINE

When night it was no longer
And not yet day withal,
The Holy Ghost came down to walk
Beside the orchard wall.
He had no cloak or hat against
The tepid little rain;
He smiled to hear the tongues of birds
Praise God along the lane.

But I and my new love
Late lay abed.
"The rain is falling on the leaves"
Was everything we said.

When day it was no longer
Nor yet deep dark in heaven,
Came Our Lady down the hill
In the cool even.
On her white feet no sandals
Against the dew had she;
She smiled to hear the whip-poor-will
Hail Mary from his tree.

But I and my old friend
Touched cups together:
"The moon is clear and full tonight;
It will dawn fair weather."

Now is it night or noontide
In this accursed tomb?
No testimony of a star
Confutes the curdling gloom;
And those are only winds that come
On iron doors to beat;
And lightning wraps the whole hill round
In a yellow sheet.

But I on my pallet
Lonely now lie
And hear my heart. . . . "'Tis very God
Goes scowling down the sky."

The Nicaraguan Farce

The Looting of Nicaragua. By Rafael De Nogales. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

ONE does not have to spend seven weeks in a jaguar-infested jungle or attempt to climb Monte Munsun in order to answer Will Rogers's question, "Why are we in Nicaragua and what the hell are we doing there?" The answer lies in Senate documents and in the official record of seventeen years of American foreign-loan policy in that country. The canal route and bankers' profits tell the story. Precise details may be secured from the confidential files of the Guaranty Trust Company, Brown Brothers and Company, and J. and W. Seligman and Company.

But General Rafael De Nogales, a distinguished citizen of Venezuela and a former inspector of cavalry in the Turkish army, wanted to see for himself. So one night last winter he tore himself away from an "Old Timers' Night" at the New York Newspaper Club and took a train south. He went as a neutral reporter with apparently excellent credentials. He dropped in on the Sheffields in Mexico, was entertained by the American Landing Force at Puerto Cabezas, and ran into a lot of old friends who seem to have been high up in one diplomatic service or another.

He returns from the jungles and the battlefields with a highly entertaining travel story interspersed with spicy extracts from the speeches of Senators Wheeler and Shipstead, the editorials of *The Nation*, and the manifestos of ardent Latin Americans who think our policy in those parts is anything but tender and humanitarian. He tells us little that we didn't know before—that Philander C. Knox was the father of Dollar Diplomacy, that Adolfo Diaz is a traitor, a tricky politician, a rubber stamp, and a pal of the banker-bandits of Wall Street, that Moncada is a Conservative renegade who crawled like a whining dog before our ten-dollar-a-gun pacifier Henry L. Stimson, that Sacasa is a weak sister and a kind of Kerensky, and finally that General Augusto Sandino with the labor unions behind him is an honest patriot, a hero, and the potential George Washington of his country.

This unusually timely book will serve as an admirable antidote to the special pleadings of plenipotentiary Stimson, who, with the warships to back him, bought out deserter Moncada and turned over the bill to the Guaranty Trust Company. Indeed, it presents many and significant facts that the Stimsons and their kind invariably omit from reports on Nicaragua.

One of the most interesting features of the volume is its pictures taken by the general on his, at times, quite hazardous and thrilling journey. They will help the reader to look behind the dispatches from the Associated Press correspondent at Managua, who happens at the same time to be the American customs collector for the service of the loans of the New York bankers. One shows a town in our own little Belgium where the airplane bombs have fallen heavily during the massacre of women and children. The destruction by our airmen is as complete as that by any "Hun" of the version of 1914. Then there is a splendid picture of Diaz and Chamorro—unsavory puppets of Washington—with a Mr. Dennis, late Chargé d'Affaires, whom Nogales describes as "the adhesive American minister." Wherever he goes among our Latin-American neighbors he is "a regular leech and self-invited guest on all occasions," even at private parties of the Presidents of republics. These are apparently the engaging manners of the new school of imperialist diplomats we have been hearing so much about. There is also a photograph of the conscript women of the Conservative armies with whom our marines were cooperating by establishing "neutral zones" wherever the Liberal forces were victorious. Ninety per cent of the soldiers of these armies, he tells us, were forced into service, while the former Constitutionalist armies and the present Sandino troops are made up entirely of volunteers.

But, of course, our leathernecks were there to protect American lives? General Nogales assures us that "it was not the American residents in Nicaragua who were in need of protection against the Nicaraguans, but the Nicaraguans themselves who were badly in need of protection against the Americans residing in that country and the American marines." And some of these American "residents" were real murderers. On one occasion when the brave marines turned back from an unsuccessful expedition against one lone Yankee bandit the ill-equipped but reliable Nicaraguan police went out and rounded him up. At the same time we recall that the State Department has never published the name of one law-abiding American citizen whose life was in danger in that country.

This book confirms our earlier opinion that the State Department's invasion of Nicaragua is an undisguised war of aggression, a profit war pure and simple, and a war for "American investments and business interests"—to use the words of President Coolidge. Sandino, the brave leader of the national army of liberation, is in a sense fighting the battles of the exploited colonial peoples everywhere. Demanding the immediate withdrawal of every last marine from Nicaragua is the least Americans of liberal sympathies can do to help him.

ROBERT W. DUNN

Sherwood Anderson

The Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson: A Study in American Life and Letters. By N. Bryllion Fagin. Baltimore: The Rossi-Bryn Company. $2.

Sherwood Anderson. By Cleveland B. Chase. The Modern American Writers Series. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

A New Testament. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. $2.

AT the moment Mr. Anderson's chief function appears to be that of a social solvent. Inject him into a group of readers and that group will immediately resolve itself into two parts. One part will consist of bewildered primitives, the other of civilized human beings. To buttress what may seem to some an over-arrogant division two monographs appear just in the nick of time. Mr. Fagin is still bellowing in the American forest of 1912. Mr. Chase is a civilized man. Between the two of them Mr. Anderson is almost annihilated, for the whoopings of his disciples are almost as destructive as the ironies of his critic. These studies appear to confirm the suspicion which Mr. Anderson's recent books have done much to arouse: he is in need of a long, long vacation. Editing a country newspaper is just the thing.

Mr. Fagin's hand holds a large paint-brush instead of a pen and his arm is continually irritated by a series of small electric shocks. The style that results is one almost miraculously fitted to record any impassioned discovery of Mr. Anderson's genius. It lifts its voice in a rapt religious bawl to proclaim to us the gospel of the Bewildered School of American fiction: that because Mr. Anderson was once a little John the Baptist crying in the Midwestern wilderness he is now a great artist and a significant man. Did he not reveal to us the mechanization of our lives? Did he not make us realize that Business Isn't Everything? That Material Achievement is often followed by Spiritual Disillusion? Did he not look the Facts of Sex straight in the Face and voice the Aspirations of the Inarticulate? Mr. Fagin answers all the questions with an excited and perspiring affirmative.

Mr. Chase's courteous and restrained English offers a needed relief to Mr. Fagin's distended and asthmatic sentences. Correspondingly, to the latter's overblown emotionalism he opposes a cool and critical temper which refuses to be hoodwinked by Mr. Anderson's mysticism, or, rather, mystification, his pesudo-Russianism, and his enormous reputation. His imposing array of facts and quotations substantially confirms the general conclusions reached by the present writer in these columns some months ago. There is no space here to elaborate Mr. Chase's clear, serene argument. It is enough to say that he does not leave one of Mr. Anderson's weaknesses untouched—his day-dreaming, his flight from reality, his intellectual monotony, the conventionality of his plot construction, his emotional obfuscation, his quack philosophy, the persistent intrusion of his personality, and his complete bewilderment before aesthetic and vital problems that are simply too difficult for him to face. Unerringly he punctures Mr. Anderson's pretensions to being an interpreter and critic of our national life. "Anderson doesn't understand and at heart dislikes modern life. No matter that there is much in that life to dislike, it is the only life Anderson has to describe; and to do that validly, whether sympathetically or satirically, he must understand it. Unfortunately, his fear-inspired dislike dulls when it does not kill his understanding. His dislike does not find utterance in a biting attack but in the hysterical wail of a defeated man." This could not be better said. Mr. Chase makes a similar point when he refers to "Many Marriages" and its "whining, insinuating note that becomes increasingly annoying."

After a process of rejection which is probably over-kind Mr. Chase is forced to conclude that "Winesburg, Ohio" is the only one of Mr. Anderson's books which can definitely be called a contribution to American literature. It is his reasoned conviction, now becoming patent to all but *les fauves*, that each succeeding volume has marked retrogression to the point of mental decomposition. As evidence of the continuity of this sad process may be adduced "A New Testament." This absurd collection of Zarathustrian aphorisms reminds one irresistibly of the "thoughts" about "the wonder of life, the terror and strangeness of it all" which one may find in many an imaginative sophomore's private notebook and which he is careful to destroy in his junior year. Turning to Mr. Chase's monograph we find the feeling confirmed: "One can understand how in a period of unusual bewilderment or depression he may have written these poems; school and college boys often have the same impulse; one wonders that he should publish them as they are."

At the risk of appearing funereal, one is tempted to repeat the concluding phrases of Mr. Chase's admirably honest and invigorating study: "To the pure metal of genuine inspiration he preferred cheap substitutes, and so returned to his world of thin romanticism and sentimentality. The chance was his; we can but regret that he has not yet made real use of it."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Fallen Deities

Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance. By Roger Sherman Loomis. Columbia University Press. $6.

WHEN the gods go half-gods arrive, and, close upon their heels, quarter-gods and eighth-gods and throngs of others with infinitesimal fractions of deity. To Mr. Loomis and his school romance is faded mythology. The old Celtic celestials, who preserve in Irish folk-tales some glamor of godhead, have in the less worshipful air of Wales and Brittany put on mortality with their medieval mail-coats. So far have they fallen from their former heaven that the twelfth-century romancers who derive their knightly heroes from Breton *lais* and *contes* have no inkling of their erstwhile divinity. But twentieth-century scholars, with keener vision and subtler scent, can be trusted to trail a god in any form or garb. No easy feat this, for the Irish immortals, particularly the lords of sun and storm, are notable shape-shifters, wheresoever they may wander! Most protean of all these deities is Curoi, now hailed as solar god, whose ruddy face gleams behind the masks of Lancelot and Galahad and Gawain and Perceval and all the brotherhood of the Grail. Queen Guinevere is deemed "the leading lady in a nature myth," and seemingly all the dames and damsels of Arthurian story are the primeval goddesses of the moon or of vegetation in very deep disguise. Scholarly faith in the omnipresence of these potent figures of the Celtic pantheon never falters, but inspires ingenious parallels between myths and romances not always perceptible to the untrained eye, and links the names of gods and heroes by etymological processes no less amazing to the uninitiated than that which traces Middletown to Moses.

If Mr. Loomis is right, the staple of the stories of Arthur is pagan with a very thin veneer of Christianity; for it appears that even a great artist like Chrétien de Troyes had his stories made to his hand by the Breton inheritors of mythical

motifs. The Holy Grail and Spear, we have not long since learned, are but survivals of the symbols of heathen rituals at once obscure and obscene. Arthur is thus "the central figure of the accumulated mythology of a thousand years." Indeed this supernal genealogy does not stop at a mere thousand, but mounts two thousand years and more in lifting the ancestry of Arthurian knights higher than the petty provincial gods of the western isle, even to Phoebus and Demeter and Persephone, whose names and fame (so says our author) were borne to the Celts by roving traders from the Mediterranean. As in many pretentious pedigrees of earth, the gaps are often more obvious than the links; for, in his close communion with deified powers of nature, our herald seems now and then blinded by the wind in his face and the sun in his eyes.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Bismarck

Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Three Plays: I *King and People;* II *Union;* III *Dismissal.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

WAS Bismarck, like Napoleon, an "inharmonious" genius at war with the spirit of the age in which he lived? The glamor of his triumphs blinded two generations to the essential weakness of his accomplishments, which to a large degree were undone by the World War. The empire he fashioned went down to destruction. The territories he gained were lost. The political principles he advocated were repudiated. United Germany remained, but the new unity that was established would have aroused all of Bismarck's contempt and hatred. Nevertheless, like Napoleon, Bismarck remains a figure of absorbing interest, and every generation will rewrite his biography.

Herr Ludwig in his biography of Bismarck and in the three plays based upon the latter's life brings to the task the abilities of a journalist of a high order. He is acutely intelligent and widely read, and he writes easily and well. Moreover, he excels in a genre created by himself, the close interweaving of the private and public life of his hero. Bismarck emerges from Ludwig's pages a unified personality who is easily identified in every scene of his dramatic life.

Great historical figures generally undergo three transformations. First they are heroes leading the nation to glorious triumph; then they become legends inspiring succeeding generations to veneration; finally, they—at least some of them—become case studies for the modern psychologist. Herr Ludwig's book is written in the spirit of the Bismarck legend, and is therefore a glorification of the Iron Chancellor. It is also a challenge. Every chapter in the book points to the Kaiser as the man who brought to naught the great work of Bismarck. The volume is written with one eye on 1870 and the other on 1914.

According to his biographer three elemental spirits "stood beside Bismarck's cradle—pride, courage, and hatred." And yet fate ironically decreed that the masterful Bismarck should be subject to another's will. However, it was his good fortune to spend nearly all of his public life in the service of William I, a slow-witted, honest, and simple-minded man whom he completely dominated. Although he exalted monarchy no one despised monarchs more heartily than did Bismarck. His sarcastic remark about having seen "three kings naked," his contempt for William I whom he considered more stupid than an ox, and his rancorous distrust of William II show the deep resentment of a born ruler of men "doomed to service," a "tragical figure of a genius enslaved."

Herr Ludwig devotes considerable space to Bismarck's break with the Kaiser, and he plainly intimates that the fall of Bismarck prepared the way for the downfall of the German Empire. He fully accepts the "Dropping the Pilot" legend, in spite of the fact that he shows clearly enough that it was impossible for anyone, having independent views, to work with one so dictatorial as Bismarck. Nothing in the latter's long political life became him less than his manner of leaving it. Always he had threatened to resign when matters did not please him, and always had the threat been sufficient to bring William I to his way of thinking. But William II had a mind of his own. When they disagreed and Bismarck offered his resignation, it was accepted. After Bismarck got over his surprise he became insensate with fury. During his retirement he secretly carried on a campaign against the Kaiser, inspiring newspaper attacks and malicious gossip.

Herr Ludwig's book is not primarily a history of the Bismarckian epoch but a diagnosis of the "tactics of a mighty intelligence." So personal is the author that the historical background often becomes dim, and even confused. Bismarck is revealed as a man who was little interested in ideas and movements but uncannily gifted with insight into men and affairs. The huge bulk, the hearty manner, and the rough humor of the Junker statesman were merely a façade behind which lurked a mind infinitely subtle and complex. It was Bismarck who discovered that, in diplomacy, even truth could be used as a means of deception. That mixture of "superman and artful dodger" had an unrivaled understanding of the statecraft of Europe and of the ways of its practitioners. So great was his mastery of the existing system that he could imagine no other; hence he contributed nothing to the progress of international relations.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"The Kid" and "Calamity"

The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid. By Pat F. Garrett. Edited by Maurice G. Fulton. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

> Oh, that finger of Billy the Kid,
> What a heap o' harm it did. . . .

WHEN Phil LeNoir—health to his gallant ashes!—wrote the rollicking ballad of "The Finger of Billy the Kid" he signified why two volumes and numerous essays treating of Billy should have been printed within the last year or two. The Kid was so popular that not long after his sudden death a showman throve by exhibiting what he claimed was his trigger finger. That was going on fifty years ago. Tourists today so seek the Kid's grave that citizens of New Mexico are talking of erecting a monument over it. If they do, the tourists will carry it off chip by chip as they have carried off Sam Bass's gravestone at Round Rock, Texas. Billy the Kid is better known than Sam Bass. He is far better liked than Wild Bill Hickok. He is the most famous bad man of the Old West. He bids fair to become one of America's immortals. His career has seized popular imagination, not because he killed more men than any other outlaw, though he killed his share, but because he had a winsome personality, because his fight against capture was extraordinarily spectacular, gay, gory, and desperate, and because at the age of twenty-one he stood forth as the central figure in a widespread defiance of law so bloody and prolonged that it came to be dignified as the Lincoln County War.

Lincoln County is in New Mexico. In 1881 Sheriff Pat Garrett of that county finally "got" the Kid. A year later he, with the help of a newspaper man, prepared a "faithful, interesting, and authentic" life of the "noted desperado" with whose name his own is now always linked. The biography was privately printed and promptly forgotten. Now Maurice G. Fulton, an instructor of English who writes textbooks, has pro-

vided this "Authentic Life" with an introduction and notes. It is a straightforward, honest tale, told without prejudice or heroicals. Even if one has read last year's successful "Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns, Charlie Siringo's intimate account of the same man, R. B. Townshend's delightful chapter in his "Tenderfoot in New Mexico," and Frederick Bechdolt's stirring Warriors of the Pecos in "Tales of the Old Timers," one will still find Mr. Fulton's refurbished "Authentic Life" fresh and informing.

Pat Garrett's point of view is old-fashioned. It is that of a man who has his eye merely on the subject of his biography and who writes as one man of another man. Not so is the point of view of Duncan Aikman. In "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" he has his eye on the audience, and he patronizes his subject sufficiently to meet the requirements of the most exacting snob of the Philip Guedalla school. He merely tosses up plain old Calamity Jane and the other "lady wildcats" for the amusement of the sophisticated 1920's. Where verbosity does not clog action and trickery does not trip itself up the tossing is adroit, and no doubt for those who know little of the subject the amusement will be sufficient.

Calamity Jane is one of the legendary figures of the West. There is a whole cycle of yarns, barely noted by Mr. Aikman, as to how she got her name Calamity. She was a gambler, wore breeches and a six-shooter, took her whiskey straight, and claimed to be an Indian scout. She was generous-hearted and she liked to be with men. Whether she was as omniverous in her carnal appetites as Mr. Aikman delights in suggesting I do not know. If so, physiologists should study her bones. She managed to get herself buried alongside Wild Bill Hickok. Chief among the other lady wildcats is Belle Starr, the most effective holdup woman of the West.

J. Frank Dobie

Books in Brief

The Last Post. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The concluding volume of a tetralogy in which Mr. Ford endeavors to depict the passing of the Tory mentality in England. The present book transfers the interest from Christopher Tietjens to his die-hard elder brother Mark; and makes a bad mess of it. Mark himself is so dull, so insanely attached to a whole set of outworn conventions, that his stream of consciousness ceases to be interesting. Mr. Ford struck his high point in "No More Parades"; he should not have been permitted to write "The Last Post," which, far from rounding off his work, will do much to destroy its validity.

Cups, Wands, and Swords. By Helen Simpson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A novel by a very talented young woman which in its general theme reminds one of Margaret Kennedy's latest book. Miss Simpson's group of modern Oxford undergraduates is credible and amusing; she has a Dickensian flair for the conversation of charwomen, vaudeville jugglers, and public-house keepers; but a curious mental perversion especially marked in the smart London of today leads her to ruin her book with a ridiculous framework of gipsy superstition and a climactic piece of parlor-trick clairvoyance which puts her in the same class with Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. If Miss Simpson outgrows her spooks her next novel will be well worth reading.

The New Decameron. Fifth volume. Brentano's. $2.
Prize Stories of 1927. O. Henry Memorial Award. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Neither of these short-story anthologies, one English, the other American, approaches in quality the two O'Brien collections for the year. "The New Decameron" contains unpublished tales by Michael Sadleir, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, Gerald Bullett, L. A. G. Strong, Naomi Royde-Smith, Evelyn Waugh, G. B. Stern, John Presland, Cicely Hamilton, and Ernest Betts. There is not a distinguished piece of work in the book, which one suspects was formed by including the less serious efforts of the authors. There is one redeeming quality about this English collection, however, and that is its complete lack of vulgarity. The shoddiness of original impulse which characterizes the O. Henry volume seems rooted in the American magazine product. The most vulgar story of the lot is Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's tale of the Jewish jazz singer who stopped being ashamed of his race and began to troll forth the Songs of Solomon in a Broadway night-club. It seems only fair to stigmatize this tale as the worst in the volume and quite probably the worst in the world. The collection is partly redeemed by its two prize-winning stories, Roark Bradford's Child of God and Ernest Hemingway's The Killers.

Show Window. By Elmer Davis. The John Day Company. $2.50.

Mr. Davis, although he is an essayist of some erudition and considerable common sense, has achieved a position which warrants this collection of his recent magazine articles chiefly because of his extraordinary success in irritating people. The Age of Impotence, we are told, has made the Futilitarians feel even more futile; Have Faith in Indiana, as Mr. Davis admits, displeased many Hoosiers; the Portrait of a Cleric enraged the admirers of Bishop Manning—there are some. So it goes. As for the reviewer, he was irritated by Mr. Davis's assumption that it is evidence of practically unique independence and intelligence to disagree with Mr. H. L. Mencken.

Music

New Developments

It was a happy chance that led the Compinsky Trio, the Musical Art, and the Marianne Kneisel Quartets to give their respective concerts within the same week and so bring home with cumulative force their collective significance. This significance is youth, which, in this particular instance, is more vital than the greatest virtuosity, although the two quartets in question are not without musical distinction. The Musical Art, for instance, stands out for its rich unanimity of tone, thanks to the princely loan by Felix M. Warburg of a marvelous quartet of Strads; while the other four have the advantage of Franz Kneisel's daughter in leadership and name. These are not the things, however, that make these organizations more important just now than a Pro Arte Quartet or an Elshuco Trio, but the simple fact that here are three groups of graduate students of both sexes choosing one of the most exacting and least material of the arts. In doing so they are deliberately rejecting all short cuts to fame and fortune, for chamber music demands the highest qualities of patience, self-abnegation, and musicianship and offers no fabulous rewards. A good living, the joy of pure music, the gratitude and respect of fellow music lovers—these are the fullest returns its devotees can hope for. Surely, then, we can claim another musical milestone when we find our youth turning to such antidotes of sensationalism.

That it is a definite and progressive movement one can no longer doubt. For one thing, it was carefully and thoroughly started by that master of ensemble and father of chamber music in this country—Franz Kneisel. Not only are the quartets already mentioned almost entirely the result of his individual training, but also another one of its kind, the Helen Teschner-Tas Quartet; while there is probably not an orchestra in the country that does not include one or more of his tutelage. For another thing, institutions like that of the Curtis have followed the example of the Musical Art by having another great ensemble player, Louis Bailly, one of the original Flonzaleys, to teach this difficult craft. And the movement itself has even

spread among other instruments, such as the harp, in which one of its masters, Carlos Salzédo, has already trained two distinguished ensembles, the Septet which bears his name and the Lucille Lawrence Harp Quintet.

What the results of this movement will be we can only yet surmise. We know that it is already opening up a new and valuable field for the young instrumentalists who can as yet find no place in symphony orchestras, and that it is offering opportunities of ensemble training to the sex that our symphony orchestras still bar. For the present, however, we may well be content with the fact that through this movement of youth chamber music is at last becoming a practical reality in our daily life. Hitherto it has been more or less of a decoration.

Just when the musician seems to have reached a deadlock, along comes the physicist to help him out. Professor Léon Théremin, the Russian scientist, has just captured by a mere wave of the hand, as it were, the "music of the spheres," and with it all the quarter tones and harmonics, dynamics and sonorities, and even synchronizations with color and movement that have been occupying the dreams of musical experimentalists since the war. His little electrical coffer with its vertical and round antennae is apparently no Pandora's box of troubles, for it responds to the professor's coaxing hands with the most celestial tones of what seems to be in one instance a glorified violin, viola, or 'cello, and in another a superhuman voice. What is more important, however, is that he has indicated the mechanical "music of the future" (of which so much has been prophesied) not as the soulless product of machines but as the most intimate personal expression unhampered by material limitations. One can again take hope!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

"Strange Interlude"

NO play of recent years has aroused so much preliminary speculation as has Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" (John Golden Theater). Rumors of its odd method and its extraordinary length contributed no less than the fame of its author to make "news" of the coming production, and there was not, I fancy, a single commentator on things theatrical who did not await the fatal afternoon (for the play begins at five-fifteen) more tensely than a hardened observer is permitted to confess. Each knew that he would be expected to have a decided opinion and each was balanced between two fears—the fear lest he be hynotized into believing himself more impressed than he really was and the opposite fear lest he lean over backward into mere insensibility. Between the devil and the deep sea. Which should he choose—the risk of going down to posterity as a soft-headed fool or the worse risk of being reminded some ten years later that he had greeted a masterpiece with wise-cracks popping like thorns under a pot? He must, unaided, trust the adequacy of his perceptions and, taking his courage in his hands, pronounce an unequivocal opinion. "Strange Interlude" had unwound its five-hour length. What of it?

For a long time to come critics will be busy with their reconsiderations and their second thoughts. There will be a time for interpretations of the theme and analyses of the characters; but for the moment what those who have not yet gone to the John Golden want is a vigorous "aye" or an equally vigorous "nay"; and there can be no doubt, I think, that the "ayes" must ultimately have it. Nor is it to be forgot that this must mean infinitely more than it would mean in the case of any mere everyday dramatic production, for extraordinary things can receive only extraordinary justifications. Not only must Mr. O'Neill justify his taking a very unusual amount of our time but he must also justify his very unusual disregard of the conventions of dramatic writing. No play has, so to speak, a right to consist of nine long acts in which the dialogue is continually interspersed with speeches representing the unspoken thoughts of the characters—to be written, that is to say, as no play was ever written before—unless it justifies the liberties which it takes by giving us in return something which no play ever gave before. Yet "Strange Interlude" survives even this very hard test. It does give something—some depth, some solidity—which no play has ever had, and its strange method does make possible a kind of virtue new to dramatic art.

The drama has always seemed the form of expression best suited to an heroic age and the novel the form best suited to a complex and baffled one, since a certain simplicity of presentation has been inseparable from playwriting. The production of a play has implied both a story elementary enough to be recounted almost in the form of an anecdote and a view of human life uncomplicated enough to be presented almost without shadings. While the modern mind has found itself unable to express its reactions without the infinite qualifications and the subtle half-thoughts which its most characteristic literary form makes possible and while, in the hands of its masters—the Dostoevskis and the Prousts—only the things not quite sayable have seemed any longer worth saying, the stage has seemed destined to remain, perforce, content with simple outlines. It has been, in short, a place where only major chords could be struck even though existing in an age which had lost the power to be moved by any but the subtlest and most difficult harmonies. It knew best the language which stirs the blood of confident and thoroughly integrated people, it could remember how it had swayed passions of unified societies like those of Periclean Athens or Elizabethan England; but it had remained, as even those of us who study it most closely must admit, far less capable than the novel of speaking to baffled and divided spirits.

What Mr. O'Neill has done, then, is to take a story which is not only longer than the ordinary story of a play but one which invites, or rather demands, that brooding subtlety of treatment impossible in the ordinary dramatic form, and he has made out of it something which not only holds every one of our faculties employed but remains, like one of the greatest modern novels, to tease the mind with the sense that there will be, for a long time to come, new discoveries to be made in the memory of its labyrinthine passages. Without the many innovations of his method this particular story could not be told, these particular effects could not be obtained upon the stage, and he has, therefore, conquered a new province for the theater. He is, for example, the first to dare to make full use in the drama of that introspection without which it would be impossible to imagine the existence of a large part of modern literature, and he is the first to employ there our newly won knowledge of the unconscious, not in such a way as to make it the foundation of a highly simplified pattern like that of "The Silver Cord" or "Hidden," but in such a way as to make it cast over all the events that uncertain, flickering light which it sheds in the life around us. Yet no enumeration of such specific or detailed originalities will serve adequately to indicate the originalities of the play, and it can only be said, as it was said before, that "Strange Interlude" conquers a new province for the theater. In the past our dramatists have been lazily content to say that most of the things which gave modern literature its excuse for being were "not suited to the stage." Mr. O'Neill has succeeded in making them dramatic.

I hope to return again to this production and to say something both of the wholly admirable work of the chief performers—Lynn Fontanne, Glenn Anders, Earle Larimore, and Tom Powers—and more especially of the magnificent work of the director, Philip Moeller, who created a style to fit the drama. "Strange Interlude" is Mr. O'Neill's best play and it has received by far the best—the "rightest"—production which his plays have ever received.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Rumanian Riots—Made to Order

By EMERY DERI

SEVERAL weeks ago American newspapers printed a few hazy and confused dispatches about the violent anti-Jewish riots that had occurred in Rumania on the occasion of a student congress held in the city of Oradea Mare, one of the most important cultural centers in the redeemed Transylvanian province. Not even the habitual readers of the cable page, well trained in deciphering cryptic messages, could make much of these fragmentary narratives, which were, for the most part, dated from places outside of Rumania and were evidently based on second- and third-hand information. They played up the only American angle of the story—the beating administered to an American citizen, Captain Keller—and displayed satisfaction with the Rumanian Government, which hastily agreed to pay $15,000 damages to the thrashed American; apart from this the American public was left in doubt as to the real nature and the causes of the riots. However, M. Cretzianu, Rumania's able envoy to Washington, in a statement which may be called a masterpiece of Balkan diplomacy, explained everything that had been left unexplained in the cables of American newspaper correspondents. Though M. Cretzianu found the devastation of synagogues and the attacking of Jewish citizens deplorable, he ascribed these excesses mostly to the youthful exuberance of the students, absolved the Government of responsibility, and predicted that punishment would swiftly be meted out to the culprits, closing his statement with a mild threat to the effect that an exaggerated treatment of the affair in the American press would not serve the cause of the Jews in Rumania.

For lack of reliable information, the American public swallowed this statement. Had the Rumanian censorship been more efficient in detecting leakages in its system, the whole affair of the recent Rumanian pogroms would by now have sunk into oblivion. Unfortunately for M. Cretzianu, however, even the news-suppressing machine of his Government seems to be in need of reorganization. For it has, though unwittingly, allowed to pass into foreign countries documents telling the true story of what happened to the unfortunate national minorities of Rumania—Jews, Hungarians, Germans—during those days when Rumanian students were permitted to give vent to their youthful exuberance. Fugitives from Transylvania brought with them the testimony of eye-witnesses, excerpts from speeches of opposition Deputies and Senators, and copies of Rumanian newspapers which otherwise would never have found their way across the border. These documents give a picture of the Rumanian "riots" entirely different from that of M. Cretzianu and infinitely more illuminating than the hazy and mutilated cables of American newspapermen.

There were no anti-Jewish "riots" in Rumania. What happened in the first and second weeks of December in Transylvania was a country-wide bloody pogrom directed against the national minorities, organized by responsible government officials, supported by the Government, aided by the army and the police, planned, prepared, executed, and finally hushed up and camouflaged by the governmental machine of M. Vintila Bratianu. It was a pogrom made to order and executed in the classic Russian style of the Czarist regime, with the same purpose of distracting the attention of the masses from the paramount political issues and of dealing a blow to the seething and embittered national minorities. It was carried out according to a preconceived scheme planned to the minutest detail.

The political situation of Rumania, chaotic and disorganized since the spectacular resignation of Crown Prince Carol, became tense in November when Ionel Bratianu, the country's virtual dictator, died. The family rule of the Bratianu dynasty, the questions of the throne and the regency, the land problem, and the reform of the corrupt administrative system suddenly loomed ominously on the political horizon. The redeemed provinces, where a cruel and corrupt feudal system had introduced new methods of racial and religious persecution, were seething with excitement. The separatistic movement in Transylvania grew threateningly strong and its champions joined forces with the Carolists. As recently as November the situation was ripe for a dramatic surprise; and well-informed Transylvanian circles in America—particularly Germans—openly discussed the various possibilities and pledged financial support to the emissaries of their suppressed coracialists. These emissaries also reported the efforts of the Rumanian Government artificially to infect Transylvania with the bacilli of militant anti-Semitism. To manufacture a "Jewish question" in Transylvania, where religious tolerance is rooted in centuries-old tradition, seemed to be the simplest way to divert attention from the real issues. Anti-Semitic agitators, sent especially from the "Regat"—Rumania proper—appeared in the large Transylvanian cities and made futile efforts to prepare the ground for what was about to come.

Then came the announcement of the Rumanian students' organization that the next students' congress would be held in Oradea Mare, a city with an overwhelmingly Hungarian population. It is unusual to hold this congress in a city so far away from the centers of Rumanian culture, but apparently the Government approved the choice, because it obligingly placed a special train at the disposal of the students and, according to the written statement of M. Lorin Popescu, leader of the organization, it gave 100,000 *leu* to cover organization expenses. The task of organizing the congress was placed in the hands of General Mosoiu, a man closely connected with the Bratianu Government. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police in the various Transylvanian cities received special instructions a week before the congress to the effect that they should not interfere with the doings of the students. These instructions were given personally by Minister Tatarescu, who was one of the chief organizers of the affair.

The students' train left Bucharest with 5,000 men, led by the notorious anti-Semitic leader Danulescu. Hardly had the train crossed the borders of pre-war Rumanian territory when the overtures of the pogrom commenced. On the stations where the train stopped the students attacked and beat defenseless Jews, cut off their beards, and ransacked

stores. According to the newspaper *Lupta* scenes like this took place in Kishenew and Salnici, while in Kronstadt the students stormed the railroad restaurant, beat the proprietor and the waiters, attacked and ill-treated many Germans, and continued their way to Banffyhunyad, where they sacked the business section of the town.

After these preliminaries the congress in Oradea Mare began. During the first forenoon session nothing particular happened, except that the students received a special issue of the college paper *Cuvantul Studentesc*, which contained an editorial to the effect that the students should defend the cause of Rumanian culture even, if it be necessary, at the cost of force and violence. The manifesto apparently had its effect: a few hours later the students set out to "defend" themselves against the editor of two Hungarian dailies in Oradea Mare, Dr. Adolf Sonnenfeld, who went to cover the congress himself and was attacked and beaten by the students as a "spy of the Hungarians and Jews." An hour later his lifeless body was thrown out to the street. The unfortunate man was stabbed to death. The same evening armed students visited the editorial offices of all the newspapers, telling the editors that they were not permitted to print anything about the congress; and that if they did they would share the fate of Sonnenfeld.

On the following day—it was Sunday—student leaders distributed printed circulars among the students. The circular opened with the words: "The hour for action has struck . . . ," and was signed by Professor Calinianu, known as a supporter of the Bratianu Government. Immediately the pogrom began and raged for days in the dazed and terrified city, trembling under the reign of bloody terror. First the onslaught was directed against the Jews. The three synagogues of the city were devastated, invaluable religious relics and ancient books were thrown into the mud of the streets, and practically all the stores were looted. On the third day three men were murdered and the number of seriously wounded had jumped to sixty-five.

According to Deputy Madgearu, who described the events in Oradea Mare in a speech in Parliament—which, however, was printed only in part by the Bucharest papers—the streets looked as if they had been ravaged by a hostile army. The students were led by the chief of police, M. Bunescu, while M. Egri, the mayor of Oradea Mare, gave a banquet in honor of the pogrom leaders. The house of the mayor stands opposite one of the synagogues and M. Egri and his guests witnessed from the balcony the looting and ransacking of the building and the killing of a man named Joseph Katz. The police did not raise a finger against the students. They did, however, arrest 300 organized laborers, workers in the leather factory of Hartmann Brothers, who had armed themselves with iron rods awaiting a possible attack on the factory. The charge against them was treason and conspiracy. One victim, the owner of a first-class hotel, M. Veiszlovits, who had been beaten senseless and had stabbed two of his attackers in self-defense in the course of the struggle, was also placed under arrest; while his attackers went scot-free, the police placed armed gendarmes before his room in the hospital, where he lay between life and death.

All outside communication from and to Oradea Mare was suspended during the pogrom. There was no telegraph, no telephone, no possibility of asking for outside help. Still, Minister Tatarescu was able to communicate

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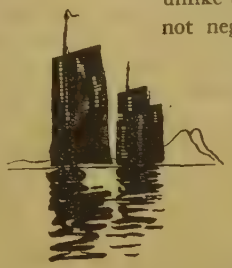

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from Cluj with Chief of Police Bunescu on the third day of the riots and reported to Bucharest that nothing serious had happened and that there was no reason why the congress should be closed. His order to M. Bunescu was: "Everything is all right, the thing can go on." And "the thing" went on with unabated fury. It now turned against the Hungarians and ended with the devastation of all Hungarian stores, printing plants, and newspapers and with the murder of a second newspaperman, the unfortunate Andreas Fleischer.

At last the special train was ready to leave and the students boarded the vehicle which was to carry them to new and untouched territories. It took the train four days to carry its load of hooligans to Bucharest, because it had to stop in every large city, where it waited while the students did their bloody work. There was practically no city en route which was not looted by the students. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police were everywhere prepared to receive the pogromists. They showed them around, pointing out stores owned by Jews, Hungarians, or Germans. The chief of police in Cluj, according to the Rumanian newspaper *Dimineata,* incited the hooligans to acts of violence with the result that here again they left one dead and twenty-three wounded on the streets. In Targul-Ocna the mayor of the city participated in the riots. In Timisaora the same looting and beating were repeated, with the result that the rioters caused a damage of 40,000,000 *leu* within a few hours. Only one city escaped this fate: the city of Szatmar, which paid 400,000 *leu* into the hands of the student leaders.

How has the Rumanian Government dealt with the perpetrators of these "riots," the 4,300 men and 700 women who killed six men and wounded more than a hundred, and who robbed and looted the towns of Transylvania? What has been the punishment meted out to these "defenders of Rumanian culture"? The Rumanian Government announced that 280 students were arrested on their return to Bucharest. This is true. The statement, however, failed to add that out of these 280, 222 were released twenty-four hours later. Or that thirty-three were released ten days later, while the semi-official newspaper *Vittorul* asserted that the others would be freed within a short time. The charges against the arrested men were "theft" and "misdemeanor." What may be expected from the cases which come to court has been indicated by the trial of the student Ionel Bordianu, who severely wounded three persons in Cluj. The trial was held in Jassy and ended in the acquittal of the defendant, who asserted that he acted in self-defense.

The Government also promised a wholesale discharge of police chiefs. Up to the present time three of them have, in fact, been discharged, but the Government has refrained from prosecuting them and plans no special measures against the official promoters of the pogroms. In deference to public opinion in foreign countries, the Government has also announced that Minister Tatarescu has handed in his resignation. A week after the publication of the official communiqué, however, the newspaper *Cuvantul* announced that this same Tatarescu was slated for a very important diplomatic position and that his appointment would soon be published.

Thus there remains only one thing for the Rumanian Government to settle: the question of damages and indemnity. Fortunately, the makers of the Rumanian constitution displayed a miraculous foresight by adopting a statute apparently made for such occasions. It says that if damages are caused by persons who are residents of another city and if the identity of the offenders cannot be definitely established, then the damages shall be paid by the city which is the residence of the persons causing the damages. This means, in other words, that the residents of Transylvanian cities have to establish from which particular cities the rioters came—those particular rioters who looted their shops and their synagogues and murdered and wounded their citizens.

Thus the comedy comes to an harmonious end. When M. Vintila Bratianu next dines with the honorable General Mosoiu they will have a good time recalling their splendid coup, by which they so cleverly diverted public attention from burning political issues. Who cares now for the Carolist movement or even the catastrophic financial situation of the country, though the official rate of interest is no less than 18 per cent in the domain of the Bratianus? The students, too, will be proud of the way in which they demonstrated the superiority of Rumanian culture to that of the former Hungarian territories. As for the national minorities, they will doubtless be clever enough not to bring their troubles before the League of Nations. They can never be sure where the next student congress will be held.

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With Sandino in Nicaragua

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Five weeks ago *The Nation* cabled Mr. Beals, then in Mexico City, to go after this story. He started at once, traveling overland through Guatemala and San Salvador to Honduras. He got into Nicaragua on horseback from Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras, about two weeks ago.

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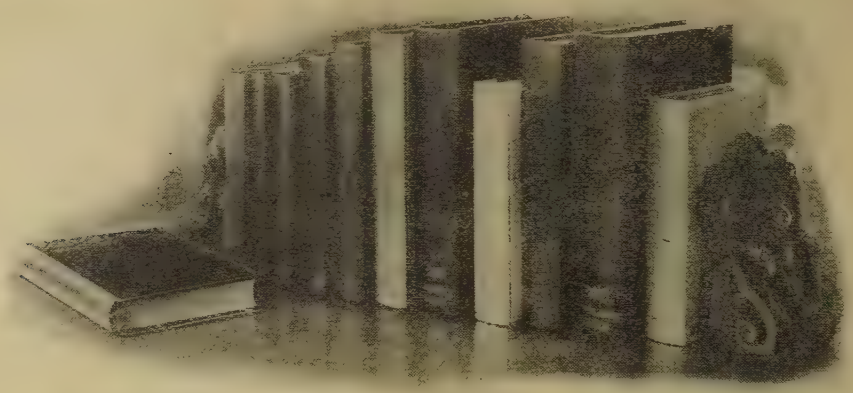

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The Case of Anastasia, *by John R. Colter*

The Nation

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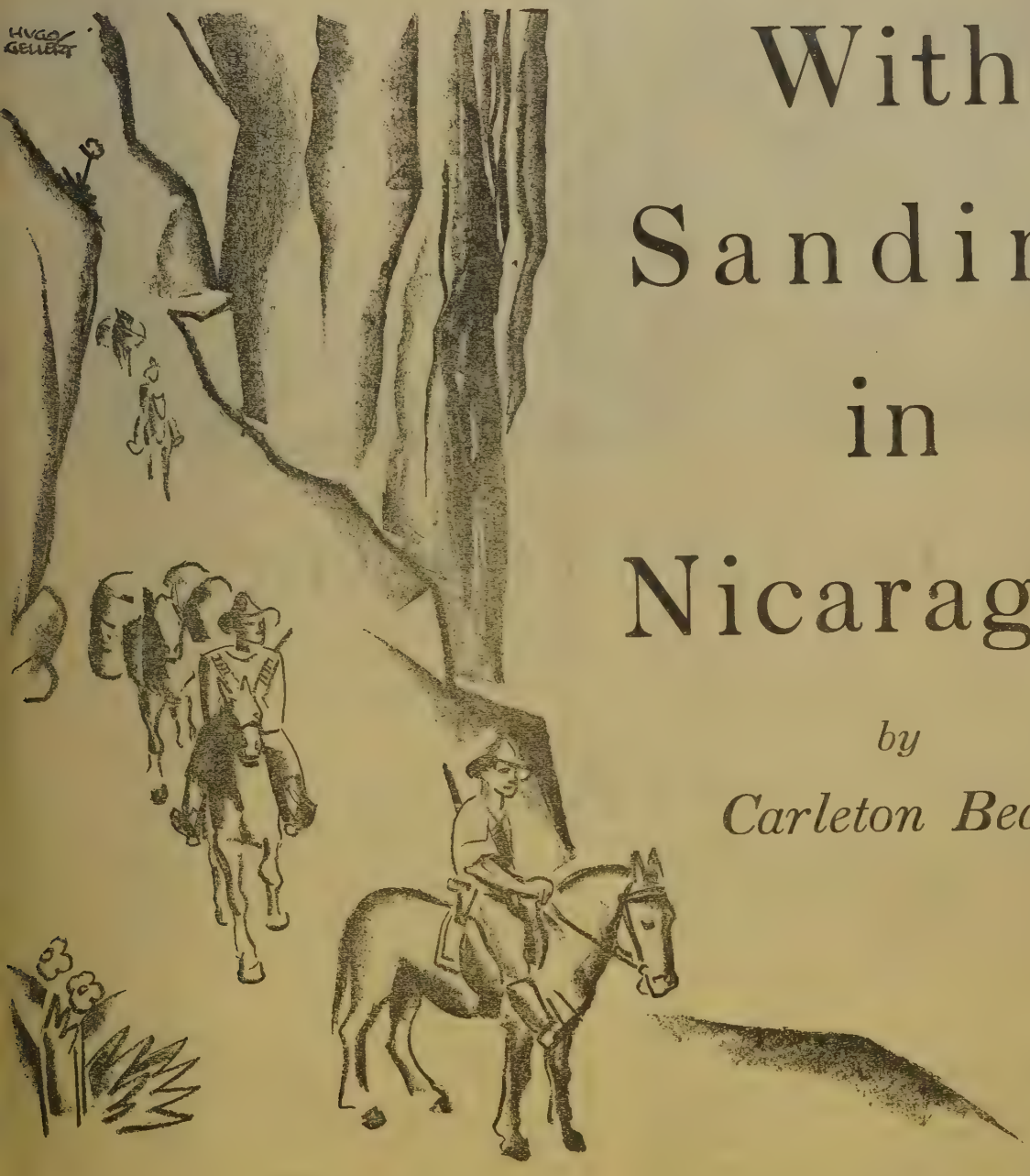

With Sandino in Nicaragua

by

Carleton Beals

Fifteen Cents a Copy Five Dollars a Year

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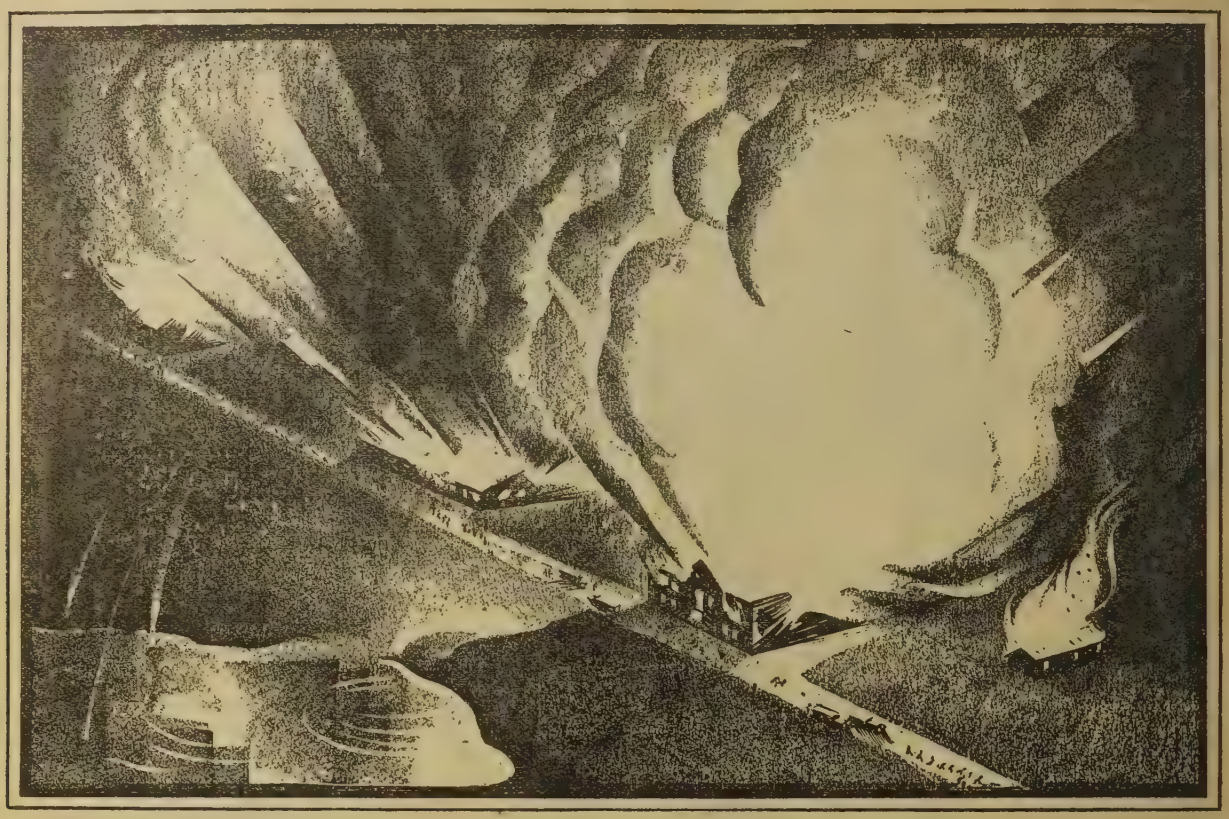

The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In July, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed. In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

The Nation

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Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1928 No. 3268

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MR. HOOVER'S HAT IS IN THE RING. He chooses to run—in the State of Ohio first, and his platform reads as follows:

> If the greatest trust which can be given by our people should come to me, I should consider it my duty to carry forward the principles of the Republican Party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies—all of which have brought to our country such a high degree of happiness, progress, and security.

Reformers and Progressives will please take notice. Mr. Hoover thereby stands for Coolidgeism in Nicaragua and Mexico, indorses the big fleet which threatens war with England, approves Mr. Coolidge's government by, for, and with Big Business. Now, let anybody support Hoover who will, but let no Progressive tell us that this candidate is anything else than a standpatter of the standpatters, who if elected will be a super-efficient Coolidge. Indeed this man is a candidate. Here is his letter to the Republican Club in New York on Lincoln's Birthday. Could there be anything more characteristic of the professional vote-getting politician?

> I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend the Lincoln dinner at the club this year. Lincoln Day is peculiarly appropriate for revival of devotion to the party and its true purposes, and party organization is a fundamental part of our whole machinery of democracy. Obviously it is only through such organization that our people can express their will in government. It is these higher purposes of the party which our Lincoln Day meetings so exemplify.
>
> This day is even more importantly dedicated to the immortal Lincoln that we may revive our memories and ideals from the inspiration of his character and his service. His were the foundations of the Republican Party, and it is our duty to build upon and maintain that structure which has proved itself the only safe guide and administrator of our republic.

And this was the man who in 1920 was in doubt as to whether to run for the Presidency on the Republican or Democratic ticket!

AGAINST MR. HOOVER the familiar favorite-son game is now well under way. Senator Willis, of Ohio, is still seeking to obtain the Ohio delegation in the face of the determined efforts of a group in Cincinnati, headed by the sons of ex-President Taft, to carry the State for Hoover. In Indiana Senator "Jim" Watson, than whom there could scarcely be a more unfit candidate for the Presidency, has thrown his hat into the ring, while Senator Curtis of Kansas is holding the delegation from that State in the hollow of his hand. Washington is full of rumors as to what the White House is or is not going to do. Last week it was current report that the Pennsylvania powers that be, which means Andrew Mellon, had decided to declare against Mr. Hoover. Should that be the case the Hoover candidacy is hopeless. Meanwhile there is a movement on foot to get some Southern delegates for him. As for his relations to the President, it is again announced that he will not retire from the Cabinet "at present." The Senate has recorded itself against a third term for the President, a most desirable gesture for which Senator La Follette is to be thanked, and thus has indicated again how completely Mr. Coolidge has lost control of that body. By every indication the pre-convention campaign is now well under way, with Al Smith getting stronger every day on the Democratic side.

MUCH LIGHT on the kind of progressive and reformer Herbert Hoover now is appears from the names of the men the Secretary of Commerce has chosen to join his board of management for his candidacy. They are John T. Adams, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and George B. Lockwood, its former Secretary. These are the two men who, at the outset of the oil inquiry, sent one Blair Coan to Montana to frame up a case against Senator Wheeler of that State when the Senator was exposing Attorney General Harry Daugherty, with the result that Senator Wheeler was so unjustly indicted. Adams is an employer whose factory discharges any man who dares to join a union, a thorough reactionary. He is also a bitter foe of the League of Nations and the World Court. Mr. Lockwood is the man who sent out reams of publicity denouncing the inquiries into the oil scandals and asking whether the prisons were to be emptied of their occupants in order to besmirch such good and true and honest Americans as

Albert Fall, Charles Denby, and Harry Daugherty. Mr. Hoover has changed since, entering the Cabinet of Mr. Harding and consorting with the Ohio gang, he began, by his silence, to approve its stupidities and its crimes.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has done the straightforward and honorable thing in appearing before the Nye Investigating Committee and telling all he knows. His letters to the committee in regard to the recalcitrancy, as a witness, of the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil of Indiana, Colonel Robert W. Stewart, were excellent, and his suggestion that the stockholders of the company take prompt action with a view to considering the resignation of Mr. Stewart entirely praiseworthy. Nobody could have made a better appearance on the witness stand than he did. But we cannot understand the failure of the University of Chicago and the Rockefeller Foundation to call Mr. Stewart to account. On February 2 the president of the company, Edward G. Seubert, in response to a question, declared that the University and the Foundation and a group of the employees of the company whose interests are represented by a trust were among the largest stockholders. We have heard a great deal of late about the moral responsibilities of stockholders and the inability of the average small stockholder to make his wishes felt. But here is a chance for two great philanthropic undertakings, beyond suspicion of littleness or of being guided by unworthy motives, to insist that the officials of the company by whose earnings they profit so greatly tell the truth about the transactions of the Continental Trading Company and cease defying the Senate of the United States and justice itself. They should help to find out just what became of the $3,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in which the fly-by-night Continental Trading Company dealt. We look to see these organizations act. Meanwhile, the tracing of some of these bonds to the Republican campaign fund to wipe out the Harding deficit is what was expected. The oil deal began the day Harding was nominated, and all the besmirched politicians have not yet been unveiled.

TO THE LIST OF LEGISLATORS who have visited the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania one can now add the names of Congressman F. H. La Guardia of New York and Senator Burton K. Wheeler. Like other visitors they have been appalled at the illegal dictatorship in the districts where 100,000 miners have been starving and striking since April. In his telegram to Senator Hiram Johnson, Mr. La Guardia says:

> The brutality of private police of mine owners and utter disregard of law is shocking and amazing. The poor, unhappy, miserable strike-breakers are veritable prisoners; they are not only exploited but are being debauched and depraved by their employers.
>
> A crew of these strike-breakers crazed with hootch were armed with shotguns yesterday and told to shoot into the barracks where the families of the miners are living. They even deliberately shot into the school while it was in session.

It is to be regretted that all this splendid indignation ends only in an appeal for an investigation. We have on record the thorough and intelligent study of the coal situation made in 1922 by the Hammond Commission. The important suggestions submitted by that commission still await Congressional action. Why not proceed to act upon them?

THE BATTLE OF HAVANA continues its courteous course. The Argentines brought up the old Calvo Doctrine, according to which foreigners investing in a country have a right to the same protection as the nationals of that country, but may not lay claim to more. Mexico, Salvador, and Ecuador were in agreement. But Mr. Hughes continues his steady, smiling insistence upon our right to intervene—which, at Havana, is expressed in pious words proclaiming that nations have duties as well as rights. This is supposed to imply that big nations have a right to force small nations to live up to their "duties," as understood by the big. Mr. Hughes, of course, will never agree to the declaration of the Rio jurists that nations must not intervene in the internal affairs of other nations; and if and when a report comes from Havana that the conference has reached agreement it can only be because some verbal genius has found a form of words sufficiently cloudy to permit of divergent interpretations satisfactory to everyone. Meanwhile, the chief of the Argentine delegation has loudly declared that he will sign no convention for the Pan-American Union which does not include expression of a pious hope that the American nations will level any economic barriers which may exist between them. He referred to the American tariff, and Mr. Hughes was opposed to even such a modest expression of aspiration. The tropical countries, of course, do not care a hoot about the American tariff, and Mr. Pueyrredon was left alone. But the tariff is the football of politics in Argentina as in some other countries; Mr. Pueyrredon is a candidate for the Presidency; and perhaps, after all, his words will not have been in vain.

CANADA HAS MOVED into first place in the foreign trade of the United States, displacing the United Kingdom, which must have handled the lion's share of our foreign trade every year since the republic was founded. Now Canada, buying $835,878,090 worth of goods from us in 1927 (as compared with Britain's $840,066,096) and selling us goods to a value of $475,077,348 (compared with Britain's $357,929,937), has taken the lead. Canada's importance is still more striking if considered in proportion to her population—hardly a quarter that of the British Isles. Europe has lost its pre-war preeminence in American commerce. Consistently in the last decade we have imported more from Canada than from any other country in the world. Japan ranks second, and in 1926, when the price of rubber was high, British Malaysia stood third and Great Britain fourth. Cuba takes fifth place, ahead of any European country except England. In 1926, indeed, we imported more from Asia than from all Europe; in 1927, due to the drop in the money value of imports from the rubber countries, Europe forged ahead again. And Europe is still overwhelmingly our chief export market. Latin America, for all its growing market, still takes from us less than a fifth the value of our exports to Europe.

KALEIDOSCOPIC as the surface currents of Chinese politics are, they are easier to follow than the subterranean movements. Chiang Kai-shek has not only emerged from retirement; he has accepted the post of generalissimo of the Nationalist Government at Nanking, and his brother-in-law, the competent T. V. Soong, has taken charge of Nanking's finances. Both men are able and sincerely devoted to

China, and the Powers seem disposed to give them a measure of recognition. But it was in part at least Chiang's personal ambition which wrecked the promise of civilian government last spring, and it is doubtful whether any one man can bring China out of chaos. The local generals of National affiliations pay Chiang a doubtful loyalty. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is staging another of his perennial comebacks in the Northwest, and he has certainly never been known to be loyal to anyone but himself. Another center of semi-independence is forming again at Hankow, the "Pittsburgh of China," up the Yangtze River. And Canton, where all good revolutions begin, has been through hellfire. A pale pink Nationalist general was ousted by a general considered "red"; and an uprising of local labor and peasant organizations, called "Communist," ousted the "red." For a week Canton was a shambles. Then Lei Fook-lum shelled the city from his island principality, executed some hundreds of "Communists," and restored the pale pink Li Chai-sum. Lei is an ex-bandit who has shown a talent for politics and government, keeping control of the rich island Honam for a decade. In the hinterland of Canton Province the peasant unions seem to be in constant turmoil. This is a movement to be watched. It is erratic, bloody, and tumultuous; but it may mark the development of a significant class revolt against the allied forces of landlordism and militarism.

KWEICHOW IS THE LEAST ACCESSIBLE of Chinese provinces. No railroad touches it; the great rivers take another course. In its remote fastnesses linger tribes which are the remnants of the aboriginal people driven out of the rest of China millenniums ago. And in Kweichow they are building automobile roads! Oliver Todd, an American engineer associated with the China International Famine Relief Commission, tells the story in the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai). He made a preliminary survey in December, 1926; and the governor said that within a year he would have eight miles of macadamized road outside the capital, and would have graded another 200 miles. Todd took the governor's promises as old China hands take such tuchun's words. But when, in August, 1927, he returned, riding horseback for three weeks over narrow trails, up and down steep slopes with long flights of ancient stone steps, the governor met him eight miles outside the capital at the end of the new macadamized road, in a seven-passenger automobile. There was no road to Kweichow over which that automobile could possibly have been driven. It had come from Canton, a fifty-day journey, in parts—and for days the pieces of that solitary Kweichow automobile had been lugged over the mountains on the backs of human coolies! Incidentally, the governor has ordered sixteen more cars brought over the mountains, for he expects his 200-mile road soon to be completed.

WE PRINT ELSEWHERE in this issue a warm defense of the claims of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky to be the daughter of the last Russian Czar. Whether the almost incredible story of her escape—printed at various times in the daily press—is true or not, we are interested in the record which Mr. Colter presents of her experiences during the eight years since she was fished out of the Landwehr Canal in Berlin. The investigations, the dramatic meetings with members of the Romanoff family, the backfires and attempts at exposure set afoot by interested relatives, the hints of political scandal and financial self-interest behind the treatment of this ill and unhappy young woman combine to make a story of unusual historic and romantic value. If Anastasia is a demented Polish peasant instead of being a Russian Grand Duchess, the interest of the situation is no less. Since we have no fear that a resurrected Romanoff will again ascend the throne of Nicholas in Leningrad, we can approach the controversy without discomfort. We hope that Anastasia's visit to the United States will result in new efforts to determine her identity.

What happens to a goat after it is seven years old?

What kind of umbrella is the King of England carrying when it rains?

What do you call a child who has eaten its mother and father?

It is eight years old.

A wet umbrella.

An orphan.

PERSONS NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH to answer these questions correctly should be classed as mentally deficient. At least that is the opinion of the psychologists who have devised "intelligence" tests for immigrants. The above quibbles, and more like them, such as "What is the difference between a Polish and an American horse?" have been applied—in order, of course, to comply with the limitations set by the quota laws—to Polish-Jews seeking American citizenship. In many other cases applicants for admission to the land of the free have gone down before the absurdities of trick questions. Our attention has just been called to the case of Mrs. Mary Lackwood of Reading, Pennsylvania, who, having married in 1914 a native of Italy, automatically lost her citizenship. Her husband became a citizen by naturalization in 1925; but when the wife recently applied for citizenship, she was turned down because she could not answer the question "What is the name of the highest law in the country?" On such a question nine out of ten intelligent and worthy citizens might fail. The examiners, sadly enough, are permitted to formulate their own questions. It is a pity that the examiners—and other similar officials—are not required to answer such test questions as a qualification for their official positions.

THE NATION RECORDS with great regret the death of William Elliot Griffis in the fulness of years during a winter sojourn in Florida. For many years an authority on things Japanese, Dr. Griffis was during a large portion of that period one of the most valued reviewers and contributors to this journal. The first, if not the only, American to live in the interior of Japan during feudal days, he helped to lay the foundations of the existing Japanese school system. It was by the accident of his becoming a tutor at Rutgers College to the first two Japanese students in America that his interest was drawn to things Japanese. From that time on there was no more ardent friend of Japan in America, and for many years none better informed as to all happenings in that country. Fortunately, it was given to him to return in 1926 to Japan, after an absence of fifty years, and to see for himself the extraordinary progress made by the Mikado's kingdom during that half century. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing in his long life dimmed his admiration and affection for the Japanese people, to whom he was so useful and so valued a missionary.

The World Talks Peace

PEOPLE are talking peace. Statesmen, churchmen, educators, editors join in a swelling chorus. "War with the United States is unthinkable," says Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, apparently in reply to Admiral Plunkett's damnable New York speech. Whereupon the British House of Commons cheered. M. Briand, Foreign Minister of France, is ready to outlaw war, and Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador to the United States, boldly declared when signing the Franco-American arbitration treaty, that " 'Outlawry of war' is one of those well-coined words which not only have a striking meaning but a working power, one of those words which have a great future because they are cautioned by a glorious past." The German Government has drawn up for a Prague conference its suggestions of methods looking to the abolition of war. Our own Government has declared its readiness to outlaw the submarine and dispatches from London indicate that the British Government favors the suggestion.

The big-navy plan for a moment obscured the peace talk in this country, but the jingo program is not going through without a fight. The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches; the Rev. William P. Merrill, president of the Church Peace Union; and George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in President Taft's Cabinet, have signed a circular telegram urging the churches to help in rousing the country against the big naval program which, as they say, "seriously jeopardizes" the whole world movement for peace. The National Council of the Episcopal Church calls the pending naval bill a "menace," and Methodists, Congregationalists, Quakers, and others have spoken as bravely. An Emergency Committee on the Big Navy Bill has been formed in Boston, and its letterhead bears the names of the cream of New England. In the South the Richmond *News-Leader* says the bill is "nothing less than an invitation to war." Senator Borah from the West calls it "sheer madness." The voice of peace has not been drowned out; the House Committee will probably rewrite Secretary Wilbur's swollen navy bill.

The Washington Government is plainly awake to the necessity of taking some action looking toward peace. Its submarine suggestion looked in that direction, and the elaborate publicity with which it surrounded the signing of the pitiful little arbitration pact with France indicates that it feels the pulse of the country, and knows that its big-navy program will do it no good unless it takes counteracting steps toward peace. Now, it was well to renew the Root and Bryan arbitration treaties, but the country knows that they have not been strengthened. The new treaty establishes no safeguards of peace which were not in existence before the World War swept down upon an overarmed world.

Article I of the treaty signed with France on February 6 agrees that all disputes, "of whatever nature," shall, if diplomacy and arbitration fail, be submitted for investigation and report to a commission of conciliation. That is the old Bryan treaty, signed with many nations in 1914, and it was and is a good provision. Succeeding articles provide for arbitration, as was done by the Root treaty of 1908, with this difference: that whereas the Root treaty excepted from arbitration questions which "affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting parties," or which "concern the interests of third parties," the new treaty excepts any question which "is within the domestic jurisdiction of the high contracting parties; involves the interests of third parties; depends upon or involves the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, described as the Monroe Doctrine; depends upon or involves the observance of the obligations of France in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations." That is more specific than the language of the 1908 treaty, but if anything it is even more exclusive. "It seems to me," a French Senator said, "that every possible subject of conflict has been carefully omitted."

Unlike the Root treaty, which had to be renewed every five years, the new document has no time limit. Furthermore, a preamble has been added, reciting that France and the United States are

> Determined to prevent so far as in their power lies any interruption in the peaceful relations that have happily existed between the two nations for more than a century;
>
> Desirous of reaffirming their adherence to the policy of submitting to impartial decision all justiciable controversies that may arise between them;
>
> Eager by their example not only to demonstrate their condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy in their mutual relations, but also to hasten the time when the perfection of international arrangements for the pacific settlement of international disputes shall have eliminated forever the possibility of war among any of the Powers of the world.

Those are fine words to put in any treaty. But, unfortunately, they must be looked at in the context of their history. M. Briand wanted to negotiate a treaty definitely and totally outlawing war. Our State Department refused. The words were deported to the preamble, because a preamble, unlike the articles of a treaty, is not legally binding.

Secretary Kellogg's plans and ideas throughout these arbitration negotiations have been uncertain and conflicting. There are intimations that he is at present engaged in the effort, first, to negotiate similar arbitration treaties with the other nations of Europe, and second, to work out some system by which the Great Powers of the world may take joint steps to prevent any war arising anywhere. We do not know the details of this plan, and we may do Secretary Kellogg an injustice, but it smacks to us of the Holy Alliance. We suspect concerts of the Great Powers, and fear that such a system might work rather to prevent small national movements toward freedom than to block the really dangerous belligerence of the big nations.

Yet this talk of peace, small as may be some of the points upon which it is focussed, helps. The first step toward peace is to talk peace, want peace, will peace. More important than the text of any treaty is the spirit in which it is drafted. That is why the attitude of our State Department seems to us a positive menace. That is why the outburst of protest against the navy bill and the widespread uneasiness about our Nicaraguan adventure seem to us genuinely encouraging.

In the American Air

DIEUDONNÉ COSTES and Joseph Lébrix are with us, and it dawns upon us that all great aviators are not North Americans. These Frenchmen, sea eagles hemselves, have flown 23,000 miles without an accident ince they left Paris last October. Over the Mediterranean nd the Sahara, straight across 2,000 miles of open ocean, bove the jungles and the pampas they have flown. They isited the Central American capitals whose names Lind- ergh has taught us, and received as royal a welcome. Only Yankee jealousy kept them from Havana. Now they are in our United States, in the same Hispano-Suiza-motored plane which carried them across the South Atlantic, and which before that had hummed its way to Siberia, Egypt, India, and back. Theirs is a marvelous performance; they, like Lindbergh, have helped tie the world together, and we salute them.

We should like to add a word of belated greeting to a group of airmen who have also played their part in knitting the Americas together—the men of the Skadta company which for seven years has maintained an efficient and profitable seaplane service along the Magdalena River in Colombia. Air lines in Europe in America are, directly or indirectly, government subsidized. But P. P. Bauer, the genius of the Skadta company, has made his way without government aid. He had two advantages: Colombia is one of the few countries in the world where mail is not a government monopoly; and Colombia's capital lies 600 miles from the sea, up a river which sometimes runs almost dry. At first Colombia was not air-minded; the losses piled up dangerously; but in 1922, after a drought when river transportation stopped and the air had a natural monopoly, Skadta paid a 3 per cent dividend, and in 1927, despite heavy reinvestments in equipment, the return was 12 per cent. Bauer's twelve-passenger planes make in seven hours, for $200, the journey which by boat takes at least eight days, sometimes more, and costs $150. For a thirty-cent stamp he delivers in a day mail which might take two weeks by ordinary post to reach its destination. Smaller hydroplanes carry mail up the rivers branching off the Magdalena; where there are auto roads, automobiles deliver mail, and where there are no roads Indian runners carry the letters. A branch line now carries mail over the Cordillera to Buenaventura on the Pacific Coast.

Naturally this most efficient private air line in the world hoped for an outlet to world trade. Colombia is isolated. In 1925 Bauer and his associates flew from Colombia to Venezuela and back to Colon in Panama, where they were welcomed by Canal Zone officials; on through Central America, reversing the route traversed by Lindbergh, across to Havana, and north to Palm Beach. A remarkable flight, but Bauer was an Austrian, and the North American press ignored their feat. Bauer came to New York, seeking the aid of American capital; he went to Washington and met the President. But some subtle force prevented the development of his plan for Inter-American Airways. He returned to Colombia, reorganized his company with largely Colombian capital; and last September the Colombian Government asked in his behalf under what conditions the United States would permit Colombian-owned and controlled seaplanes to land in or near Colon. Bauer had given up his plan to link the two continents; he asked only an outlet to world trade and to world commerce routes for his Colombian service.

Even that was not granted, and the cheap opposition of a Yankee air line which, while it has copied Bauer's plans, has not yet worked out its service made itself felt again at the Havana Conference. There Henry P. Fletcher, in the name of the United States, introduced an amendment to the Pan-American aviation convention which would have made it possible to exclude Bauer not only from the Canal Zone itself but even from the whole of Panama. Naturally Colombia protested; and the final form of the convention seems to avoid the effort to clamp a tight Yankee monopoly upon Pan-American aviation. Bauer's seaplanes, which two and a half years ago were welcomed by the officials of the Canal Zone, will not be permitted to touch at Colon; but they will be allowed to land some twenty miles away, and to connect with the canal traffic by gasoline launch. It is petty enough as it stands; but at least the effort of one group of air capitalists to use the cloak of "defense of the canal" to squeeze out a superior rival has not entirely succeeded.

Lindbergh, darting across the North Atlantic, followed the route of Alcock and Brown, but he made the first clean-cut success and earned every bit of his fame; Costés and Lébrix were first to bridge the South Atlantic, and like our own Lone Eagle, have set new records for punctuality and precision in the international air. Bauer, in his more modest field, has laid the foundation of practical commercial flying in South America. There is room enough in the air for all. If the United States can prove superiority in the air, we shall reap the fruits of superiority. Nationalistic jealousies and exclusions are out of place; an open field and an even chance is all we have a right to ask. Panama is destined to be as important to air commerce as it is to sea-borne traffic, and it should be as free.

Can We Get Out of Nicaragua?

WHERE do we stand with regard to Nicaragua? For what are the marines in Nicaragua to die? How can we stop the waste of this expedition, the footless attempt to supervise an election that is none of our business, the wasteful and even criminal effort to protect by the lives of our soldiers an almost negligible amount of American property in a foreign country?

Here are the possibilities.

1. We can withdraw at once. The chief objection is that this would involve an admission that we had made mistakes. That is, perhaps, too much to ask of an Administration that has never, even through Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Coolidge, expressed indignation at the perfidy and corruption in the oil cases. Even if we admit error, it is contended, we have an obligation to Sacasa and the Liberals. His group forfeited their position on our promise to supervise the election. Would we not then have to give back the arms we bought from them—arms purchased from us in the beginning with money lent to Nicaragua by the Guaranty Trust Company? Can they now return us the money paid to them for the bullets and guns? It is difficult, but if we don't get out now the bankers will have to make a new and larger loan, and then matters will be worse still.

2. We can invite Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to join us.

They speak similar languages; they are intellectually and emotionally kin to this Nicaraguan people. If we do this, of course, we lose some of our dominance over Central and South America. Nevertheless, if they should consent, their sons would die in jungles alongside boys from Western plains, and parallel graves might breed a friendship remote from the silk hats of high commissioners.

3. We can accept the official assertion that we are in only by invitation, and see if we are still wanted. Mr. Kellogg never has admitted that the bankers' loans affect our position even though his Department feels that it possesses a power of supervision and veto over all foreign loans. What if we asked our hosts to reaffirm their invitation previously tendered to us? What does an arbitrator do if he finds one of the parties wants to withdraw? Does he continue to inject himself into the picture? Does he not suggest that some one else might be able to settle the matter more successfully?

4. The country might communicate with Sandino, as *The Nation* has just done through Carleton Beals. Why not ask him what he wants? We are not at war against Nicaragua. Therefore this would not be communicating with an enemy. Congress has the sole power to declare war. The United States is big enough to be generous. Should we not inquire whether Sandino will lay down his arms if we will guarantee to examine publicly the relation of the bankers to our intervention, if we will withdraw after getting the consent of the Diaz and Liberal groups? Perhaps he has other suggestions. We are not bound to do more than listen. Why send to death even a single boy for a cause unknown?

5. Finally, we may continue what we are doing. This means eventually victory by bullets, death, and waste. The spirit will be unchanged. Those 20,000 Nicaraguan members of the Labor Party will hate us more in defeat than during the fray. And what then—if we supervise an election? Will we then leave, realizing that on our withdrawal the defeated party will threaten an auto da fe?

If we cannot settle this problem, if we have to muddle through without plan or philosophy, let us at least apply some minor correctives which might lessen to a slight degree the possibilities of repetition next year in Honduras or Salvador. Even though they mean no great advance, several constructive measures are possible:

1. Legislation could be enacted to prevent a government official acting on behalf of private interests. The United States High Commissioner in Nicaragua is an official of the State Department. That department assures us that he is not an "employee"—only an "official." The purpose of this legislation portends no good. Let us prevent even an American official from acting for more than one master. Our present Commissioner owes allegiance to the United States, he sells his services for $9,000 a year to the bankers, and possibly as a director he might vote on the boards of the railroad and the bank for the stockholder, to wit: the Government of Nicaragua. No good can come from triple allegiances. Our government officials should not be placed in such embarrassing positions.

2. We could provide that all contracts between American individuals or corporations and Central and South American countries be recorded with the State Department? We should have full information at all times as to all loans placed by these Latin countries, whether here or abroad. For their repayment we pledge our lives. Would it not be well for the nation to know how these bankers' contracts read? The Nicaraguan-Guaranty Trust agreement, so far as we know, has not been printed in any North American paper, although it has been published in full south of the Rio Grande and summarized in *The Nation*.

3. Finally, Congress might provide for a Constitution Week. Article I, Section 8, provides that Congress shall have the power to declare war. Is war a word, a myth, or a state of fact? When does bandit-chasing stop and war begin?

Write Your Own

WE do not know what any of the following things mean. We take them all from one section of one issue of one New York Sunday newspaper and we suggest that our readers draw their own deductions and compose their own editorials.

SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND.—A woman who, for thirty years, drank a pint and a half of vinegar a day has died in the Salop Infirmary weighing thirty-eight pounds. Dr. D. A. Urquhart, who attended the woman recently, said she never ate anything without washing it down with vinegar. At one time she weighed 112 pounds, but when the doctor was called she had taken no solid food for five weeks, drinking only vinegar, and weighed thirty-eight pounds.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Chaplain Raymond C. Knox, of Columbia University, announced a bequest of $500,000 from Mrs. John Innes Kane for the study of religion. Dean Hawkes says the $500,000 "will provide opportunity for unprecedented religious activity at the university."

LONDON, ENGLAND.—In a new book Dr. Hwuy Ung, an accomplished Chinese, states that, so far as he has been able to observe, the whole range of English literature contains "neither beautiful examples of filial piety, nor heroic actions, nor wise maxims, but always and everywhere the same story: A man and a woman speak of their great love, and want to die, but they do not die." Dr. Ung adds his opinion that European civilization can never attain perfection so long as the fan is not in universal use. "These soldiers who have no fans, how do they manage to march in good order in this torrid heat? And the orator, how can he give to his words their value without this indispensable auxiliary?"

ONTARIO, CANADA.—During five months of 1927 American tourists bought 54,000 liquor permits in Ontario. These cost $108,000 and it is estimated that they spent at least $400,000 more in exercising the privilege granted them by the permits.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—A London business man learned in astronomy advises his friends to have their hair cut at the time of the new moon. Mushrooms and similar vegetables, he says, grow best when the moon is approaching the full; and it is the same with human hair.

BOREHAM WOOD, ENGLAND.—After this village had been chosen as the sight for motion-picture studios in England it was discovered that "Boreham" is a name unfortunate under the circumstances. The producers wish to change it to "Hollywood," but some of the inhabitants violently object.

We repeat that we have no idea what conclusions concerning our civilization are to be deduced from these items—neither, we are sure, do the editors who printed them—but for those who do not care for editorial writing we have another suggestion. Properly scrambled they would make an excellent scenario for an expressionistic play.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"I AM," says the man of the modern world, "in a great hurry and whoever wishes to speak to me must do it quickly."

Most gallantly the artist has met this challenge by rning out novels in two volumes and writing plays which gin at five o'clock in the afternoon. As one who is not business man and, even so, no artist, I qualify as neutral this battle to extend the deadlines placed upon creative fort. Possibly, my neutrality is subject to challenge. My lmiration goes out to Eugene O'Neill, who has made the ptains and the kings of industry come early at his bid- ng. They really never were as busy as they pretended. he haste one sees about him in great cities is largely what e Freudians call defensive mechanism. People whose sks are trivial or non-existent must bustle about to keep eir egos limber.

And yet I must admit that I fear a growing critical isapprehension which tends to translate length into depth. ny novel which breaks the limit of one hundred thousand ords is almost certain to command respectful attention, d by writing a trilogy a competent performer has a good ance to get his name numbered with the masters. I my- lf would not include Galsworthy among the truly great, t it is dangerous to say as much, for the man writes not dinary books but instead he has composed a saga. And our own land I feel that it is possible to look at the work Louis Bromfield without either blinking or bowing, but gain, the author has any potential reviewer at a disadvan- ge since he has announced that his books are "panels for screen."

Still even a long and heavy book can be thrust aside only the reader will make an effort. The obligations im- osed by the long play are more onerous. Already tragedies ave clustered around "Strange Interlude." Along Broad- ay they tell with bated breath the tale of Horace Liveright nd Otto Kahn who saw the play together. The publisher gitated long about his costume and then decided on a din- er coat since, though he would be slightly out of mode for he first half hour, six would boom before the curtain fell pon the first instalment. But to Mr. Liveright's horror hen he met Mr. Kahn at the entrance he found the banker ecently attired in a cutaway. In dealings with himself Hor- ce Liveright is humble and he made a mental note of error be corrected as rapidly as possible. Accordingly, the pub- sher hurried home during the intermission allowed for nner and on returning he, too, had yielded to the cuta- ay convention. Otto Kahn was in the lobby and wore a nner coat.

But not all the problems imposed by "Strange Inter- de" are sartorial. There is, for instance, the gastronomic uestion. In kindly fashion the Theater Guild has listed earby lunchrooms and more gaudy cafes, but even so it not easy to dine well in half an hour. Quite palpably it as been O'Neill's intention to wring the soul, but is it right or him also to unhinge digestion?

Some of the stories told about the long play are possi- ly a shade fantastic. Without confirmation I am not ready o believe the one concerning the young man who left his randfather in good health and returned from "Strange Interlude" to find that the old gentleman had passed away from a lingering affliction. And also, it is said, his little sister had grown up and married. One reviewer, with a reputation for truthful speaking, assures me that on his own return his faithful house-dog bit him in the ankle, mistaking him, no doubt, for a stranger.

Since I have not seen "Strange Interlude" I may not speak of it with any show of dogma. At least one concession may not be withheld from Eugene O'Neill. No drama of the day has aroused more bitter controversy. Of half-way opinion there is none at all. The spectator goes away converted or comes home to scoff and mock. Some marriages have been overturned and a large number of ancient friendships dissolved by the resulting arguments, but no playwright can be held accountable for all the ripples which rise upon the water because the rock he threw into the pond was extra large.

Generally speaking, I am against all extra length in writing. I have never seen a two-volume novel which would not be improved by cutting. Granting the high achievement of Dreiser I must still protest that "An American Tragedy" might have been reduced by careful diet. The criticism of H. L. Mencken was pertinent. He advised each of his clients to give the first volume to the local pastor and begin upon the second.

Surely nobody will deny that after-dinner speeches never stop at the point where all but one would be contented. Even anecdotes take on frills and gables by which the original intent of entertainment becomes severely compromised. Singers do one number or more too many. Even the greatest of fiddlers can hardly be restrained from throwing in an encore which might have been dispensed with. All the curtain calls at the opera, after the first six or seven, are lacking in sincerity and excitement. And when the delegates go mad after some nominating speech and proceed into a demonstration they are no more than well-drilled propagandists when the first five minutes have come and gone.

Terseness and accuracy are the slogans known in the city rooms of daily journals, and these qualities, deservedly, are coupled. There is to be sure the danger that one may tell a little less than the truth if he stints himself for space, but give a writer too large a canvas and he cannot resist the temptation to introduce lugs and flourishes which are false as well as needless. It is along toward the end that speeches, novels, and plays break down. The painters manage these things better, for they say that it takes two to do a picture and another to hit him over the head and stun him when he's finished. Perhaps I speak too slavishly about the obligations imposed by time and space. As copyreader on a newspaper I have in my day slashed many sentences to death. Perhaps fine thoughts and even great ones died under my attack. Who knows? Not I. They made no sound but all went peaceably down to extinction. And also I speak as one whose own efforts have been most grievously wounded by the pruning-knife. Much may be said against journalistic departmentalists, but not by me. It is possible for them to grow long-winded, but at least there is a constant check upon prolixity. No one can argue with the bottom of the page. It is the court of last resort.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

I.

To the Nicaraguan Border

By CARLETON BEALS

By cable from Managua, Nicaragua, February 11

SEVERAL days ago I rode out of the camp of General Augusto C. Sandino, the terrible "bandit" of Nicaragua who is holding the marines at bay. Not a single hair of my blond, Anglo-Saxon head had been injured. On the contrary, I had been shown every possible kindness. I went, free to take any route I might choose, with permission to relate to anybody I encountered any and every thing I had seen and heard. Perhaps my case is unique. I am the first and only American since Sandino began fighting the marines who has been granted an official interview, and I am the first bona fide correspondent of any nationality to talk to him face to face.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story begins in this issue. The second installment, On the Sandino Front, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

"Do you still think us bandits?" was his last query as I bade him goodby.

"You are as much a bandit as Mr. Coolidge is a bolshevik," was my reply.

"Tell your people," he returned, "there may be bandits in Nicaragua, but they are not necessarily Nicaraguans."

It was the high hour of a cold night when I galloped in the teeth of an icy wind with three Sandinista officers into the main Sandino camp at San Rafael. It marked the climax of months of effort. It marked the climax of two weeks spent in establishing proper contacts all the way from Mexico City through Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. It marked the climax of more than two weeks of hardship and the danger of being shot or bombed by both sides. Riding horseback from Tegucigalpa halfway across Nicaragua with Sandino troops through the almost impassable mountains of Nueva Segovia, through the jungles of the Coco River basin, occasionally within a few rods of the American lines, I finally reached my goal at San Rafael. There Sandino had been considerate enough to await me before marching south to Matagalpa.

My difficulties were not limited to making contacts and overcoming physical odds. The governments of at least two Central American countries through which I had to pass, because of their Conservative Party complexion and the activities of the accredited American ministers, are bitterly hostile to the Sandino movement. I was first warned of this fact in Mexico by Dr. Leon and Dr. Zepeda, both friendly to the Sandino cause. Dr. Leon, president of the Union of Central and South America and the Antilles (UCSAYA), ex-Minister of Education of Venezuela, and also Dr. Zepeda, Minister to Mexico of the Sacasa Government at the time it was recognized by Calles, gave me letters and credentials for Sandino and for Froylan Turcios, Sandino's representative in Tegucigalpa, and for others. Both advised me to use much caution in dealing with officials in Salvador and Honduras, who would attempt to obstruct my mission.

In Salvador I was warned again by Dr. Jose de Jesus Zamorra, president of the Nicaraguan Autonomist Association, who is also actively pro-Sandino, that my effects might be searched, especially as all of Salvador is under martial law as the result of the recently attempted *cuartelazo*. Zamorra cited examples of the Government's attitude and declared that the Government, at the request of the American Minister, had given orders to the entire press not to print Sandino news under large headlines. Zamorra also declared that the American Minister had been seeking to have him expelled, but thus far had been unsuccessful. The Minister was particularly resentful because Zamorra's association had placed a letter in Lindbergh's hands pointing out the violation of Nicaraguan sovereignty by the United States, and urging him not to submit to being used as a tool of imperialism.

It is certain that the Government of Salvador is thoroughly in accord with American policy in Nicaragua. As a result, just before embarking for Honduras in Port La Union, I was taken to a small room by half a dozen police, and my person and effects searched. Even my shoes were removed. My clothing and suit-case were pawed over by a pair of orange-stained hands which had not been washed since Rameses II. My letters from Zamorra for Turcios and Sandino and my other papers were arbitrarily confiscated, and seven dollars in loose bills were stolen out of the top of my trunk. Thereupon I was permitted to embark. I would have lost all my credentials had I not sealed them in an official envelope addressed to His Excellency Minister Summerlin in Tegucigalpa.

In Amapala, the port of entry to Honduras, I was not molested; but the guide whom Dr. Zamorra had provided to take me to Sandino's camp was arrested and subsequently turned over to the Diaz authorities in Nicaragua. My trip from San Lorenzo to the capital at night in a combination auto-bus and truck, banging over dangerous mountain roads, was made in the company of Eugenia Torres, Mexican recitalist. Several days later the Minister of Education advised her not to recite several patriotic poems by Froylan Turcios, the Sandino representative, "because we are on very good terms with the Americans just now"—on very good terms indeed, the bait being the half-promise of a loan.

The Government has massed most of the Honduras

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rmy on the Nicaraguan frontier to prevent supplies from eaching Sandino and to stop all persons traveling in either irection. All travelers are searched and their documents onfiscated. Froylan Turcios is under constant police surveillance and is probably protected from arrest only by his nternational prominence as a man of letters. By order of he Government the press of Tegucigalpa prints only unavorable news concerning Sandino. A Nicaraguan poet reently published a poem which was favorable to Sandino. He cooled his heels for a month in jail. The attitude of the Honduras Government forced great secrecy on my part.

Froylan Turcios, as the only representative in a foreign country, is the key to any outside approach to Sandino. Turcios, truly free and noble soul, is the leading poet of the region. Once minister of state, Turcios is now dedicating himself to publishing *Ariel*, an anti-imperialist bimonthly, which is now mostly dedicated to the Sandino movement. Fortunately Turcios knew *The Nation* well and he was familiar with my own writing, so the letters I brought him carried double weight. He put himself at my disposal and provided me with a Sandino passport and a letter which bordered on the eulogistic. Enthusiastic about my trip but seriously concerned with my safety, he declared there was danger from both sides. He therefore secured as my body-guard and companion General J. Santos Sequiera, formerly a Liberal officer in Tela.

Some years ago Sequiera had been shipped to Guatemala in an American battleship. He is tall, dark, and imperious. After fifteen years of exile he burned to throw his lot in with Sandino. As he is the object of suspicion by the Honduras Government, however, his accompanying me increased the possibility of official interference. We had much difficulty in finding horses in Tegucigalpa. Finally we were helped by an old Indian rancher named Simon, who also offered to accompany us as guide as far as Danli. Attired in khaki riding habit, puttees, and a Honduras straw sombrero, I left Tegucigalpa on Sunday noon with my guides. Our credentials were in oilcloth envelopes and sewed in our saddle blankets.

Late in the afternoon we reached San Juancito, noted for the greatest silver mine in the world. A driving hailstorm, however, compelled us to make our beds on the hard, frozen ground in a wattle-woven lean-to, through which the wind howled. Our supper consisted of tortillas, cheese, and oranges. At three in the morning we were off again. Through a mist thicker than curds over the mountains we went down into the sun-baked valley. For breakfast, dinner, and supper we had that interminable Honduras diet of scrambled eggs, sausage, beans, and coffee offered in a surly manner by Indian or Zambo types. Our meals were eaten in smoky palm-thatched or tiled huts in the center of circles of naked, brown children and mangy dogs, surrounded with swarms of flies, heaps of corns and beans, and dangling strings of red peppers or dried meat.

At sundown we reached Morseli, an uneventful village wedged between mountain and hill. We were off again at midnight. Dawn found us dragging wearily down into the Jacaleapa valley, our guide Simon reeling drunkenly in the saddle. He had imbibed too much sugar-cane brandy, viler stuff than even American prohibition has produced. At Jacaleapa we rested in the house of a Liberal Honduras general named Carmona. The house was half hacked to pieces during the last Conservative revolution.

Danli is a primitive town, the center of a frontier coffee region. On the edge of town we slipped into the humble home of a Nicaraguan refugee, a black-bearded Saint Peter who carved wooden and gilt idols to eke out a livelihood in his enforced exile. As a result of the fighting between Sandino and the Americans in Nueva Segovia, he had been driven from the departmental capital, Ocotal. We gave him our credentials to lock up in a carved chest. Then we paid our respects to the local commandant and dictator, a black barrel of supercilious flesh. After dark we dodged around the corner to the house of Don X., the next link in the Sandino underground railway. Don X., a sparse man with blond, bushy eyebrows and husky voice, informed us that he was constantly under surveillance, unable to lace his shoes without the fact being reported to the commandant. It was dangerous to hire horses at Danli, but we had no other alternative unless we were prepared to go afoot. Don X. informed us that the Honduras Government had cut off all the customary entries into Nicaragua and suggested a roundabout route, lengthening our journey from three to four days.

"Does Sandino's mail still get in and out?" we asked.

"Yes, by Indian runners; but they go afoot to avoid the troops and populated places."

We did not wish to go afoot, knowing that we might need horses on the Nicaraguan side. We decided to consider the matter further on the following day. That night we slept on a table in the rear of a widow's store. Her husband had been murdered in the recent Conservative revolution. Everywhere was evidence of this political bitterness and violence. Consulting Don X. again on the following day, we asked, "Can you give us a reliable Indian guide who will put us on the straightest, quickest, and safest line to the frontier?" Don X. said he could.

The guide proved to be a Honduras Indian in his early twenties. He seemed thoroughly reliable and appreciative of our confidence. He told us: "To get by you will have to go afoot."

"But if we travel at night?" we questioned.

"Then horses would be possible."

We instructed him to hire three horses and to have them ready saddled at seven-thirty the same night.

Sandino's Demands

The following is a summary of Sandino's demands as he told them to Carleton Beals:

First, immediate withdrawal of the American marines; second, the appointment of a provisional president who has never been president or ever a candidate for the presidency and who must be a civilian, although of any party; third, supervision of the elections by Latin Americans.

Sandino promises that if these conditions are met he will immediately lay down his arms and never take them up again in a domestic fight between Liberals and Conservatives or in any other domestic trouble, but only to repel an invasion. He will never accept any public post or salary, but will gain his livelihood in civil pursuits.

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The Case of Anastasia

By JOHN R. COLTER

IN failing to present the established facts in the case of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky, the Berlin correspondents of the American press have given the public here an utterly untrue picture of the situation. There is good reason to believe that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the Czar's daughter, and good reason to believe that the nearest relatives of the late Czar and Czarina of Russia have been so misled by false evidence injected into her case that they are abandoning their own kinswoman in a tragic blunder.

For the Romanoffs of Copenhagen have been the victims of propaganda foisted upon them privately and publicly by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, brother of the Czarina —the bitterest opponent of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. And this man, however pure may be his motives in attacking her, has never consented to visit her himself. If it is alleged repeatedly that your niece, long thought dead, may be alive, you may rationalize the impossibility of such a thing in your own mind; but until you stand before the claimant and see for yourself that she is an impostor, it is unfair to sponsor an attack upon her "proving" that she is an insane Polish peasant, especially if you avoid public admission of your part in the work.

There is of course nothing conclusive to prove that one of the Czar's children might not have escaped the Ekaterinburg murder of 1918. The various investigations, conducted long after the murder took place, are full of loopholes. An escape is improbable, but not impossible, and anyone seeking the truth in this case would do well to begin with enough openness of mind to consider at least the possibility.

For my own part, having investigated the case of Anastasia for eighteen months, here and abroad, having talked with witnesses, studied their character and probable motives —and having tried to account for the existence of some hundreds of established facts by each of the four conceivable hypotheses which follow, I do not hesitate to maintain that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the daughter of the Czar.

Obviously, this girl who has come to New York is one of four things:

1. A fraud, persistently seeking recognition by ingenious misrepresentation.
2. An insane person, with hallucinations of grandeur.
3. An hypnotic subject, controlled by plotters.
4. The real Grand Duchess Anastasia.

I have found many persons with a penny skepticism who, not caring to examine the facts, dismiss the whole claim as impossible. But I have not found one who, judging the evidence, will argue publicly for any other explanation but that she is the Czar's daughter. This carries implications that some of the girl's relatives have not been as judicial as might be expected. That is true; for this reason newspapers, not wishing to take sides in a difficult controversy, avoid the most significant facts.

In July, 1925, I was the assistant manager of a newspaper organization which specialized in the acquisition of striking news features. When Berlin correspondents of New York papers first reported this case, they said that the ex-Crown Princess Cecilie of Germany had visited the "mystery woman" and had been "impressed by the sincerity of her claim." In the course of routine I turned for an opinion to my friend Gleb Botkin, son of the Czar's physician murdered at Ekaterinburg. Botkin dismissed as unthinkable the claim that Anastasia was alive. He stated so in a newspaper interview that day, and I dropped consideration of the matter. Six months later the New York *Times* carried a Sunday supplement story by Bella Cohen, an American journalist who had been in Berlin. It was the report of a dramatic scene in a Berlin hospital, with the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, seemingly on the verge of recognizing the mysterious invalid as her niece. The wealth of special knowledge of Romanoff affairs attributed by Bella Cohen to Anastasia von Tchaikovsky amazed Botkin. It was obvious that here was one of the greatest stories of the decade or one of the greatest fabrications. I began investigating in earnest. It is impossible here even to summarize the several hundred thousand words of evidence accumulated in this case. I can merely outline the salient points and challenge any question of their truth.

Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was rescued from drowning in the Landwehr Canal in Berlin by the city police just eight years ago this month. She had attempted suicide. She appeared terror-stricken and, because she was a very sick woman, she was committed by the police to the Elizabeth Hospital. She refused to answer any questions as to her identity. Remark that. After six weeks of such silence, and because of that silence, she was committed to the Dahldorf insane asylum. The asylum records are explicit in their description of her case: "Very reserved; sits in stubborn silence; said she had nothing to say and had her own reasons for it. Said doctor could believe what he wished, she would tell him nothing."

From that day in March, 1920, until the following summer she preserved the apathy and depression which have characterized her in every hospital record made over a period of six years. All physicians and nurses who have had anything to do with her during her many years in hospitals have testified explicitly in affidavits that so far as they could judge human character for deceit or sincerity, Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was genuine; that she was a pitiful case of a terror-stricken woman, usually not caring whether she lived or died. Since then, according to medical testimony, she has been near death again and again. Anyone choosing one of the four possible hypotheses to defend would prefer insanity, I think, to that of fraud. At any rate, no one has taken the opportunity to have her arrested and thus disposed of. Why?

The medical and legal evidence is equally explicit that she is not insane. The five doctors who have examined her in the last eight years have testified that she is not. Their testimony reveals a woman apparently slowly emerging from a state of fear, from so terrible a shock that it developed in her an inhibition against speaking Russian, which they say must have been her native language. She has, however, spoken Russian and English on occasions. I found, in Ger-

many, reputable witnesses to that among doctors and nurses who had attended her. But apart from talking Russian in delirium or narcosis, or from blurting it out upon rare occasions, she persists in a poor German. Her case is extraordinary, but not unprecedented in the matter of refusing to talk a language which she understands perfectly. However rapidly questioned in Russian, she replies in German.

She was never regarded as insane at the Dahldorf asylum. The asylum wanted her to leave but she would not. She remained there two years, voluntarily, and was finally dismissed when a Russian emigrant offered her shelter. Never since then has anyone sought to have her adjudicated insane. Last March the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* sought to have the identity of an insane Polish peasant fastened upon her by publicity. But they never took it to law. Why?

Is she then a weak-minded creature who has fallen into the hands of super-clever plotters who for some reason or other seek to foist her upon the Romanoffs? That is, has she been hypnotized all these years, coached into answering thousands of questions with answers which have amazed the Romanoffs and their representatives? The impossibility of this is attested by three doctors who have examined her and studied her case over a period of years. They have staked their professional reputations on the genuineness of Anastasia's strange mental quirks. There is no evidence that she is a victim of hypnosis. During 1925, when the Romanoffs and their agents visited her hospital room, she was in charge of doctors and nurses approved by them as reputable persons. She was under the direct protection of the Danish Ambassador to Germany, Herluf Zahle, who represented Prince Waldemar, uncle of the Czar, resident in Copenhagen. Ambassador Zahle not only approved the doctors and nurses; on behalf of Prince Waldemar, he paid the hospital expenses for nearly a year, and supervised the investigation for the Romanoffs. The theory of hypnosis, indeed any theory of a plot among her friends are absurdities which no Romanoff or anyone else will charge publicly.

Briefly, the story of the development of the evidence for Anastasia is this:

In July, 1925, the Romanoffs of Copenhagen, at the urging of German royalty, decided to take the case seriously. They cautiously dispatched to the hospital in Berlin an old servant, Volkoff, who had known Anastasia of old. Deeply puzzled by her refusal to talk Russian with him, but amazed at her special knowledge of the Siberian exile, he broke down and wept. As was the case with all investigators who visited her in the summer and autumn of 1925, Volkoff was in profound and honest doubt. He could not believe that that wreck of a woman was Anastasia and yet he dared not take the responsibility for saying it was not. He said to Mrs. Harriet von Rathleff-Keilmann of Berlin (then in personal charge of the invalid): "Think what a position I am in! If I were now to declare that she is the Grand Duchess and others later declare the opposite, where would I be?"

Volkoff left the hospital room weeping. He kissed the invalid's hand and said: "All will yet be well."

Volkoff's report brought several further visits from Romanoff investigators. All were deeply impressed; they swore that nothing should keep them from patient devotion to the solution of the mystery. With the girl seriously ill with tuberculosis of the bone all this time, often at the point of death, it was impossible, as they admitted, to question her adequately. The final visit of the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, with the Gilliards (former tutor and governess of Anastasia) was marked by the deepest tenderness toward the invalid. Dr. Rudneff and Mrs. Rathleff, attending, were shaken by the tragic drama of the situation. Mrs. Rathleff testified as follows:

> Mr. Gilliard called me out in the hall, and referred to her specifically as the Grand Duchess Anastasia. He was appalled at her physical and mental condition. In the deepest earnestness he pledged his devotion to clearing up the mystery.
>
> The Grand Duchess Olga said, as has often been repeated and never denied: "My head tells me that this cannot be Anastasia, but my heart tells me that it must be."
>
> "Shura" (Mrs. Gilliard) sobbed in honest doubt: "Why should I love this woman so?"
>
> That they would never return to see her again was never in our minds.

Mrs. Rathleff's testimony is corroborated by Bella Cohen who visited the hospital that day and gathered first-hand evidence from "Shura." The record is clear that the Romanoffs were impressed and confounded by the mystery. Yet they never came again. They made no explanation whatever. Gilliard's letters promising full cooperation in investigating further are proof of his belief that the case was worthy of profound and patient consideration. His later writings contradict his private letters in many important points.

In October, 1925, the doctor in charge of the invalid had told the Romanoffs that she could not live another two months. But she recovered her health. A few months later she was identified positively as the Grand Duchess Anastasia by Tatiana Melnik, sister of Gleb Botkin. In December, 1926, Mrs. Rathleff of Berlin, amazed by the disappearance of those who had wept over Anastasia and then abandoned the case with no explanation, prepared a record backed by affidavits. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt asked to see the manuscript before it was published. Permission was granted. A month later the brother of the Czarina, who had refused persistently to visit the girl, started a secret investigation of his own. The Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* was running the Rathleff compilation serially. Two weeks after it finished this confirmation of Anastasia's claim, *Nachtausgabe* right-about-faced, announcing sensationally that the mystery was ended: The woman, it said, was now proved an insane Polish peasant. It presented an elaborate case, which was subsequently proved to be a frame-up.

The German government authorities refused to change Anastasia's passport and the whole job was exposed in detail by the *Tägliche Rundschau* last October. The facts revealed that agents of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt had collaborated with *Nachtausgabe* in the attempt to discredit her. They themselves had been imposed upon by some overzealous underling who believed so thoroughly in the reality of the Polish peasant story that he manufactured evidence to prove it.

With identifications flying so carelessly around Europe, it is perhaps as well that Anastasia has come here. The tragedy of her plight is not recognized by the public. I think it will be. She has now been identified explicitly by Tatiana Melnik, Gleb Botkin, Felix Dassel (a former Russian officer), and the Grand Duke Andrew, brother of Cyril, and cousin of the late Czar, who saw her in Paris en route.

The case of Anastasia is only beginning.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., February 9

ROBERT W. STEWART, powerful head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, chooses to risk a year in jail rather than tell what he knows about who got the $3,000,000 in Liberty bonds accumulated by the fake Continental Trading Company in its shady oil deal. Even the imperative urgings of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were insufficient to persuade Stewart to give the Walsh committee the facts. As the situation stands at this writing, it has been disclosed that Sinclair got a share of the bonds, and that he passed $233,000 of them to Secretary of the Interior Fall a month after Fall secretly leased the Teapot Dome naval-oil reserve to him. James E. O'Neil, head of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company—whose company was mulcted of $1,500,000 in the deal—got $800,000 of them, and later turned them all over to that company as partial restitution for the loss it had sustained. Harry M. Blackmer, former head of the Midwest Refining Company, a Standard of Indiana subsidiary, who, like O'Neil, is a fugitive in Europe to avoid testifying, is tacitly accused by his associates of having participated in the profits.

* * * * *

IT is fairly well established that the Continental's $3,000,000 jackpot was split four ways. O'Neil's $800,000 represented one share, plus accrued interest. Assuming that Sinclair and Blackmer each received a share, there remains the question of who was the fourth partner. Since Sinclair, Blackmer, and O'Neil are virtually convicted, it is logical to conclude that the fourth partner is the object of Stewart's desperate solicitude. He would hardly risk jail to protect men who have already been exposed. The report persists that a large portion of these bonds was applied on the deficit left from the Harding-Coolidge campaign of 1920. The suspicion that this deal really originated in the hotel rooms where the Republican nominees were chosen that year, and that it had some connection with the choice, has not been dissipated. By persistent and courageous probing, Senator Walsh and his colleagues may yet get the truth.

* * * * *

IT was not Senator Walsh, however, who threw the net over Stewart's bulky shoulders, but a couple of newspaper correspondents. By alternately blarneying and bulldozing, Stewart so upset the courteous and punctilious Walsh that the latter never was able to get from him either a direct answer or refusal to answer, and finally abandoned him in disgust, if not in despair. Busily writing at one end of the table were Paul Y. Anderson, correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and Robert Barry, of the New York *Evening World*. As Walsh relinquished the burly oil magnate, the two reporters whispered hastily together, and Anderson scribbled two questions on a slip of paper and passed them along the table to Chairman Nye. Without a moment's hesitation, Nye put them directly to the witness. The first question was:

> Do you know of anybody who got any of the Continental Trading Company bonds?

The second was:

> Did you ever discuss any of these bond transactions with Harry F. Sinclair?

Stewart squirmed, but the questions were too broad and too pointed, and after a brief and futile attempt at evasion, he threw away pretense and defied the committee—and through it, the Senate—to compel him to answer. In a few days—perhaps before this appears—he will be indicted under the statute for violation of which Sinclair is now under sentence of three months in jail and $1,000 fine. Meantime, after having ordered his arrest, the Senate will proceed, in contesting his application for a writ of habeas corpus, to determine whether it has the right to commit him to jail until he is willing to answer. That proceeding will take a long time.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH Senator Walsh won his fight before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate to conduct an investigation of the power trust which controls the public utilities of the country, the power-trust lobby has not abandoned the field, and new evidences of its influence and resourcefulness appear every day. There is imminent danger that the trick which failed before the committee—to have the investigation sidetracked to the "packed" Federal Trade Commission—may succeed on the floor of the Senate. The ability of this lobby to line up votes is one of the most amazing demonstrations, and one of the most brazen, which the capital has seen since the Mulhall days. Democratic Senators upon whom Walsh has every right to depend for support are busily knifing the investigation in the back. Already partially emasculated by the committee, the inquiry is in dire peril of being completely shelved.

* * * * *

ALLUDING to newspapers which do not always support the Administration's foreign policies, President Coolidge told the National Press Club that "the candor of the situation would be greatly increased if the foreign connections [of those newspapers] were publicly disclosed." The insinuation was not accompanied by a shadow of proof, and few in the capital believe that Mr. Coolidge possesses such evidence. However, the principle which he stated is hardly to be questioned. Thus, the candor of the situation might

be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that some newspapers which do support the Administration's policies had received favors from the Administration—in the form of tax refunds. There is William Randolph Hearst, for example. His newspapers have vigorously supported the Administration's Mexican policy at its worst, and its financial policies at all times. The candor of the situation might be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that Mr. Hearst, in making out his personal income-tax return, had been permitted to deduct the losses sustained by the rotogravure sections of his newspapers. In raising the subject of candor, Mr. Coolidge may have struck a contagious note.

Shadows of Cuba

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, February 2

THE hot sun of Havana casts black shadows. The narrow old streets are jammed with big American automobiles, and the shop-windows on the long, cool arcades tempt the tourist; the hotels are crowded, the sea is incredibly blue . . . and then some soft Cuban evening one takes the wrong car and loses one's way and walks home through the wrong streets, and sees men and women sleeping on the sidewalks, with newspapers over their heads.

The Pan-American Conference meets in the splendid new buildings of the University of Havana; the flags of twenty-one republics fly beside the magnificent monumental stairway that is President Machado's pride. But there were no classes at the university. One day we learned why. Students had protested against the Machado dictatorship, and Machado accordingly had shut down classes for a period of months, suspending some student leaders for ten years.

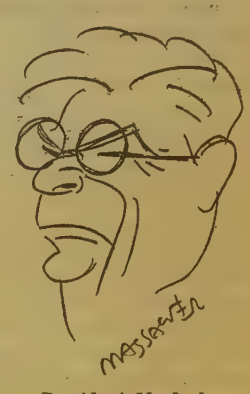
President Coolidge

Elections are disturbing affairs, and uncertain, even under a Latin dictatorship; so President Machado is putting through a law extending his term of office without election. A decade ago he was a leader in the revolutionary movement provoked by President Menocal's effort at reelection. But Machado is stronger than Menocal. It does not pay to oppose him; nobody older than a college student would do it today. When Aurelio Alvarez, former president of the Senate, and Carlos Mendieta tried to form a new Nationalist Party in opposition, Machado's cavalry broke up their meetings with drawn swords. One meeting was spared; and on November 23 last Captain Alfredo Pereira y Rodriguez of the National Guard was court-martialed and sentenced to fifteen days' arrest, loss of two-thirds of his wages, and loss of promotion, for the crime of "not acting energetically against the Nationalist Party meeting at Calimeta"!

You do not learn these things from the pages of the Havana newspapers. They are great newspapers in their way, but they are good to the government. Fuller cable news, from all over the world, is printed in three or four dailies in little Havana than in any newspaper outside New York in the United States; but the news of Cuban politics is all pro-Machado. There is no opposition press to inform the Conference. And for good reason. There was once. But *El Heraldo* and *El Dia* and *El Nacionalista* were forced to stop publication in 1927. Two opposition editors were killed, and the editors of two surviving papers were advised to take long vacations. When they returned their health required them to be regular. It is a curious experience to read these orthodox papers, and then to walk into their offices and find the staffs seething with repressed revolt.

There will be a "plebiscite" on March 5—a "constitutional convention" will indorse the Machado proposal to extend for several years the terms of the President, senators, representatives, mayors, and boards of education; and will authorize further extensions by the same procedure. Machado has the three old parties in his grip, and there will be no opposition. All the power of office is with him; he has the graft of the National Lottery in his hands to help him; and he has shown what fate opposition will meet. President Coolidge's phrase that Cuba's "people are independent, free, prosperous, peaceful, and enjoying the advantages of self-government" was almost 100 per cent false.

There was an opposition in the labor unions. But since the autumn of 1926 such labor unions as have survived have been "good." One hears that Lopez, secretary of the Cuban Federation of Labor, was taken from his home by the chief of the secret police and has not been seen since; that Enrique Varona, president of the railwaymen's union of Varona, who had dared attempt to organize sugar-mill workers, was jailed, released, then killed, as, with his wife and children, he was entering the door of a motion-picture theater; that Domingo Dumenigo, of the railwaymen's union in Cienfuegos, on his way to a drug-store to buy medicine for a sick child, was shot through the head; that eighteen lesser labor leaders in the provinces of Santa Clara and Oriente met death similarly. In none of these cases has there been a prosecution or even serious investigation. When the Pan-American Federation of Labor complained to the Cuban Ambassador in Washington he said the labor leaders were mere bandits. He had learned something by contact with our State Department! When a Canary Islander wrote to his home paper that conditions in Cuba were bad and advised his countrymen not to emigrate, he was deported for that heinous crime.



President Machado

Last April General Machado came to New York, and J. P. Morgan & Co. gave a luncheon in his honor. Machado said "The wealth of foreigners in Cuba must and will be protected." Thomas W. Lamont expressed the bankers' appreciation of Machado's views and hoped he would continue

in office. Mr. Lamont's remarks meant little in New York; but they were a front-page display story in Havana. Cubans understood them to mean that American capital—and the American Government, which they carelessly identify with American capital—supported General Machado in his desire to override the Cuban constitution and extend his reign.

The Platt Amendment is the excuse offered for all Machado's crimes. He must maintain order or the United States will intervene—that excuse covers the suppression of strikes, the crushing of unions, the smashing of the opposition, everything.

It must be admitted that Machado, and his energetic understudy, Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, the Minister of Public Works, have beautified Havana. There is the monumental stairway at the university to prove it. There is the park that gives the Presidential Palace a vista of the sea. There is the very new park about the Maine Monument, with its palms, hastily transplanted the week before the Pan-American Conference opened, which are already dying. But beneath the surface Cuba is a sick country. The sickness, to be sure, goes beyond Machado's control. It is the sickness of a one-crop country. Cuba lives on sugar. Seventy per cent of her exports are sugar. When the price of sugar goes up, Cuba prospers. When it goes down, she flops. In 1920 sugar was high; the sugar crop sold for $1,005,451,080, and the salaries of all government officials were doubled overnight. In 1921 the price of sugar broke; a crop larger than in 1920 sold for only $273,197,696, and the entire island went bankrupt. In 1923 and 1924 the price of sugar averaged four cents or better; but in the last three years it has hovered just above two cents. Every year Cuba plants more sugar, but if the price goes down what good does it do? In 1907 Cuba produced 1,427,673 tons of sugar; in 1917 3,054,997 tons; in 1927 she grew cane for 6,000,000 tons, but the Government, in an effort to keep the price above three cents, is this year restricting the grinding to 4,000,000 tons. In the end the smaller crop may bring more money—Colonel Tarafa of Cuba has persuaded the European sugar producers to limit their crops also—but at present it seems to spell ruin to the small Cuban producers.

Fifty years ago Cuba was a country of small farms, growing their own produce. In 1877 there were 1,190 sugar-mills in Cuba. Today there are only 180, three-quarters American-owned, and they own a quarter of all the land in Cuba. The small farmer is disappearing; the feudal serf has returned. The growth of the sugar industry, which has seemed to be Cuba's wealth, has destroyed the basis of her independence. She is threatened with the fate of the Barbados, where absentee landlords of vast estates draw their tribute from a stagnant serf population. Immigration from Spain has been checked; and every year hordes of Haitian and Jamaican Negroes are imported to work at infinitesimal wages through the cutting season.

A third of Cuba's cane will this year be left standing in the fields. With the supply so far in excess of the demand the price the mills pay to the *colonos* will be lower than ever. Most of the planters live all year on the small cash advance made by the mills at harvest-time. Nominally this advance is made for administrative purposes, and the planters are later paid for their cane; but the cane payments are used to liquidate their credits, and it is rare that there is a cash balance. This year the planters in Camaguey are receiving an advance of 15 cents for 100 arrobas, about a ton, of cane! There is talk of a strike, but if there is a strike it will fail. If there is disorder, it will be downed. There is not the vestige of a union left in the sugar-fields owned by the great American sugar families. The slightest threat of a strike is crushed; it might lead to intervention under the Platt Amendment!

Article III of the Platt Amendment grants the United States the "right to intervene for the . . . maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." The threat of intervention for the protection of property is constant. But, so far as I know, it has never occurred to anyone, in Cuba or in the United States, that we might intervene in behalf of individual liberty. It ought to work both ways, or not at all.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just had another of those notices from the bank. It is firm but kind, and more in sorrow than in anger. It informs him that he has overdrawn his account. The Drifter feels very humble about it. He wishes a little sadly that he had some of the spirit of an aunt of his who, when she received, for the first time in her life, a like notice, rushed to her desk and sent the following message to the offending bank: "This is outrageous. Please don't let it happen again." The Drifter admires that spirit. In a feeble way he understands it. Surely the function of a bank is to hand out money, and his aunt was quite right when she complained of its carping spirit in bothering her with the details of the transaction.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter himself would never have dared to assume such a tone. He has an awe of banks amounting almost to worship. If man's most sincere reverence is accorded to what he does not understand, then the Drifter should certainly bow down before the teller's window. It is amazing to him that a man can tell him at any given moment just how much money he has, especially as he himself, the person most concerned, has no idea. Then there is his savings account. When he was a boy some one induced him to deposit five dollars. When he was grown up, the some one told him, he would be a rich man. In those days he believed what people told him. Now he knows better, generally, but he still leaves that five dollars untouched, and takes his little book once a year to have the interest put down in it. The girl behind the brass bars knows immediately how much the bank owes him. This is incomprehensible to the Drifter, who has never been strong on arithmetic since he tried to solve the difficulties Alice got into when the Red Queen asked her to take nine from eight. And then, he has a strong suspicion that it's a question of *compound* interest, too. However, a great light has dawned on that subject since he realized that compound interest was just like walking up the moving stairway.

* * * * *

THE Drifter well recalls another lady of his acquaintance who, desirous of crossing a street through heavy traffic, did so by the simple expedient of stepping down the curb and starting across, her hand held up in a warning gesture as she confidently made her way. Motors ground brakes for her, trucks came to a hasty stop. And the driver of one of the latter, almost jerked from his seat by the violent action of his brakes, expressed the opinion of all who

saw her as he leaned down and shouted: "Wot is it—a h'empress?" This admirable spirit is really not so unusual, but in most people it is coupled with a little more timidity; or, if you prefer, prudence. These two intrepid ladies assumed that the world's institutions existed for their especial benefit. Most people assume that fact, and act on it as far as they dare, but most people also are like the Drifter, and their courage falters when faced with ten-ton trucks and banks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Nicaraguan Holiday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It might amuse you, as it does me, to note that Nicaragua celebrates, as a holiday, the Fourth of July, in honor of the United States Declaration of Independence.

New York, January 25 EDWARD C. MACK

Anti-War Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we ask the help of your readers in getting information concerning the difficulties met by persons convicted during the war for their anti-war views? All of them are still without the rights of citizenship. These rights are fixed by the States, and therefore vary. In some they cannot legally vote or serve on juries. In others they cannot get licenses for certain professions or hold public office.

The Civil Liberties Union has tried through quiet work at Washington to secure restoration of the rights of citizenship to all the 1,500 persons convicted for their opinions during the war. We have not secured results by quiet methods and we are now about to engage in a public campaign. For that purpose, we want material directly from the persons affected, showing just what difficulties they have met. Will any of your readers who know any pertinent facts or who have the names and addresses of any persons so convicted be good enough to inform the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, February 6 ROGER BALDWIN

Forgive Miss Mayo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We Hindus welcome honest and unbiased criticism, based on facts, but when Katherine Mayo uncompromisingly condemns all that is holy and pure to us then it is our duty as sons of India to challenge her book.

Several invitations were sent to her recently, requesting her to debate with us. These she wisely declined. When we heard that she was to make her first appearance before the public, a small group of Hindus, proud of our country and our people, decided to stage a demonstration against her book. Two of us on the morning of January 21, the day of her lecture, began distributing hundreds of leaflets outside of the Town Hall to the public at large, and specially to those entering the hall to hear Miss Mayo's lecture on The Women and Children of India. These leaflets contained an invitation to her for an open debate and also the opinions of greatly respected leaders, both Hindu and American who vehemently denounce her book as untrue to the facts. A miniature bonfire was set up in front of the Town Hall as a sincere and deeply felt protest.

The burning of the book, the distribution of the leaflets to the audience, and the carrying of large signs on my shoulders challenging her for a debate, all had a remarkable and culminating effect, both on Miss Mayo's audience and herself. Meanwhile the management sent for a special police officer who, I suppose, was strongly urged to arrest me. From the moment this officer emerged from the hall his treatment of me was rough and brutal. I never disobeyed him and also pointed out to him that I was doing nothing unlawful. He was immune to my appeals. Therefore I submitted to force, because I believe in the righteousness of an unselfish and noble cause. I was arrested and imprisoned for over ten hours in a dark cell. During this time my conscience and courage grew stronger and in this frame of mind I appealed to God through my soul-force to forgive that poor woman for her impure thoughts and actions.

New York, February 6 JAN KOTHANDA RAM

A Doctor Needed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Unless funds are speedily forthcoming for the upkeep of a physician at Avella, a mining center about forty-five miles out of Pittsburgh, a striker population of over four thousand families will have to go through the winter cut off from medical aid. This, too, with hundreds of families being evicted and diseases arising from cold and hunger steadily on the increase.

Dr. Kartub, the young physician brought in by the local union at the Duquesne Mine, Avella, last spring, has stuck to his post, doing splendid work for the strikers' families, unpaid, throughout the nine months of the lockout. The lockout was declared only a few days after his arrival in Avella, and the check-off for medical service through which the local supported a physician and provided its membership with medicine automatically ceased.

The young doctor was drawn to the courageous men and women fighting grimly month after month up there in the hills, and stayed on even when it became clear that he would have to work without pay. His reserve funds were as slight as those of most young physicians, and he was forced to borrow continuously, where he could, to get money to live on and to buy medicine for his striker patients.

Borrowing has its limits, and finally Dr. Kartub tried working with a physician in Pittsburgh during the day to earn enough to keep going, driving back along the steep hill roads at evening to Avella, and then beginning another day's work with his own people in the mining camps at night. The combination was impossible—and dangerous. One evening not long ago his car broke down, and it was impossible for him to get back. The strike-breakers' physician refused to come to a striker's wife who suddenly fell desperately ill, and she died.

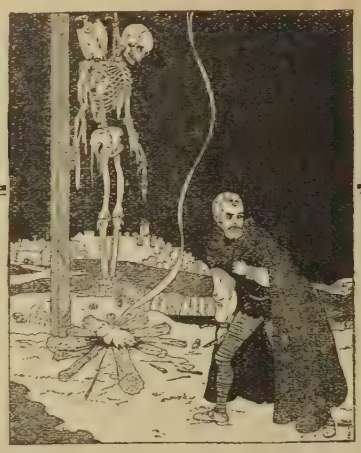
We are asking you to call this to the attention of sympathetic physicians in New York City. We are hoping that a group of them will see the need of coming to the assistance of this needy doctor so that he may continue his good work.

Pittsburgh, January 20 V. KEMENOVICH,
Relief Director

Costa Rica

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Gannett's article Hughes at Havana, in your issue of February 8, he says that "Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American Court." May I call your attention to the fact that, while Costa Rica did not sign the conventions passed at the Hague in 1899 and 1907, she is a signatory to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague (organized after the war) and has also signed the op-



THIS drawing shows the noblest thief of the ages—Vesalius, who stole corpses from the gallows of Montfaucon and Louvain, wrote De humani corporis fabrica, *and founded the modern science of anatomy. "The human body was his Bible, and he cared not how he obtained copies," says Dr. Logan Clendening. Across the title page of his 16th-century Latin treatise Sir William Osler wrote: "Modern medicine begins here."*

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tional clause of the court protocol providing for compulsory arbitration of all disputes?

New York, February 6 MILDRED S. WERTHEIMER

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my introduction of Joffé's letter in your issue of February 1 I said that the letter had not been published in Russia. It was finally published in Russia, having appeared elsewhere and become notorious, on December 31, 1927. The Russian text is substantially the same as the French one from which my translations were made.

Croton-on-Hudson, February 3 MAX EASTMAN

Stuart Sherman's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Homer Woodbridge and I are undertaking, at the request of Mrs. Sherman, to prepare a book on the life of Stuart Sherman. We should be grateful to any one who would assist us in our task with letters of Sherman's, or with excerpts from letters if for any reason they cannot be submitted to us in their entirety. Copies will be made and the originals promptly returned.

Urbana, Illinois, January 10 JACOB ZEITLIN

Letters That Fly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Living in far-away California I have been spending large sums of money upon air-mail stamps, and I am wondering what for. On December 28 I paid eighty cents to mail a manuscript to a magazine in New York by air mail. On December 30 I took the precaution to send another copy of the manuscript by ordinary mail. I have just learned by telegraph that the one sent by ordinary mail arrived this morning, the one sent by air mail arrived the same afternoon.

There is a big storm just now; but ten days ago I received two air-mail letters, one from Boston and one from New York, and the postmarks showed that each had taken six days. The time for ordinary mail is four days. I noticed the same thing on two occasions a month ago. These are the only letters I have bothered to check up. I hope you will not begrudge the Post Office Department this free advertising.

Long Beach, Cal., January 4 UPTON SINCLAIR

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, as *The Nation's* special correspondent, spent several days with the Sandino forces in Nicaragua.

JOHN R. COLTER was sent by the North American Newspaper Alliance to Europe to investigate the case of Madame Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. He is now a free-lance writer.

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has just returned from Havana.

S. BERT COOKSLEY is a California poet.

A. J. MUSTE is director of the Brookwood Labor College.

B. H. HAGGIN frequently reviews music for *The Nation*.

GLEN MULLIN is author of "The Adventure of a Scholar-Tramp."

Books, Music, Plays

Night Is a Time to Weep

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

It is a long night that does not know weeping;
night is a time to weep. In the next room,
where they are tired of each other and sleeping,
the seed of your tears will take bloom.

"Hush!" one says to his stupid wife.
"Someone there—you hear?—crying?"
They will listen; thinking of life,
thinking of virtue, thinking of dying.

Night is a time to weep. Tears must give
people weary of each other a small
stab of recollection. They will live
again, their ears to the wall.

First Glance

THE principal danger a satirist runs is the danger of being dull. To be sure it is dulness he is out after; by tradition he is the enemy of fools and knaves, and by a still subtler tradition he is one who can make a knave look like a fool, and so doubly reduce him. There is nothing he must hate so much as dulness. Yet nine times out of ten he will write a book which it is hard work to read, and one of the reasons is that his material in itself is hard to think about. It is the material of our daily lives, and we are already too familiar with it.

Charles Merz's "The Great American Band-Wagon: A Study in Exaggerations" (John Day: $3) does not wholly escape this peril. Its subjects are golf, radio, filling stations, fraternal orders, soda fountains, newspaper murders, college education, Spanish suburbs, beauty-contests, foreign tours, the movie, the campaign, the drive, the prize-fight, the Channel swim, and the like—stuff we are intolerably weary of seeing in the headlines and intolerably weary of hearing opinions about. That Mr. Merz has some new opinions does not altogether matter. He deals in fluff, and some of the fluff sticks to him. He invents a rapid style which will in itself be satire on our life; but the style becomes infected with the life so that it is difficult after a while to distinguish between them, and Mr. Merz seems windy and tedious. To that extent he pays the penalty of one who has decided to touch pitch.

Yet he does make a contribution. He does juxtapose two ideas which so far as I know have not been so juxtaposed before, though a generation of satirists has been busy with each of them by itself. These are the ideas, first, that the American wants romance, illusion, escape to some other world than this clicking steam-heated one in which he is condemned to live, and second, that the American does not really want his new world to be different from the old one. In other words, he hates irregularity while he loves change, and since the second cannot be had without the first he is in a bad way. Mr. Merz points with considerable shrewdness to the fact that golf is the business man's way of remembering the frontier (the multi-colored hose being but descendants of a certain famous pair of leather stockings), that we sweep our sons into the colleges with the same enthusiasm that used to send them West into new territories, that we join the Red Men or sip a Mandalay Delight or build ourselves a Spanish balcony in order that we may taste the exotic, and that we are willing to make a hero out of almost anybody because there must always be somebody through whom we can vicariously live. But—says Mr. Merz—we don't carry the thing through. We have our ideas as to what men ought to be, and we distrust our neighbor as soon as he becomes authentically eccentric. The movies, for instance, have made "an art of our regularity." And our heroes, after all, must be just plain men like ourselves. "Henry Ford is so rich that he could buy a Balkan nation, but he likes puttering around in his garden and spends part of his time hanging bird-boxes from his porch on old bits of wire spring." So we approve of Henry Ford.

That is Mr. Merz's contribution, and it is an important one; and it has been made with gaiety and skill. But it is thickly swathed in words; it might have gone better as an article.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Bellows on Stone

George Bellows: His Lithographs. With an Introduction by Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. $15.

A VOLUME of the complete lithographic work of George Bellows was inevitable sooner or later, and this one in all respects leaves little to be desired. The plates, numbering 195, are beautifully printed. The index not only makes their chronology clear but offers interesting bits of information about individual drawings. The value of the book is further enhanced by Thomas Beer's splendid prefatory essay which creates an abiding sense of Bellows's personality and at the same time interprets his work with sympathetic understanding. The dramatic instinct, the restless love of unconventional subjects, the technical bravura displayed in Bellows's paintings overflowed abundantly into his lithographs; so that by turning the pages of this volume one may attain a singularly complete perception of all the phases of his artistic energy. He is to be seen as a graphic journalist delighting in raw sensation, as a humorist and satirist, and lastly as an artist striving for an idealistic, an imaginative vision of reality. His subjects, which are largely inspired by the life of his own time in America, cover a wide range: prize-fights, religious meetings, crowds swarming in the streets and parks, people grotesquely gregarious always, whether it be in their swimming, their love-making, or their search for God.

It is this constant preoccupation with mobs, and this delight in what engrosses them at the time, that makes one think of Bellows as a super-feature-writer on canvas or stone. Unerringly he plays up the most vivid moment in a given happening, suggesting in terms of crude sensation whatever emotion envelops it, sadistic, sentimental, hysterical, or buffoonish. His prize-fights are tremendous snapshots disclosing at a single burning glance the naked bodies of the gladiators in such a brutal agony of strife that they are almost painful to contemplate; and about the ringside a throng of distorted faces are howling for the kill. Bellows found no subject too painful or preposterous for a full-page spread—a lynching bee with a shrieking Negro writhing in the flames, a dance in a mad-house, a hold-up, a mine disaster, an execution in the electric chair—all

were grist for the lithographic stone. As might be expected, Bellows's taste sometimes lapses, but never does his dramatic instinct degenerate so far into sheer melodrama as it does in the war lithographs. With Goya's "Desastres de la Guerra" in the back of his mind, he projected a series of compositions exhibiting the fiendish cruelty of the Germans. These "hallucinations," as he afterward called them, while horribly effective as propaganda are so steeped in hatred and so mannered that they fall short of high artistic merit. The Execution of Edith Cavell, however, is a noteworthy exception; a beautiful tragic vision it is, a composition at once noble in its illustrative conception and aesthetically moving.

From the dramatic excesses of the war lithographs one turns with relief to those drawings which express Bellows's genial and sly sense of humor. Business Man's Class, YMCA is one of the most amusing. A grotesque assortment of male bipeds are engaged in setting-up exercises. The spectacle is pathetic as well as ludicrous—these middle-aged and elderly men who all their lives have neglected their bodies are at last aroused to an awareness of age creeping on, and the necessity of prolonging their span of life by a little, not too strenuous, body-building. Bald men, pompous thin-chested men with carefully parted whiskers, men with bloated stomachs and dewlaps like mastiffs, cocky runts with bowed legs—all are funny without caricature. They are recognizable human beings. In Artists Judging Works of Art is gay comment on the capers of an art jury passing judgment on its contemporaries. Village Prayer Meeting presents a group of smug psalm-singers soaking in a kind of besotted enjoyment of their own sanctimoniousness. In the Billy Sunday lithographs the satire is sharper. The Sawdust Trail, with its atmosphere of evangelical hysteria, is so well suggested that one averts the eyes and feels a slight shiver of vicarious shame.

In view of the sensational gifts so far commented upon it would seem useless to look for the qualities of grace and charm in such a swashbuckling master of dynamics as Bellows, but these qualities are to be found in some of his pictures and especially in his portraits of children. One suspects that in his aggressive assault on sentimentalism and "sweetness" of conception he submitted all the forms of things to an artistic lens which was opaque to graciousness or tenderness of spirit. In striving with such determination to avoid conventional beauty of treatment he came very near achieving conventional brutality. His nudes, particularly his women, are insensitive and heavy. It has been said that he once remarked caustically to a novice who had painted a handsome naked girl: "Couldn't you have got a prettier girl and made her a little better looking?" The novice might have scrutinized one of Bellows's nudes and rejoined: "Couldn't you have got an uglier girl and made her a little worse looking?" In Bellows's portraits of his two little daughters, however, there is a subtle expressiveness, a lovely delicacy of perception and handling not commonly found in his work. The grave sweetness of Jean and Anne is interpreted with a warmth and imaginative sympathy which promises an enduring life of art for them when many of the episodic lithographs will be interesting chiefly to the social historian.

But beside the portraits may be placed other drawings in this book upon which beauty has brushed delicate wings, touching them with imaginative aspiration. Among these may be accounted The Allan Donne Puts to Sea, lovely in the range and subtlety of its values; Irish Town, charming in its counterplay of strong blacks and whites; and Evening Snowstorm, a fine study in silvery nuances. Then there is the series of illustrations for Wells's "Men Like Gods." The glorified landscapes of Utopia charmed into sudden florescence all the latent romanticism of Bellows, and the strange beauty that Wells helped him to evoke is as unfamiliar to us as the stars of Utopia. It is our loss that Bellows divined so late in his career the guise of beauty in strangeness. The treasures he might have left he carried with him into the invisible and the unknown.

GLEN H. MULLIN

What Is the West?

Defense of the West. By Henri Massis. Translated by F. S. Flint. Preface by G. K. Chesterton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN his now famous essay called "The Intellectual Crisis" Paul Valéry gave picturesque expression to his distrust of the East in the phrasing of a question: "Will Europe become *what she is in reality;* that is, a little cape on the Asiatic continent?" Valéry was not, I presume, the first to imply such a question, but the vast prestige of his name has given it a general currency and has made the fear which it implies almost an intellectual fashion. That fear furnishes one of the chief themes in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," it is the pole around which most of the discussions published in the *New Criterion* revolve, and it bobs up sooner or later in the writings of every member of the newly constituted "intellectualist" group. The West, say the expositors of the theme, stands for faith in man, in order, and in the intellect; the East for fatalistic despair, for anarchy, and for mysticism. We, they add, have been moving slowly toward the East ever since the Renaissance and our only hope of salvation lies in a return to Western ideals—that is to say, to a faith in the validity of logic and metaphysics which will eventuate in the establishment of an ultimate authority in government like that represented by the Roman empire and an ultimate authority in the realm of mind and spirit like that represented by the Catholic church.

Henri Massis, whose book, by the way, is post-Valérean but not quite new, has evidently in mind the production of a *locus classicus* for the whole discussion. One section is devoted to proving by means of quotations from Keyserling, Spengler, and others that Germany is spiritually "Eastern," another to proving that Russia is the same, a third to pointing out the orientalizing influence exerted especially by Gandhi and Tagore, and still another to a glorification of the Catholic church as the one surviving institution which is still uncorruptedly "Western."

"Christendom" and "the Western world" represent, he says, identical ideas, but true Christianity is not, of course, that "Eastern" philosophy expounded by Tolstoi or Gandhi which teaches us that "Christ forbids his disciples all jurisdiction, all human justice, all coercive authority," but rather that truly Roman one which regards God as the "All-powerful Juriscon-sult" and the officers of his church as his policemen and bailiffs. Just how he proposes to get around the fact that Christ was an Oriental who delivered himself of various sayings having a characteristic "Eastern" flavor is not apparent, but one may assume, I think, that Christ plays but a small role in what he calls Christianity, and in any event he concludes that "the Catholic church seems to us the sole power capable of restoring true civilization."

In spite of a keen if somewhat skeptical interest in the whole intellectualist movement I cannot but wonder whether that precision so much insisted upon by its members can in any way be served by the hypostatization of entities as vague and intangible as "Asia" and "the Western Mind" or whether the present crisis of the spirit is to be haply survived through any expedient as simple as a dutiful return to that Catholic church with which even those "intellectualists" less definitely than Massis its partisan are perpetually flirting. A part at least of the "Defense of the West" was published in the *New Criterion*, and it is surely an odd sort of movement which unites the author of "The Wasteland" with Mr. Chesterton. That famous exponent of cakes and ale is in temperament too far removed from Mr. T. S. Eliot actually to join with him in anything, and one may justly suspect that some loose thinking is being done somewhere when the two come together.

Perhaps, indeed, the skeptic anxious not to be taken in by any sophistries however modish would do well to ask himself whether the whole pother about "the Western mind" be not, in

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part at least, merely a more intellectually respectable analogue of the now subsiding furore over "Nordic" superiorities; and if he does so he will be struck by the fact that whereas the proponents of the last-mentioned theory were compelled to prove that the Germans were not really Nordic the supporters of the Western mind must now maintain that this same unhappy people, whom no one seems to want, are not really Western either. Any argument which is based upon the supposed existence of entities as ill-defined as the Nordic race or the Western mind must indeed end in something no better than the calling of names. Who shall say that the Middle Age was more characteristically "Western" than the Renaissance? In all such discussions the truly "American," "Nordic," "Democratic," or "Western" is likely to be merely what one happens to like. What one does not like is "Un-American," not "Nordic," "Bolshevistic," or "Eastern."

And as for the other contention which plays so large a part in the intellectualist argument—the contention, that is to say, that order and authority are excellent things—it can only be said that these new writers are not the first to perceive that the political rule of a perfect government and the intellectual jurisdiction of an all-wise court of appeal would be highly desirable if they were ever to be obtained. But the question is still, as it has always been, where to get them, and the intellectualists have none but the old and futile answers which conjure up ghosts in the form of divine rights and vicars of God. The real sanction of all the revolts, political and intellectual, which have taken place since the Renaissance is purely a pragmatic one. Governments were overturned and oecumenical councils defied, not primarily because people had rejected the principle of authority but because they found themselves compelled to put up with bogus authorities. And what they learned we are not yet ready to forget: the most benevolent despotisms and the most impressive academies have a way of growing bogus in time.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

To the Left

Misleaders of Labor. By William Z. Foster. Trade Union Educational League. $1.25.

THE thesis of this book is that cultural and economic conditions in the United States are largely responsible for creating a backward and ultra-conservative labor movement, the only one "which still frankly defends and supports the capitalist system"; that naturally such a movement has developed an ultra-conservative and backward leadership; but that this leadership in its turn has become a very powerful cause in retarding the struggles of the workers for more effective organization and higher standards, and must therefore be energetically exposed and relentlessly fought.

Mr. Foster does the exposing in a work of 336 pages in which, to put it mildly, a spade is called a spade. Special attention is given to such subjects as graft on the part of union officials; their affiliation with "capitalist" organizations such as the National Civic Federation; stealing of elections; frenzied financial ventures in connection with labor banks; corrupt alliances with the old-party political machines; the failure to attempt the organization of the masses of the unskilled and semi-skilled. On these subjects there is presented a mass of information not hitherto readily accessible, though not much of it is the result of original investigation or research. Very many of the things that are said are so. It is the more unfortunate that some important statements are not supported by any citation of evidence and that some are inaccurate, while others are at least highly debatable.

From the analysis here presented of the development and present position of the American labor movement and the role of the main body of its leadership there will be little or no dissent except perhaps on the part of those leaders and their henchmen, though some will quarrel with the tone employed, and the picture is, of course, all in blacks and whites. Many serious students and trade unionists will agree also with the general program of organizing the unorganized, democratizing the unions, etc., here presented.

It is when one tries to think out the problem of how the American labor movement may gain in numbers, intelligence, and effectiveness that this book stirs doubts and leaves one with unanswered questions.

According to Mr. Foster it is the Left Wing, specifically the Worker's Party and the Trade Union Educational League, that alone can lead the movement out of the wilderness. The book assumes that the present Left Wing is quite capable of doing this little job and that it has intelligent, fearless, and honest leadership. It is a big assumption, the soundness of which is questioned by many who are not reactionaries and not altogether ignorant of the facts. Much is said about extravagance on the part of conservative unions and their leaders. Are we to assume that extravagance in the use of union funds by Left Wingers is never reprehensible? A great deal is said about democratizing the unions and against dictatorial and strong-arm methods on the part of the old leaders. Are such methods always entirely proper and effective when employed by the Left Wing? If the progressives in the American labor movement are at present impotent, is it merely because the conservatives were strong and brutal and the progressives "yellow"? Or have the Lefts by occasional little tactical mistakes, as, for example, by premature and melodramatic attempts to "capture" organizations, by indiscriminate and bad-tempered mud-slinging, played into the hands of the reactionaries and placed their natural allies in an impossible position? And there are even more fundamental questions.

One of the most crucial problems confronting those who hope for the development of a vital and militant labor movement in this country has to do with the extent to which the development of the movement on the economic (trade union) field can be subjected to the needs and the control of a revolutionary political party, especially one which takes its orders from across the sea, the extent to which those who are to take part in a united front on the trade-union field shall be required to worship in the same church, subscribe to the same creed, and to perform the same rituals. On that issue continuous and bitter controversy rages between the Foster faction and their opponents in the Worker's Party. This book does not touch upon the issue. Yet this issue cannot be evaded and it is urgent.

The book argues for absolute opposition to all "class collaboration" schemes, every form of cooperation between union and management for efficient production (such as the B. & O. Plan), just as the Lefts of a generation ago, under I. W. W. leadership, fought against unions making any collective agreements with employers. The fight then was between blind antagonism to collective agreements and equally blind advocacy of them; the fight today is between blind antagonism to all schemes in which the union takes a positive interest in the production process and a blind advocacy of such schemes as heralding a new and glorious day for labor. In practice the trade union cannot follow an absolutist policy in these matters. It must both develop relatively stable relations with employers and management and it must fight them. Its supreme need, in other words, is a sound philosophy and tactic of compromise. Neither side to such a controversy as we are referring to has such a philosophy and tactic. The result is that the official movement gets into a swamp and loses the road to its goal, while the Left Wing by its own lack of realism gets shoved off into a corner, becomes a propagandist sect, and fails to exercise a continuous and preponderant influence on the movement as a whole. Mr. Foster is the man who has been dinning it into our ears that this is what happened to the I. W. W. Does he think that the same cause will not produce the same results today?

A. J. MUSTE

MARCH 1ST—MARCH 13TH

To Newsstand Readers of *The Nation:*

March 13th is Oswald Garrison Villard's fifty-sixth birthday, and we have decided to make that date the climax of our Tenth Anniversary Celebration, with a dinner* in New York where at least a thousand Nation readers will be able to make their tribute felt personally.

Dinners in Mr. Villard's honor wlll also take place in Washington, March 1st, Rochester, March 5th, Baltimore, March 7th, Philadelphia, March 9th, Boston, March 10th.* And those of us who live near enough will have a chance to come and shake him by the hand, and thank him for his ten years' service in the cause of honest liberalism in America.

But what can the rest of us do?

Mr. Villard has given ten years of his life and a good share of his modest fortune to creating a paper which has come to fill an indispensable place in our national life. Hundreds of people write to him every year to tell him so. And still his paper has not yet reached that point in circulation at which it can command advertising enough to sustain it. 10,000 more readers would do it.

What better birthday present could we give Mr. Villard than 10,000 new subscribers for The Nation? What better present could you personally give him than one new subscriber to make part of that gift? This will mean more to him than a gold-headed cane or a silver loving-cup or even a hundred laudatory speeches.

May we count on you to read the announcement below and act on it *within a week?* Then at least one copy of the Nation Book, with our names in it, can be printed in time to present to Mr. Villard on March 13th with the gift of new subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
ZONA GALE
CLARENCE DARROW

For the
Tenth Anniversary Committee
of Nation Readers

**Seating space will be limited at all of these dinners. If you wish to make sure of your reservation, write now to the Secretary, Tenth Anniversary Committee, 24 Vesey St., New York, but send no money until you hear from the Dinner Secretary.*

About the Nation Book

There are no prizes or commissions connected with this plan to double the circulation of The Nation, but there is the Nation Book—a beautiful little leather-covered volume which the Committee is preparing to commemorate this celebration. It will contain the most famous and significant Nation editorials of the past ten years, a few memorable cartoons, line drawings of the editors, and, finally, the names of all those who have helped to make this Tenth Anniversary a success.

One new six months' subscriber will put your name in the Nation Book. Two new six months' subscriptions or one new year's subscription will mean that we can send you a complimentary copy of the Nation Book as soon as it is published.

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A Psychologist Looks at Music

The Borderland of Music and Psychology. By Frank Howes. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

MR. HOWES applies relevant psychological theories to a number of musical phenomena for whatever enlightenment or stimulation the procedure may afford.

His most important chapter is the one entitled Emotion in Music. In this he reminds us that psychologists do not countenance the division of the mind into separate faculties, that instead they hold its activity to be an amalgam of thought and feeling in varying proportions, hence that the mental activity of composer or listener always involves emotion, and that this emotion is not a specific musical emotion but the emotion involved in the production or the appreciation of any other art. He concludes that any music of value, though it may vary in its method, is program music, and as such a commentary on life, or what he calls a judgment of value. It appears from this that he considers identical the emotion involved in the mental activity of composer or listener, and the emotional connotation of the musical sounds. But my own understanding is that they are often different. And this leads to an important distinction. A demonstration in higher mathematics usually possesses qualities that arouse aesthetic emotion in one who can appreciate them; and it may be the product of considerable emotion in the one who worked it out; nevertheless its terms, as we know, have no emotional connotation themselves. Just so a group of musical sounds may arouse aesthetic emotion or be the result of it, and yet have no emotional connotation itself. That is, music exists which conveys none but a musical meaning, a meaning sui generis, the meaning precisely of a group of musical sounds (which is the primary meaning even of music with emotional content). And such music can possess value even though its sole necessary connection with life is that something in life set off the energy which created it; and this for the same reason that music which does comment on life can be without value. The reason is that value in music is not, as Mr. Howes contends, a matter of emotional content.

Important also is Mr. Howes's application of theories of crowd psychology to the behavior of performers and listeners at a concert. The essential conditions of group mental activity, he points out, are a common object of the activity, a common mode of feeling toward the object, and reciprocal influence—intensifying this feeling—among members of the group. These conditions are satisfied by an orchestra, or rather by an orchestra in cooperation with its audience (to which I should add the conductor as a third and distinct member of the group), united in an act of creation; and by the audience alone, e.g., in applause. The applause expresses, first, a mere need of physical movement, a need created by the fact that whereas normally there is no thinking or feeling without doing, "artistic activity, especially the activity of listening . . . is a species of cognition divorced from conation." The applause expresses also, if crudely, the judgment of the listeners, not a qualitative aesthetic judgment but the mere amount of pleasure; and also, therefore, attitudes like sympathy with an artist's handicap, approval of his courage, or sheer good-will for whatever reason. But the applause results, finally, from the fact that a sufficiently large number of persons are seated sufficiently close to one another for suggestion to intensify these common intellectual and emotional attitudes, together with the tendencies to physical action resulting from the attitudes; and in this connection Mr. Howes points out that an audience is split up ordinarily into smaller groups with different objects of interest creating cross-currents of feeling which are united only by something with universal appeal, so that the strength of the physical demonstration testifies mostly to the homogeneity of the audience.

Such phenomena as distinguished the Furtwaengler and Toscanini debuts are, then, accounted for: given a conductor, an orchestra, and a capacity audience all stimulated by the momentousness of the occasion, the orchestra prepared to do and the audience prepared to approve, and both keyed up to a high pitch of emotional excitement—given these conditions, one can expect performances more glamorous than orchestra or conductor would achieve ordinarily, and no less extraordinary physical demonstrations of approval by the audience.

B. H. Haggin

Books in Brief

The Inner World of Childhood. By Frances G. Wickes. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

This is a Freudian view of childhood, but far better sustained than other approaches which have been vitiated by the Freudian insistence upon sex. Mrs. Wickes as a disciple of Jung is interested in the rich imaginative expressions of the child's mind. This brings her into sympathetic relation with the considerable group of imaginative children who perhaps have more to tell us than the ordinary child, and likewise offer the troublesome problems of understanding and management. Following the lead of Jung, who makes the field of mind a difficult and perplexing exploration troubled by doubts and uncertainties of adjustment, Mrs. Wickes concentrates this point of view upon childhood. Her best chapter is on psychological types; for, obviously, the introverted type alone develops an inner world sufficiently rich for exploration. Yet this emphasis is quite in line with the modern view of primitive mentality, which sets forth that the world of the inner life parallels and offsets the coercion of the world of things and circumstance. We are coming to realize, as never before, the dominance of this reconstructed duality. Freud's original formulation in part holds. His "reality" principle opposed to the "pleasure" principle is part of the story. It is not so much pleasure as it is the total life of adjustment determined by emotion. The play of fear is of equal consequence with the play of pleasure; and guiding both is that creative and constructive process which at the early age gives rise to imaginary companions and imaginary worlds, and is now being utilized in the program of "creative youth." Mrs. Wickes has chosen well in recognizing here a distinctive field as yet but partly occupied. This inner world of childhood naturally blossoms in the family setting. At every stage it is a socialized world, which must recognize the complication of powers separating the wish from the fact. To bridge the gap arises the world of myth and fairy-tale, so closely related to that of dreams, and brings us back to Freud's parallel formulation of the two orders of thinking, dream thinking and fact thinking. Still another alternative is the rising and submerging of the thought-procedure above and below the levels of the conscious and subconscious. While many will feel that Mrs. Wickes has gone too far in her adherence to the Freudian lines of argument, they must admit that without this Freudian approach the inner world would have had a literary rather than a scientific interpretation. For those who are engaged in following the double unfoldment of the child, in the world of imagination and in the world of reality, this competent essay will prove a suggestive guide.

Menckeniana: A Schimpflexikon. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

What a sumptuous crop of enemies Mr. Mencken has! And with what Christian meekness—and Teutonic thrift—he suffers their taunts and slanders, their heavy insinuations about his race, his family tree, his Wassermann reaction, his morals, his patriotism, and his intelligence! Like Sherwood Anderson's mother he treasures every cabbage, no matter how odoriferous, that is flung at his door, and from the most succulent of them he has brewed a savory pottage and invites the public to come

dip in its spoon. "Menckeniana" is an anthology of the badwordings with which Mr. Mencken has been greeted in these last ten years. All parts of the United States are represented in the collection, but the most eloquent and heartfelt seem to emanate from south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers and are ample evidence that the oratorical tradition of John Randolph of Roanoke and of Henry Clay still lives. The contributors include some names eminent in learning and letters, and several have sent their shots into the center of the target. The cleverest hit is the late Stuart Sherman's: "Mr. Mencken talks about truth as if she were his mistress, but he handles her like an iceman." There are others almost as good.

The Realm of Literature. By Henry W. Wells. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

An excellent work whose sobriety, honesty, and care will probably cause it to be overlooked by those in search of the seasonal violences of literary criticism. Professor Wells approaches the special problem of literature through the path of general aesthetics. Dissenting from the romantic Freudianism of Prescott's "The Poetic Mind" he manages to strike a nice balance by considering the artistic activity as an evolution from both the dreaming and the awakened mind. This conservative synthetic viewpoint is especially favorable to Professor Wells's interesting treatment of the various "phases of literature"—form, content, brevity, fulness, depth, motion, symbolism. His most striking and thoughtful remarks occur in the chapter dealing with the relations of literature to science. Unlike most aestheticians, Professor Wells has an amazing fund of erudition and a ready memory: two qualities which enable him to temper his theory with concrete and apt reference.

Two Forsyte Interludes. By John Galsworthy. Scribner's Sons. Fifty cents.

Two slight tales forming links between the last three novels of the Forsyte Saga. Neither a Silent Wooing, which connects "The White Monkey" with "The Silver Spoon," nor Passers By, which connects the latter novel with "Swan Song" (to be published this July), has anything of the melancholy exquisiteness which distinguished The Indian Summer of a Forsyte. The latter interludes, like the larger works which they serve to connect, are labored and anti-climactic.

The Way Things Are. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A superficial but engaging English counterpart to "Main Street" in which Laura Temple Carol Kennicotts her way along to an almost-rebellion against country-home respectability, to discover at the end that "only by accepting her own limitations could she endure the limitations of her surroundings." Mrs. Delafield has written better books in her day, but one is willing to forgive a deal of frothy dialogue for the sake of the two priceless youngsters she has managed to create.

Georgian Stories. 1927. Edited by Arthur Waugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This annual collection of English stories indicates a saddening fact: that in proportion to the growth of the contributors' reputations their products are likely to appear more and more enfeebled. Both A. E. Coppard and Liam O'Flaherty, probably the two finest English writers of tales, disappoint badly. Ethel Colburn Mayne and G. B. Stern are practically unreadable. The rest write superior magazine stuff.

NOTE: The name of the author of "An American Soldier and Diplomat," reviewed in *The Nation* for December 21, 1927, was wrongly given as Elsie Porter Meade; it should have been Elsie Porter Mende. Also, the writer of the unsigned review of "Farm Income and Farm Life" in the issue of December 14, 1927, wishes it stated that the words "interesting functions" should have been "interacting functions."

Music

On the Way

PLAIN is the way being indicated by the American Opera Company. To take a stale and sentimental Gallicism like Gounod's "Faust" and freshen it to the point of enjoyment is art. To do this in English is even more—it is history. If this offshoot of the now defunct Rochester Opera Company had no more to its credit than the new settings by Robert Edmond Jones and the modern staging by Vladimir Rosing it would have justified its existence as a progressive operatic force. But it has more. It has a new and logical libretto made into good, singable English by Robert A. Simon, and sung with a clear, understandable diction by the members of the company. These members are uniformly young and inexperienced. In spite of their fresh, pretty voices and genuine acting talent, amateurishness sticks out from each and all. And yet the sum total was the most beautiful and moving performance of "Faust" seen and heard here in years. Not the least interesting thing about it was the intelligent expression on the faces of the audience instead of the usual patient incomprehension. And not the least startling to hear was the audience laughing at the jokes. This may not be the ultimate goal of opera, but it is the most practical one for making it universally popular. It may even be a way of making it profitable instead of dependent on the beneficence of the rich.

In the meantime Mr. Simon has remade other librettos and we have even better singers than these. Only the other day I sat at the dress rehearsal of Alfano's "Madonna Imperia." It was being sung in Italian—for the most part by a Brooklyn boy and a New York girl; and it was to be billed with a Russian opera to be sung in French by a cast in which four out

WHAT IS THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT FOR SOCIAL WORK TRAINING? "(1) . . . love for one's fellow-beings, good common sense, broad experience in life, a desire to be of service . . . scientific training in the social sciences. . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 2.)

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of the five principals were Americans. Ten years ago one would have thrilled at such recognition of our singers. But then, ten years ago such recognition would have come singly and at intervals. Now that it *was* here in numbers, one was merely aware that we were using seven English-speaking artists to sing grand opera in Italian and French.

The Metropolitan only points the case. Every so-called international opera house in the country from Philadelphia to the Coast is leaning more and more heavily on native-born singers. Even Fortuno Gallo's itinerant company combs them for recruits. We are furnishing the extraordinary spectacle of turning out first-class American artists to sing grand opera for their fellow-Americans in languages which neither understands.

We have been told rather forcibly of late that we need a new opera house. We do. But why stop at the building? We need new opera, too. We need it in the spirit of the modern theater, elastic and free from formulas. We need it also in the spirit of the musical world about us—all-embracing, intensely curious, and alive. And we need it as the American Opera Company is giving it to us—intelligible to eye, ear, and reason. To give it otherwise is to strangle it eventually with its own traditions. Let us have our Metropolitan, if only as a point of departure. But let us also have a house for opera in English that will be in consonance with our eclectic musical life. There is enough of a foreign population and cosmopolitan society to support the former, and enough musicians, one hopes, to do the same for the latter. And then there is always some Maecenas of the arts.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Actors to the Rescue

THEORETICALLY the sole duty of an actor is the interpretation of a text. If playwrights always knew exactly what they wanted to say and if they always knew, besides, just how it ought to be said, then the exploitation of a personality upon the stage would be as impertinent as the verbal "gagging" of a conceited comic and the best actor would be he who most nearly approached to Gordon Craig's ideal of the de-humanized but all-flexible marionette. Playwrights, however, do not always get even so far as having anything to say, and it is only by virtue of an illegitimate sort of acting that their works are rendered tolerable. Some man or woman with a charm, a pathos, or a greatness of his own supplies the deficiencies of the text out of his own humanity. He is himself alive enough to make an audience forget the deadness of the character he is supposed to be portraying and to fill with his own flesh and blood the void left by the author of a mere scenario. At his worst such an actor has only a small bag of tricks; at his best he can give us no more than a limited number of variants of himself; but in either event it is only to a very good play, to one very solid and complete in itself, that he is not an asset.

We all know by what delicate and carefully defined cooperation a perfect theatrical performance *should* be produced. At the top is the great and ideally articulate playwright. Just below him stands the director, gifted with the power of seizing the most subtle of that playwright's intentions. And below him are the actors, perfectly plastic—like clay in his hands or, more exactly, like puppets obedient to his fingers. The playwright has delivered the manuscript, the director has first meditated it in solitude and then experimented with his equipment. At last the great night comes. He pulls the strings; the puppets dance in perfect obedience to his will; and the thing which our author dreamed is bodied forth exactly as he dreamed it.

But this ideal is not, alas, very often realized, and it is at the top no less often than elsewhere that the defection begins. Our author has delivered himself of a monstrosity. It ambles along with the gait of a wind-broken horse and, likely enough, either the head or the heart has been entirely left out. The director, instead of meditating its perfections in long sessions of reverent thought, wonders what in heaven's name he can make out of such an abortion. Turning playwright himself, he, in consultation with the original author and his leading lady, performs various necessary surgical operations and grafts on a few select bits that have always helped in the past. Then finally, when he discovers that the chief character cannot be interpreted for the simple reason that there is nothing to interpret, he throws his hands in the air and, turning to the leading lady, he says: "Oh, for God's sake, just be yourself." This being, in general, the best thing which leading ladies do, she proceeds with a sigh of relief to do it, and the first-night audience (which has learned by this time not to expect too much) is presented with a thing of shreds and patches which, even at that, is probably better than it would have been if the actors and directors had undertaken to produce in the ideal way a work which is far from ideal. If the play is very dull but the actor a very interesting personality, he may help us to forget what he is called upon to say, and even at the very worst we are pleasantly aware that Miss Jones, the ingenue, is fetchingly gowned. Actors have been often blamed for getting in the way of the playwright's conception and I have sometimes blamed them myself, but one cannot very well interfere with intentions unless there are some visible intentions to interfere with.

Miss Pauline Lord is perhaps our finest exponent of what I have called (in a purely technical sense) "illegitimate" acting. She has a highly individual, vivid, interesting, and appealing personality; she always "exists" even when the role she is playing does not; and in "Salvation" (Empire Theater) she is once more clothing bare bones with the life which is her own. Only twice in her career has she had a play really worthy of her and though she has never, I think, ever got in between the audience and any conception of the author's more interesting than herself, there have been occasions when she and her role were engaged in a contest for supremacy from which she emerged victorious; but of "Salvation" it may at least be said that whatever its other defects it fits her perfectly. There is no conflict between the playwright and her, she is merely left to fill in what he left out, and she does it magnificently. Playing the role of an innocently sweet and childlike evangelist exploited by a calculating mother, a manager, and a press agent, she is alternately radiant and pathetic, exultant and crushed—now so much wiser and now so much simpler than those around her. They conquer her while, in a certain fashion, she conquers them, and Miss Lord succeeds in doing what few actresses could do—she makes her audience feel the charm and the magnetism which are supposed to hold a tabernacle hypnotized. The play itself is well enough as far as it goes, but it is to Miss Lord that the real credit for making it effective must be given.

The text leaves room for all the excellences she exhibits but it does not itself reveal them; it calls for a great woman but it leaves it to Miss Lord to convince us that that great woman is really there; and it is her triumph that she does just that. Without her "Salvation" would be only an ordinary play; with her it has moments of pathos and beauty Some mention should also be made of the excellent work of Osgood Perkins as the press agent.

Roland Young in "The Queen's Husband" (The Playhouse), a neat but insignificant comedy by Robert Emmet Sherwood which contains some satire on Marie of Rumania, makes his play as Miss Lord has made hers. Mr. Young plays perfectly in the role of mild, downtrodden, lovable husband, and such a role—perhaps intentionally—has been supplied him here.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Nicaragua's Constitution

COLONEL HENRY L. STIMSON, personal representative in Nicaragua of President Coolidge, in May, 1927, forced the opposing armies in Nicaragua, under threat of further compulsion by the United States marines, to lay down their arms and to accept North American supervision of the coming 1928 election. The form of supervision was not at that time settled, but Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy early in January, 1928, presented the text of an election law drafted in Washington, which would make the American chairman of the Electoral Commission a virtual dictator. This law was to suspend the election law of 1923, drawn up by H. W. Dodds, an expert sent to Nicaragua by the State Department at that time. On January 17, after prolonged debate, the Nicaraguan House of Representatives, dominated by members of the Conservative Party, of which President Diaz, maintained in power by Colonel Stimson and the marines, is a member, rejected the Washington draft. David Stadthagen, Speaker of the House, on January 22 issued a statement explaining this action:

The Speaker's Statement

It is not true, as certain news reports have given the American public to believe, that the Nicaraguan Congress has manifested hostility to the idea of American supervision of the elections in Nicaragua this year, or that the Nicaraguan Congress now seeks to defeat the purpose of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada peace agreement of last May. This trilateral agreement among the representatives of the President of the United States, the Nicaraguan Government, and the commander of the Liberal revolutionary army in the field was, in so far as Nicaragua was concerned, subject to ratification by the Congress of Nicaragua. Nicaragua being neither an absolute despotism nor under a dictatorship, but a constitutional republic, President Diaz obviously could not bind the Nicaraguan Government without express authority from the National Congress.

The Nicaraguan Congress, however, has not disavowed any of the ad referendum engagements assumed by President Diaz, but merely exercised the very natural and constitutional right of interpreting and ratifying the agreement and of determining what shall be the legal manner of its execution.

The agreement was signed as a result of Colonel Stimson's peace ultimatum. President Diaz, on learning from Colonel Stimson that President Coolidge had decided to undertake the pacification of Nicaragua and the solution of its electoral problem, accepted the Stimson-Moncada conditions out of a sincere desire to win for his country the blessings of an early peace, which we all devoutly hope may soon dawn for Nicaragua.

With a view of carrying out one of these conditions which required American supervision of the elections of 1928, the State Department presented to the Nicaraguan Government, for prompt enactment by the Nicaraguan Congress, without modification, a draft of a transitory electoral law, suspending the existing electoral law and giving to an American appointed by the President of the United States powers which under the constitution of Nicaragua can only be exercised by Congress. The Nicaraguan Congress, upon due examination of this draft, found that it contained provisions clearly contrary to both the letter and spirit of the Nicaraguan constitution.

Certain Americans and some Nicaraguans have taken the position that while the State Department's electoral law might possibly be unconstitutional, it was a part of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada bargain and should therefore be enacted regardless of the question of constitutionality, the familiar argument being invoked that the end justifies the means. A majority of the members of the House of Representatives, however, have taken a somewhat different view, feeling that their constitutional oath may not lightly be disregarded, that a violation of the constitution is not a necessary part of the agreement, and that it is wholly unnecessary to violate the constitution in order to achieve the real ends sought. They believe that the national legislature of Nicaragua can only lay a solid foundation for future peace and orderly government by insisting on an unswerving adherence to the constitution in electing the new Government. . . .

The constitutional questions involved do not admit of a satisfactory exposition in a very brief document. The important and pertinent provisions of the constitution are that Congress alone has power to regulate voting and to qualify and declare the election of the President and Vice-President, hence these powers cannot be constitutionally taken away from Congress and given to an American electoral supervisor.

The constitution is most explicit in stating that these powers of Congress may not be delegated and that any official act executed without constitutional authority is null and void.

These constitutional limitations, it may be added, are the rule rather than the exception in the constitutions of republics. After so much Nicaraguan and American blood has been shed in civil war and in war carried on by the American intervention forces against certain rebels, it would seem a travesty of legality and a solemn mockery of the principles of constitutional government which the United States Government has so insistently proclaimed throughout the course of these gloomy events, were the culmination of it all to be the holding by American supervisors of elections under a law which was contrary to the Nicaraguan constitution and the effects of which legally could only be null and void. The Nicaraguan Congress has drafted a bill which it believes will not be in conflict with the constitution of Nicaragua and which will at the same time permit of effective American supervision.

The issues are whether Nicaragua is to have its elections conducted constitutionally or not, and whether the Nicaraguan Congress is to be allowed to apply the constitution of its own country, or whether it is to be coerced to accept an interpretation with which a majority of its members profoundly disagree. We feel convinced that these issues must be settled in accordance with the dictates of justice, constitutionality, reason and fair play, and not force. We have faith in President Coolidge's Havana declarations and in the high principles that have always inspired the decisions of the United States Government, and hope to find a sound constitutional formula to legalize the contemplated American electoral supervision in a manner satisfactory to all the interested parties.

The State Department's Law

The text of the electoral law rejected by the Nicaraguan Congress follows. Portions held to violate the Nicaraguan constitution are printed in italics.

ARTICLE 1. In order to consummate the arrangement made between the Government of Nicaragua at its request, and the President of the United States whereby the latter will extend friendly assistance to the end that the election for the supreme authorities in the year 1928 may be free, fair, and impartial, the election law proclaimed on March 20, 1923, together with any laws or executive decrees which may subsequently have been passed or promulgated to amend or amplify said law, is hereby suspended during the period of said election. This act shall be known and may be cited as the Transitory Provisions Governing the Election of 1928. It shall take effect upon passage and shall continue in full force and effect until the said election of 1928 has been held and the results thereof proclaimed by Con-

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gress, and the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall have no force or effect until said results have been proclaimed.

ART. 2. For the purpose of said election of 1928, a National Board of Elections is hereby constituted, to consist of three persons, appointed by the President of Nicaragua as follows: A chairman, to be appointed upon the nomination of the President of the United States, and two political members, to be appointed in like manner upon the nomination of the executive committees of the Conservative and Liberal parties respectively. The chairman of the board shall be a citizen of the United States. Two political alternates, one of whom shall be a member of the Conservative Party and one a member of the Liberal Party, shall be chosen in the same manner as the regular political members. If any political member be unable or fails to perform the duties of his office temporarily on account of absence or other incapacity, his place shall be filled by the alternate during the period of absence or incapacity of such regular member. The members of the National Board of Elections and the alternates shall take possession of their offices from the President of the Republic of Nicaragua. *The President of Nicaragua shall remove from office any political member of the National Board of Elections or alternate upon recommendation of the chairman of the board,* but no such removal shall be made without such recommendation. Any vacancy shall be filled as the original appointment.

ART. 3. The National Board of Elections as constituted herein shall have full and general power and authority to supervise said election and to prescribe the regulations having the *force of law* for the registration of voters and for the casting and *counting of their ballots* and for any other matters properly appertaining to the election.

ART. 4. A majority of the National Board of Elections, *one of whom shall be the chairman,* shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; provided that *the presence of the chairman alone* shall be deemed to constitute a quorum at an emergency meeting. An emergency meeting is one the holding of which is considered by the chairman to be indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election and which has been so designated by him in formal announcement, under one clear day's notice, to the political members and suplentes. No action or resolution of the board shall be *valid unless concurred* in by the American chairman, and in case of a tie vote the chairman shall have power to cast a second and deciding vote. The chairman shall also *have power to declare any action or resolution,* which in his judgment is indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election, *an emergency measure, and such measure shall come into full force and effect as an action or resolution of the National Board of Elections* twenty-four hours after its presentation at a formal meeting of said board as an emergency measure.

ART. 5. The National Board of Elections shall canvass the votes cast at the elections conducted under this Act, shall determine all questions and contests which may arise as to the validity and count of any such votes, and shall issue certificates of election to those lawfully elected to their respective offices. Such certificates shall be returnable to Congress, to which the National Board of Elections shall, in conformity with Article 83, clause 2, and Article 84, clause 2, of the constitution, transmit the report of the election in detail for certification and proclamation of the results of the election.

ART. 6. With respect to the said election of 1928, the National Board of Elections, *through its chairman,* is vested with the authority to command the services of the National Constabulary and to issue orders thereto for the purpose of preventing intimidation and fraud and of preserving law and order during the various acts of registration and voting.

ART. 7. The members of the National Board of Elections constituted under Section 2 of this Act shall hold office until the results of the election are proclaimed as provided in Section 4 thereof. Upon the taking possession of office by the members of the said National Board of Elections, the term of office of each and all persons serving as members of election boards and electoral councils under the law of March 20, 1923, shall cease. Upon the proclamation of the results of the election as provided in Section 5, the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall be restored in full force and effect.

ART. 8. Upon the restoration of the electoral law of March 20, 1923, in full force and effect, as provided in the preceding section, the National Board of Elections and the several departmental boards of elections and electoral councils prescribed in said law shall forthwith be reconstituted in the manner provided by said law for the appointment of members of said boards and electoral councils respectively, and the basis for the selection of chairmen of the several departmental boards of election as prescribed in Section 22 of said law shall be the presidential election of 1928.

The respective terms of office of the members of all boards of election and electoral councils appointed in accordance with this section shall expire at the time they would have expired had such boards and councils been appointed to serve under the electoral law of March 20, 1923 in the election for the Supreme Authorities in the year 1928.

THE NICARAGUAN CONSTITUTION

The sections of the Nicaraguan constitution with which the McCoy law is said to conflict read as follows:

ART. 2. The sovereignty is one, inalienable, and imprescriptible, and resides essentially in the people, from whom the officials provided for by the constitution and laws derive their powers. Consequently, no compacts or treaties shall be concluded which are contrary to the independence and integrity of the nation, or which in any wise affect its sovereignty, except such as may look toward union with one or more republics of Central America.

ART. 3. Public officials shall have no other powers than those expressly conferred on them by law. All acts performed by them outside the law shall be void.

ART. 19. The following shall be rights of citizens: (1) Suffrage; (2) Holding public office; (3) Having and bearing arms, all in accordance with the law.

ART. 84. It shall be the duty of Congress: (2) To regulate the votes and judge and declare the election of President and Vice-President of the Republic, and to elect these officers in the cases provided by the constitution.

ART. 85. It shall be the duty of Congress when convened in separate sessions: (1) To enact, construe, revise, and repeal laws; . . . (7) To approve or disapprove the conduct of the Executive; . . . (8) To approve, amend, or abrogate treaties concluded with foreign nations; . . . (12) To determine the duties of the officials of the republic, and designate the territorial jurisdiction within which they are to act.

ART. 87. The powers of the legislative branch can not be delegated, except that of legislating in the departments of Public Works, Police, Charity, and Public Instruction, which may be delegated to the Executive during a recess of Congress; and the powers relating to the administration of the constitutional oath to officials whom it elects or declares elected.

ART. 114. The heads of departments must be citizens in the exercise of their right, natives of Nicaragua, laymen, and twenty-five years old.

All decrees, resolutions, and orders of the President must be authorized by the heads of the departments within their respective spheres.

ART. 134. All expenditures made outside the estimates shall be unlawful, and the official ordering payment and the employee making the payment shall be jointly responsible for the amount expended, without prejudice to whatever penalties may be incurred according to law.

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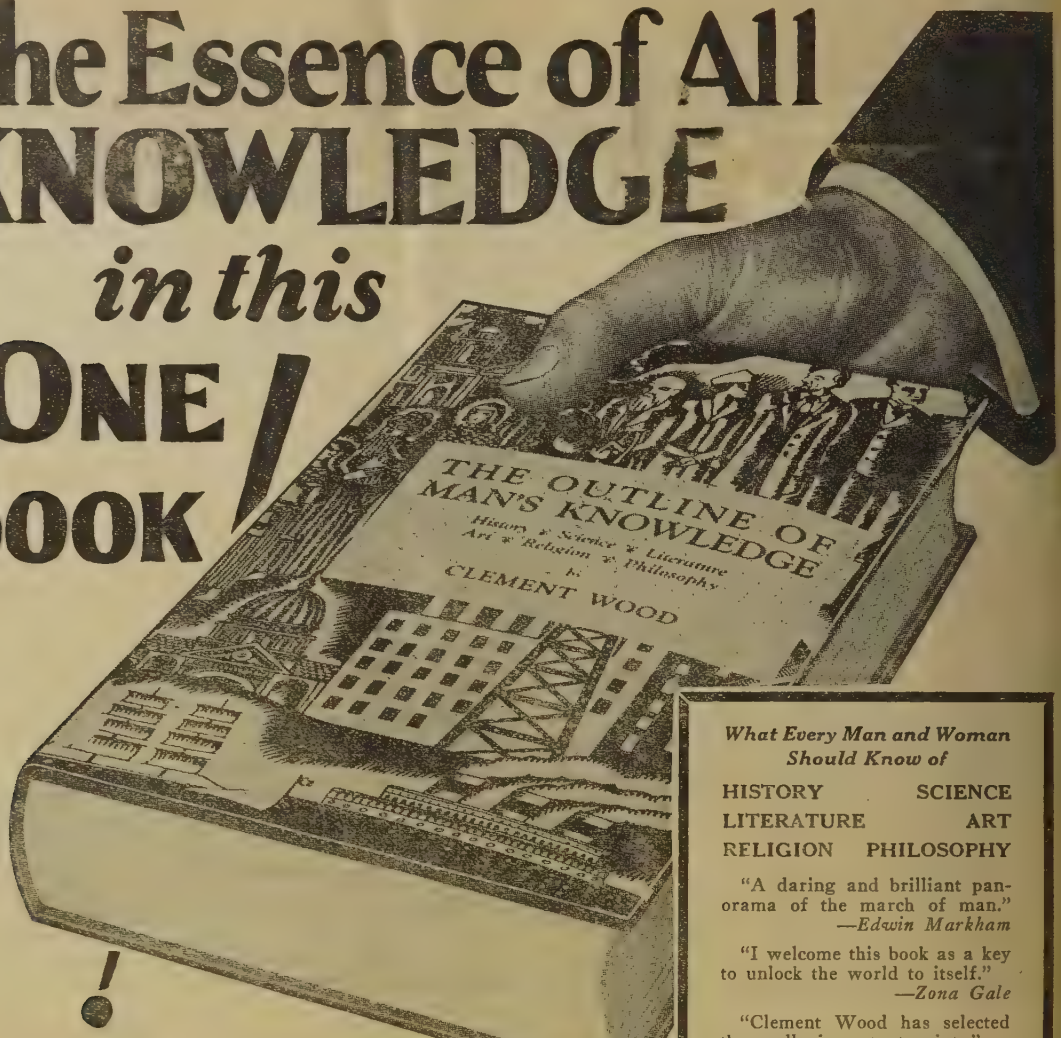

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The Nation

Vol. CXXVI, No. 3269 | Founded 1865 | Wednesday, Feb. 29, 1928

Herbert Hoover

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

With Sandino in Nicaragua

II

On the Sandino Front

by Carleton Beals

Fifteen Cents a Copy | Five Dollars a Year

Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 18, 1887, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Dear Nation Reader,

Last week we wrote you that March 13th is Mr. Villard's birthday and that we are planning a big Birthday Dinner for him in New York. We went so far as to suggest a birthday present—10,000 new subscribers for The Nation.

Do you remember? And the plan was that we should each send in one new subscriber to be part of that gift.

Apparently most of you thought it was a good idea and began to act on it at once, for we have 564 new Tenth Anniversary subscribers already. New York leads with 174. Pennsylvania has sent 58, Massachusetts 46, Ohio 31, New Jersey 29, Illinois, 28, Michigan 22, Wisconsin 18, Maryland 13, and so on.

In fact, every State in the Union has increased the number of its Nation readers during the past week, with the exception of West Virginia, Mississippi, Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada. And we expect to hear from those States in a day or two.

Next week we are going to publish a map showing just how the birthday gift is growing in each State. If you will send in your new subscriber at once, he will appear on that map.

The Nation Book must go to press March 1st, if it is to be ready in time for the Birthday Dinner. But we do not want it to go to press without your name. If you have not already sent in your contribution to the gift may we count on you to read the announcement below, and *act on it today?*

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
ZONA GALE
CLARENCE DARROW

For the Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers

March 1st—March 13th

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Monday March 5th — in ROCHESTER, N. Y., at the Temple B'rith Kodesh, with Rabbi Bernstein presiding.
Speaker: Mr. Villard. (*Tickets, $1.00 each, can be secured from Temple Club, 117 Gibbs St.*)

Wednesday March 7th — in PHILADELPHIA, PA., at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.
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Saturday March 10th — in BOSTON, MASS., at the University Club.
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THE TIDE OF PROTEST against the President's naval program continues to rise, and it is now admitted by the jingo House Naval Affairs Committee, headed by that remarkable Quaker, Congressman Butler of Pennsylvania, that virtually the entire program asked by the General Board and indorsed by President Coolidge must be abandoned. This is a gratifying sign of an awakened public opinion. It looks as if the number of cruisers to be authorized would be fifteen, instead of the twenty-five asked, while the thirty-two submarines will not be authorized, the number of aircraft carriers will be cut to one or two, and the destroyer-leaders reduced to one. Further, the committee has receded from the position it took last month that whatever ships were authorized should be pushed to completion by a given date, thus giving the President no power to stop construction. This is a great step forward. The jingoes are also discovering how weak a reed Mr. Coolidge is to lean upon, for they are confronted at every turn with the President's assertion in his message of 1926 that "no navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours, and none surpasses it." The reading of this to the House Committee by a protesting clergyman led Representative Woodruff, Republican, of Michigan, to declare that when the President wrote that he did not know what he was talking about. If this was treason in his own party camp, we go a step further. We maintain that Mr. Coolidge has never known from month to month what he was talking about, for his whole record on this navy question is one of contradiction and of blowing hot and cold.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENT of the navy situation is, however, the declaration of a British technical journal of high authority, the *Engineer*, that the reason for the admiralty's abandoning its plan to build two 10,000-ton cruisers is the decision of the leading British experts that cruisers are an inefficient type of warship. Says the *Engineer:*

> Proportionate to their size they are the most vulnerable warships ever built. It is difficult to see how they could survive a determined attack on them, the success of which would involve not merely the loss of a costly ship, but the lives of seven hundred people crowded into her fragile hull. No wonder, then, that most naval opinion in every country but the United States favors the reversion to a more reasonable type of cruiser.

Our British contemporary need not wonder about the United States. Ever since the new American navy was founded we have copied foreign methods and plans. As far back as 1915 the head of our submarine flotilla testified that he wanted larger submarines, and when asked by the House Naval Committee why he wanted submarines of that particular size could give no other answer than that the Navy Department understood that the new German U-boats were of that type. He admitted that he had never seen any plans of them or made any study as to whether the boats of that type were adapted to our coast and our fleet needs. The United States Navy, we prophesy, will abandon the 10,000-ton cruisers just as soon as it finally hears that foreign experts think them of no value. Yet it was about the 10,000-ton cruisers, as well as the 8-inch guns, that the whole controversy at Geneva raged, and because of disagreement on them the conference adjourned with the British and American delegates equally disgraced.

MR. HUGHES'S ELOQUENCE in the closing days of the Havana Conference apparently stopped a growing landslide of opposition to the privilege of intervention claimed by the United States. A subcommittee had rejected the weasel-worded text offered by Dr. Maurtua of Peru; unanimous agreement was equally impossible upon the Rio de Janeiro text, which flatly banned intervention. Dr. Guerrero of Salvador brought up the Rio text at a plenary session, and asked for a vote. A dozen delegations expressed their approval. It took the full force of Mr. Hughes's magnetic personality to prevent what would have been a sweeping condemnation of United States policy. Even the Latin yields to the moral vigor of Mr. Hughes's eloquent self-righteousness. The United States spokesman had no doubt as he spoke that God was with him. Unfortunately for the second thoughts of the Latin delegates,

God was not in his logic. "What are we to do when government breaks down?" he cried. "Are we to see our American citizens butchered?" To such floods of emotional oratory the only answer is calm fact. There was no threat of butchery when Wilson landed troops in Vera Cruz, no pretense that an American hair was threatened when he took over the administration of Haiti and of the Dominican Republic, nor even when Admiral Latimer on Christmas Eve, 1926, seized Puerto Cabezas, clapped down a censorship, and announced neutral zones that prevented further Sacasa victories in Nicaragua. Mr. Hughes's speech sounded well, and apparently its emotional quality cowed the delegates of the Latin Governments, but it was totally irrelevant. We do not intervene to protect lives; the primary concern of the State Department, and the cause of our military policing, is property.

QUITE PROPERLY the House committee dealing with the question of Mississippi River control has reported to the House of Representatives a bill which in its every aspect throws overboard the recommendations of the Army engineers which were approved by President Coolidge and transmitted by him to Congress for action. Never, in our judgment, will the Congress have disregarded one of President Coolidge's recommendations to better purpose than if this bill should become law. Primarily the committee has decided that the federal government shall bear the entire cost of the new flood-control work, whereas Mr. Coolidge and the engineers wished to assess 20 per cent of the cost upon the stricken States. Next, the committee has raised the sum to be spent from $290,400,000 to $473,000,000, and thirdly, the proposed bill sets up a flood-control commission of seven members, to include civilian engineers and scientists, whereas the Administration plans only to continue to intrust the work to the army engineers, with the Mississippi River Commission as an advisory body. This is genuine statesmanship; the army engineers having blundered in their levee plan during all these years ought certainly not to be given complete control of the new work, and are properly relegated to a minority position in the new commission, which will take the place of the old one as soon as the bill becomes law.

OF COURSE, there will be a great outcry from the Administration about the greatly increased cost and its effect upon the economy program, but the last man to remonstrate on that score should be President Coolidge with his ill-digested and incessantly changing naval increase proposals which, if adopted, would waste $750,000,000, for no constructive purpose. Finally, the Senate committee has demanded the attendance of Herbert Hoover. This is hard for a candidate who has tried to dodge the issue, although he had charge of the flood-relief work, has a great reputation as an engineer, and might be expected to have decided ideas as to what form the permanent prevention of further disasters should take. But the difficulty for this compromiser has been that Mr. Coolidge wanted the States to bear part of the cost, and the river States felt that the federal government should assume the entire burden, as the House committee has now decided that it should. Now if Mr. Hoover appears this week before the Senate committee and declares against the President, his course cannot be expected to make the White House more enthusiastic for Mr. Hoover's candidacy. If, on the other hand, he should stand with the President, the Southern States will rise as one man against him, and it may not be as easy to obtain the votes of their delegates to the Republican Convention. Life is hard for the politician, especially when he is a member of a Cabinet and without the courage of his convictions.

NOW THAT WINTER is almost over, and the Colorado coal strike has passed its peak, the federal courts have begun to function again in that State. When conditions were acute miners were locked up and held incomunicado without charges; but Judge J. Foster Symes has just ruled that neither the Governor, the Adjutant General, nor the National Guard has any right to hold men without charges or admission to bond. Accordingly four strike sympathizers, including our correspondent, Frank L. Palmer, have been released from illegal detention, but without compensation. Another United States district judge, Frank H. Kerrigan, has helped reestablish respect for law and decency in California. Although the Chinese population of the United States has been declining decade by decade the immigration authorities at San Francisco have a habit of annoying Chinese merchants and students arriving at that port in quite uncalled-for fashion. It usually costs a Chinese more in time and in money to get from Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay, to the mainland, than it does to travel from Hongkong to Angel Island. Even after landing Chinese are subjected to unusual bureaucratic persecution. One Chinese student who was deported not long ago—his friends say because of his revolutionary sympathies—was executed on arrival in North China. Somewhat later Tsiang Hsi-tseng, a student, was arrested, charged at first with being "red." He had applied for admission to Columbia University, but pending decision he was held in San Francisco. As a non-quota immigrant he could remain here only as a student. Detention in San Francisco cost him his student status, and when their first charge fell through the bullying immigration authorities sought to deport him as no longer a bona-fide student. Judge Kerrigan, however, held that "the rule cannot be construed to require them to do more than in good faith to try to continue their studies."

GOVERNOR ED JACKSON of Indiana, charged with conspiracy to bribe, has been acquitted upon order of the presiding judge because there was no evidence that he had sought to keep the crime dark. Judge McCabe may have been legally correct in asserting that the statute of limitations had run, that Governor Jackson had not been indicted within two years of the commission of his crime, that there had been no evidence of continuing conspiracy to conceal the act, and that therefore under the laws of Indiana there was no ground for conviction. But what an appalling garbage-heap is Indiana politics if such a governor can profit by such a plea, and continue to hold office. Former Governor Warren T. McCray, recently released from prison himself; Fred B. Robinson, former State Purchasing Agent; and D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and boss of the Republican Party in Indiana, testified that Jackson, with others, had offered $10,000 and a promise of immunity in the courts, if McCray, then Governor, would name Jackson's man Prosecuting Attorney. Jackson did not go on the witness-stand. He an-

nounces that it was only out of consideration for the Republican politicians with whom he was indicted that he consented to permit his attorneys to make the technical motion for an instructed verdict. If Indiana likes politicians who set loyalty to fellow-conspirators above loyalty to the State, Indiana may have its Ed Jackson. In that she will not be very different from certain other States.

WE ARE CALLOUSED by corruption. We have become used to the spectacle of politicians and millionaires using the trickery of the law to stave off justice. The tactics of the oil men in Washington are a disgrace to the national conscience. Harry Sinclair's attorneys are now claiming that they hired Burns detectives to investigate the mortgage on a juror's home because they feared that some of Sinclair's enemies might pay it off! Business men are not surprised at the disclosure of the deal by which a fictitious oil company, organized for the purpose, made $3,000,000 in a day and then went out of business, nor are politicians appalled at the disclosure that a part of the loot went to pay the campaign deficit left from the campaign which made Harding President. There is no indignation because Will Hays, former United States Postmaster General and chairman of the 1924 Republican Campaign Committee, testified under oath that it was "libelous" and false that Sinclair bonds went into his party's campaign chest. Mr. Hays will now blithely assert that he did not know, and no one will hold his previous lie against him. In New York City we have our own legal farce, with the astute Mr. Max Steuer successfully defying the State and using the courts to prevent investigation of Borough President Maurice E. Connolly's curious habits in granting profitable sewer contracts. Sinclair, branded as "corrupt" by the federal Supreme Court, is still an honored director of the Petroleum Institute, and no active oil man has seconded Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion that the skulking oil officers return from Europe and tell the whole truth. It seems to be an accepted canon of American ethics that loyalty to corrupt friends outranks loyalty to the American people.

THE INTERBOROUGH Rapid Transit Company of New York City, which operates the dirtiest and most crowded subway cars in the world, has lately come before the courts with two extraordinary demands. The first was a request for an injunction to prevent the American Federation of Labor from organizing its employees on the ground that they had signed a contract not to belong to any union except the company's own during their employment. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court has refused such an injunction, holding that the agreement between company and men is one-sided and inequitable, not truly a voluntary contract at all. If adopted elsewhere, this view is a highly important gain for labor and may lead to a reexamination of many agreements, including the "yellow-dog contracts" in the West Virginia coal mines. The other demand of the Interborough is still before the courts. It is an attempt to break its contract with the city for a five-cent fare on the ground that so low a rate is confiscatory. As a precedent the company urges the action of the courts in overthrowing the one-dollar-gas law passed by the New York Legislature. There is no similarity between the cases. The gas decision involves no contract; it was concerned with conditions which the companies had opposed from the start. If the Interborough can break its agreement with New York City, it seems to us that there is no contract left that is worth the paper it is written on.

WHO PREVENTED Charles Yale Harrison, American newspaper man, from landing in Honduras? Harrison had a commission from Big News Features, a Macfadden syndicate, to follow Carleton Beals's trail into Nicaragua. He had a passport, properly visaed; but when he sought to land at Puerto Cortez, the commandante of the port told him "You may not land." Asked why, the commandante said, "I am not to give you a reason." The American consul gave Mr. Harrison no assistance. Now, Mr. Harrison had been engaged in defense work for Sacco and Vanzetti, and in other mildly radical activity in New York; but it is extremely unlikely that Honduran secret-service agents in New York had been following his trail. Honduras is not blessed with Burns detectives. If the Honduran Government learned that Mr. Harrison, a radical, was on his way to Central America hoping to see Sandino, and decided to keep him out, it is reasonable to suppose that it acted upon a tip from our own State Department. There is no other explanation. It is the business of the State Department to defend the rights of American citizens abroad, not to infringe upon them, and a radical has precisely the same right to its services as a bank president. When it secretly spies upon American citizens and prods little republics into doing its dirty work for it, the State Department sets itself a new mark in petty meanness.

IN THE LOWER HALF of the fourth column of the second page of the second news section of the New York *Times* for Sunday, February 19, appeared a dispatch stating that an American ship-captain at Amoy, attempting to shoot an alleged flour-thief, hit and killed a Chinese boatman, and that the dock-laborers of the port had accordingly gone on strike. The *Times*, in giving the dispatch an inconspicuous position, judged news values precisely as did thousands of other American newspapers. If an American had been shot by a Chinese, the fact would have flamed across five thousand front pages. What's the difference?

WINTER HAS BEEN KIND this season, and the February thaws bring a less sudden relief. But the maple sap and the robins recognize the calendar; and although the ground is still hard and heavy, the seed catalogues renew their perennial charm. In midwinter their colors seem crass, and the legends obviously exaggerated; but as March draws near faith follows hope, and visions of tomatoes neatly tied, of peas that do not sprawl, of abundant lima beans, headed lettuce, rust-proof roses, everflowering larkspur, early zinnias, blue poppies, sweet peas fresh in August, stately hibiscus float through the steam-heated mind, and the wildest superlatives of the seedsman's copy-writer become part of a vision of a weedless garden. Three years does not seem too long to wait for asparagus, and one ponders over the catalogue's account of the simplicity of mushroom-growing. One plans new stone walls and new rock gardens; vines grow where they are asked to, and trees put out branches as the pruner willed; one fertilizes and cultivates with constant zeal. These are the most ardent weeks of the garden year—before the soil is ready for the first plunge of the back-breaking spade.

Asquith, Last of a Line

NO statesman of the modern world can have been more completely typical of an institution and a national culture than H. H. Asquith, the last old-Liberal Prime Minister of Britain, whom in the evening of his day we had to speak of as the Earl of Oxford. Asquith was a northern Englishman who came of Yorkshire stock, nonconformist in religion. His mental habit was formed by "the grand old fortifying classical curriculum." He was the ablest, if not the most brilliant, of that band of young Britons (Milner, Curzon, Edward Grey, and the rest) who were trained at Oxford in the privileges of the English governing class by Jowett of Balliol. Before he left the university his eminence in the law and his attainment of the highest political office were taken for granted. He was already master of that sonorous eloquence which, as Ramsay MacDonald said in his obituary tribute, was destined to lull the watchful intelligence of his opponents to sleep.

Asquith never grew. What he was at the end he had been as a fledgling lawyer—extraordinarily complete and assured, polished, imperturbable. The volume of his speeches published three months before his death showed that the mastery of logic and phrase which the world associated with him during the nine years of his premiership was no less perfect when he entered Paliament forty years ago. His style of speaking was as remote from the style of Gladstone as from that of Disraeli, and it was much closer to the classic tradition than either. Measured and weighted with adjectives, it was never anything but lucid, admitting of no surprises and hardly any glow, and only too frequently marked by the lawyer's aridity; but immensely powerful and effective in Parliament as on the platform. After he became Prime Minister Asquith fell into the habit not only of writing his speeches but of reading them. The series of orations made in the first year of the war (a series far more adequately expressing the national mind of England than Lloyd George's utterances ever did) were delivered from manuscript. But Asquith was so thorough a master of expression, and so organically one with his manner, that to the end he could speak in debate with the rounded periods of his set performances. His greatest distinction lay in his sense of the dignity of public life. To that he was unwaveringly faithful. No politician of his time was more free from pettiness than he. It is a most noteworthy fact that in almost half a century of political controversy his opponents did not hold against him a single remembered word of harshness or unfairness.

Asquith was first and last a parliamentarian. In directing the House of Commons he displayed not only eminent powers of mind, but a skill and understanding that were not easily associated with his reserved character and detached bearing. He had no popular gifts. He could never be induced to cultivate the press. When in the final encounter with Lloyd George, after the general strike of 1926, Asquith learned that the party newspapers had nearly all gone over to his rival, the discovery must have been a bitter blow to him. But so long as the leading place in Parliament was his, his command was absolute. He was more completely master of the House than any Prime Minister had been since Pitt, for his authority was exercised without the assertiveness and angularity which, in the case of every leader from Peel to Balfour, had provoked and sustained the enmity of the opposition.

Asquith won, and deserved, credit for abolition of the Lords' veto, but the main credit for the measures of social amelioration which marked the Liberal administration before 1914 has been given to Lloyd George. It belonged of right to Asquith, who never claimed credit even for old-age pensions, although he had provided for them in his own budget before, on his elevation to the Premiership, he called Lloyd George to his old post as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Without Asquith's steadiness the Lloyd George program could never have been carried through. As cabinet chief and colleague, Asquith was generous and loyal; but his friends conceded that there was one crucial occasion when he fell short of his own standard. That was in the first year of the war when the mob demanded the dismissal from the Government of Lord Haldane, the man who had introduced Asquith to politics and had been one of the conspicuous successes of the Liberal administrators. Asquith surrendered him.

His essential adherence to principle could not be questioned, yet in Asquith's record we may find a series of capitulations, several of them momentous. For the disaster to Irish Home Rule before 1914 he was not to blame, and seven years later he manfully denounced the iniquity of the Black-and-Tans. He was outspoken in 1919 about the Treaty of Versailles. But as early as Boer War days he had faltered, separating from his outspoken chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and revealing himself as the familiar type of "liberal imperialist." His treatment of the woman-suffrage movement was deplorable, and in the supreme crisis of 1916 he committed Britain to universal military service after having made the solemn affirmation that if the majority wanted conscription they must get another Prime Minister to carry it out. Asquith's word was a word of majesty; but it could at times be forgotten.

He had no popular arts. There was no pettiness or jealousy in him. If his last encounter with Lloyd George revealed a decline in his superb intellectual power and even the fraying of a temper never previously damaged, we should remember that for ten years he had been withstanding the politician whose monument is a Liberal Party in ruins. But whether, if the Lloyd George of 1918-1922 had not emerged, Asquith could ever have governed a post-war England is another matter altogether. Long ago he had reduced the tariff nostrums of a Chamberlain to powder. By a display of triumphant generalship he had set the Commons above the Lords. He was capable of a fine magnanimity toward Ramsay MacDonald, and that at a moment when the English Liberals, aided by the simplicity of Stanley Baldwin, had come almost within sight of the goal; but his mind was closed. His logical processes were those of 1870. His formulas were an echo. To that England which, burdened and bewildered, is now painfully coming to realize that the old simple world has vanished he had nothing to say. He was the last of his line. Thomas Hardy, Haig, Asquith; the great oaks of the British forest seem to be falling fast.

The Power Lobby Wins

NOT in the memory of many Senators and Congressmen has there been in Washington as bold and brazen a lobby as that which, on February 15, defeated the Walsh resolution for an investigation by a Senate committee of the public utility corporations doing an inter-State business. The investigation was referred to the Federal Trade Commission, a body notoriously inefficient so far as achieving anything worth-while is concerned. There the inquiry will drag along its weary length until the whole matter is forgotten. Certainly there is not the slightest reason to believe that any inquiry undertaken by the present Trade Commission, packed with Coolidge appointees, will amount to anything.

We repeat that the lobby defeated this measure. It was not public opinion, or the President, or any party policy, or any pretense whatsoever that a Trade Commission inquiry would be more effective in bringing out the facts which the American people ought to have if they are to work out an adequate legislative policy for control of the public-utility corporations and development of a sound super-power policy. The simple fact is that the corporations to be investigated took charge of the situation, through their lobby, although it was denounced on the floor of the Senate, and proceeded to have done what they wanted done. The interests of one of the corporations affected were in the hands of a $50,000-a-year vice-president, recently appointed and charged with the duty of attending to "public relations." There was even witnessed the amazing spectacle of an ex-Senator of the United States, the turncoat ex-Progressive, Irvine Lenroot, of Wisconsin, now the head of a group of lawyers representing from fifty to sixty law firms in different cities of the country—all retained to oppose the Senate inquiry—using his privilege as an ex-Senator to appear upon the floor of the Senate itself in behalf of his clients. Money was spent like water—if not to purchase votes, to procure the flooding of the Senate with petitions, letters, and printed matter.

The excuse given was, of course, that to intrust the inquiry to a Senate committee would mean irresponsible muck-raking in the months just before the Presidential campaign, when, it was alleged, the whole matter would be thrown into the domain of party politics. There were too many such investigations, it was explained, already being carried on by the Senate. The validity of this charge is apparent when one recalls that the Trade Commission has been conducting twelve major investigations this winter, seven of which were instituted by Congress and five undertaken of its own accord. These twelve investigations deal with stock dividends, petroleum prices, bread and flour, electric power, cooperative marketing, price bases, Dupont investments, lumber-trade associations, open-price associations, the cotton-seed industry, blue-sky securities, and retail price maintenance. While some of these have been concluded and have been reported on, it can hardly be maintained that the docket of the Commission is so clear of inquiries as to make it possible for it to take up a far-reaching inquiry of the kind the power situation calls for.

It is, of course, also true that the Senate has a number of investigations of its own on hand, such as those of our diplomatic service, of the S-4 disaster, of the election of Mr. Vare, of the coal situation, and of the Continental Trading Company, which last is netting such rich revelations as to the campaign fund of 1920. But no one can deny that the Federal Trade Commission has a record neither for severity nor thoroughness in dealing with a subject of this kind, nor that an inquiry by a Senate committee would attract far greater public attention and interest than anything the Federal Trade Commission could possibly do.

So the lobby carried through its program by a vote of 46 to 31. The Senate sat until late in the evening, and the debate was one of the bitterest in years. It made no difference that Senator Walsh of Montana, who introduced the bill, pointed out that the Trade Commission was precluded by law from examining the alleged political activities and connections of the power corporations, and that that was precisely one of the objectives that a Senate inquiry would and should have. The only satisfactory thing about the resolution as passed is that it required the Commission to make a preliminary report within thirty days as to the financing of electric and gas companies furnishing power and light in inter-State business. The lineup of Senators speaks for itself. Those Republicans who voted for an honest investigation were Blaine, Capper, Couzens, Cutting, Johnson, La Follette, McMaster, McNary, Norbeck, Norris, and Nye. Paired in favor of a Senate inquiry were, naturally, Borah, Brookhart, Howell, Frazier, Shipstead, and King (Dem.). Among the Democrats who stood up with the Progressive Republicans were Dill, Hawes, Gerry, Glass, Walsh of Massachusetts, Walsh of Montana, Wagner, Wheeler, Reed of Missouri, and Harrison. It is sufficient to point out that the bill as passed was favored by Bingham, Edge, Gillett, Reed of Pennsylvania, Smoot, Warren, Watson, Willis, Heflin, Blease, Caraway, and Bruce in order to establish our contention that the reference of the matter to the Trade Commission was contrary to the interests of the people of the United States.

America's Vaudeville

THE great American sport of Red-baiting was not abandoned in 1920 or thereabouts. That was the year it reached national popularity, being presently superseded by mah jong and the cross-word puzzle. But even today, while the mah jong set rots under the table, there are persons who not only snoop into the affairs of their fellow citizens but earn a living by publishing "findings" to selected organizations and individuals.

The Reserve Officers' Association is one of the busiest of these "investigators," and, according to its own statement, it is "associated with seventy-seven other patriotic societies." Together with the Key Men of America, under the directorship of one Fred R. Marvin, it manages to keep track of most of the "radical" and "subversive" activities in the United States. The New York *World*, in a series of articles on Mr. Marvin and his coworkers, is unkind enough to call their work "espionage." But surely it is espionage in a good cause, since it supplies "voluminous and authentic information of the leaders and organizations identified with the Communist world-revolution movement in this country" and are "now waging a relentless war against all those who would pull down our public institutions, national standards, and democratic ideals."

Who are identified with the "Communist world-revolution movement in this country"? Mr. Marvin and the other patriots inform us. For example, we read these notes:

> John Dewey. The *New Republic* of March 2, 1921, calls him an "advanced liberal."
>
> W. E. Burghardt DuBois. In February and March he toured the country to build up a friendly sentiment toward the Negro.
>
> Zona Gale. She . . . is said to stand in with the Communist crowd.
>
> Senator Robert Marion La Follette, Jr. During his father's life he was his secretary.
>
> Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken [President of Vassar College]. In the *Forum* of December, 1926, the following statement appears: "Dr. MacCracken has made it publicly known that cookery is not his ideal of a liberal education for women."
>
> George Foster Peabody. He is interested in Negro schools, being a trustee of the American Church Institute for Negroes, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The latter is said to be a hotbed of race equality.

This is by no means the entire list. It includes Jane Addams, for instance, and designates her as the "most dangerous woman in America." Scabbard and Blade, the national fraternity of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, describes these Bolsheviks in one of its bulletins:

> The biographical sketches herewith given hit only the "high spots" in the careers of but a very small percentage of that element in our country who, possessed of constipated mentality, engaged in their favorite pastime of tearing down, offer nothing constructive as an alternative for a supposed solution of the all-embracing subject matter of national defense.

It is easy to be flippant about such a list and such a style. We know, for example, that Mr. MacCracken is not desirous of pulling down a single national standard; that John Dewey is one of the great philosophers of his country; we know that Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin and Bishop Benjamin Brewster of Maine and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and J. Henry Scattergood and Mary E. Woolley and Senator Borah—all of whom are on the list—are not "red," are not traitors to America, are infinitely removed from "the Communist world-revolution movement." Nevertheless, when one has a good laugh over lists such as these, a residuum of annoyance remains. Lecturers are interfered with, meetings are forbidden, all sorts of petty difficulties result from the industry of men like Mr. Fred R. Marvin, men who think that "radical" and "bolshevik" and "communist" and "liberal" and "pacifist" and "socialist" are synonyms. Ignorance is only funny up to a certain point. After that it becomes dangerous. It was dangerous in the years just after the war. It was dangerous when it caused pecuniary loss and bodily injury to decent and hard-working men and women—as many, many times it did. It was dangerous when it built up barriers between these men and women and the admirable work they were trying to do. And having been dangerous once, it can be dangerous again. We can laugh at our Fred R. Marvins and our Key Men for a while. But there is work to do in America. The acrobats, the trained seals, the trapeze performers, the song-and-dance men must give way to the endeavors of men like John Dewey, of women like Jane Addams, who have a vision that concerns the men and women of the United States, and their children; who are willing to devote themselves to the carrying out of that vision to the end that this country may be a better and more enduring place even for the Fred R. Marvins to live in.

The Loneliest Man

LINDBERGH, we read, had a little difficulty with his motor in taking off from Havana, but soon he got the cylinders to working smoothly and, after circling back over the Cuban field to flash a signal that all was well, he disappeared "over the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico," bound for St. Louis, where, as everybody knew, thousands would be waiting the next day for him to descend. It was only another solitary flight; but it brought home to us the full loneliness of this eagle who has crossed an ocean and covered a continent with only the curving earth beneath him for company.

There was a thrill last year in realizing that he had had none but himself to talk to while he drove through sleet and sun and dark past Newfoundland and Ireland to France; and the news that once he had swooped down to ask of a fishing-vessel how far he was from the coast of Ireland merely gave charming emphasis to the fact. Now, however, he has done it once too often for us to feel comfortable any more about it. Not to speak of all the American cities he has flown between, he has threaded the countries of the Caribbean on the rosary of his triumph; and we cannot help thinking of him as of one condemned so to exist—condemned to live aloft, out of all contact with us except that contact which is established through the sound of his cylinders as they pass over our heads, or through the clicking of telegraph keys as they tell us where he is.

Even when he descends among men he is alone. The receptions must long ago have begun to be meaninglessly alike. First the rush of people over the field; then the clearing of a place to land; then the stepping out and shaking of hands, followed so soon by the unceremonious flight to safety on the folded top of an official automobile; and at last the dinner where all the talk is of the air he has just come roaring through, and of the further air he will go roaring through when his brief engagement is fulfilled. Always the emphasis on his being up there alone—the "lone eagle," brought down now for inspection but quickly to be released for other flights. Go on, Lindbergh. The air is your element. You are a symbol, and it does not take long to look at a symbol. God bless you, but go on.

"From now on until further notice," he announced in St. Louis, "I am in retirement. I need a rest in private life and am going to try to get it." We hope he will. We hope that for a long time to come he will be let alone—which means, paradoxically enough, that he may henceforth be less lonely. Only in the privacy he speaks of can he find human company, only with his feet on the ground can he cease to be something more—or less—than a human being. Our information is that before long he will fly the Spirit of St. Louis to Washington and put it in a glass case at the Smithsonian Institution. With that act, melancholy as it may be in some respects, it is possible that he will himself end his career as a museum piece. He is a great man, but he has been asked to pay too lonely a penalty for his greatness. The kindest thing we could do for the moment would be to forget him.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

MANY feel that Monday is a dull day in the papers but not for me because that is the morning that they print the sermons. Some prefer to hear the preachers by radio and I have even known those who went to churches, but my own inclination leans to the press reports. There within the compass of eight columns the reader has spread before him the entire range of doctrine. Brimstone burns if he wants it while to the right a Unitarian admits that he is doubtful if there is any such thing as the hope of Heaven.

Browsing on divergent doctrine, one cannot escape the impression that church unity is still a long way off. The differences between these various sects remain pretty fundamental. Potter and Straton cannot both be right and it will require the mightiest of engineers to build a bridge between them. Only in one respect is there hope of unanimity in every pulpit. Obviously the Christian churches cannot agree concerning God and His nature but I do not see why they should not come together by virtue of their attitude about the Devil. Naturally one must expect some little argument as to the precise length of his horns and disagreement on the issue whether or no his pitchfork is practical. Some see him as a stoutish man in red silk tights and others know him as a principle of evil. There is as yet no commandment which forbids the faithful to take Satan's name in vain or even to call him just a symbol.

Whatever the differences of opinion all the preachers regard him with an emotion so lively in its content that it is not easy to separate this feeling of terror from one of admiration. If the clergy falls at all short of the injunction to be God-fearing, amends are made by the palpable panic which is inspired by the Devil. In the New York *Times* I read: "'Healthy-Mindedness Draws Pastor's Ire.'" At first glance I thought there was some mistake about the headline. But the label was adequately supported by the story. The Rev. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, according to the paper, "took the youth of America to task for subscribing to the code of moral behavior which has come to be known as the 'cult of healthy-mindedness.'" "There is no awe," he said, "in such a code of living and no humility." And further he added that he looked on those who do right simply because they lack the courage to do wrong as "not genuinely good," but as "moral cowards," adding that, "if cowardice is all that keeps one doing right, then one is leading the furtive life."

Universally, preachers seem to believe that vice is by many leagues more attractive than virtue. This is logical enough for fundamentalists who insist upon the actuality of the fall of Adam. Yet even modernists insist that man is a pretty poor creature unless he chins himself with regularity upon some code of transcendental ethics. Since Rousseau there has been almost no theologic philosopher to state the case for the noble savage. Seemingly there is general agreement that there can be no good living without a program. Haphazard goodness and instinctive righteousness have gone completely out of fashion. And yet I must contend that within my own experience most of the decent acts which I have ever done, or seen in others, were matters less of principle than impulse. As an undergraduate I had a room-mate who was agnostic while I was strict Episcopalian. Always I argued that but for my faith I would leave the dormitory on the instant and indulge in a life of the greatest depravity. It was my notion that nothing stood between me and the career of Casanova but the Book of Common Prayer. Unfortunately, I talked with such fire and sincerity that my atheistical friend was pretty well convinced of the validity of my inclinations. Himself a sober and industrious junior, he looked with awe on me as one whose volcanic passions were but insufficiently banked by dogma which seemed to him of little worth or moment.

In later years, but still within the flush of youth I may add, the doctrines to which I once subscribed grew dimmer. Shaw was the one and "Man and Superman" the book which took me pretty completely out of the fold. And this divorce from dogma filled me at first with hot elation. I watched myself in wonder, expecting that from this day forth I would have no civil word for any man and rather more than that for women. Nothing happened.

If I had been sinless up to the time of my conversion things might have been very different. But, as sometimes happens, a few of the things which had been assigned to the life of an agnostic had managed to creep into the existence of a Christian. It has been said that transgressions committed with an epilogue of remorse are more fascinating than any others. This I doubt. It is just as easy to assail yourself for silly conduct as for sinful. If and when these feet carry me to the mourners' bench there will be no resulting disclosures rich enough to startle the congregation. Still I have danced and diced and before the Volstead act I was acquainted with the taste of liquor. Since I plan presently to write a book entitled "My Seventy Years of Journalism" it is just as well to have in reserve a few things less than admirable. There must be at least some corner of contrition in any biography worthy of the reader's attention. In print vice does seem more attractive than virtue. Yet even on this side of forty there is ample room to debate the proposition that reasonable righteousness is more fun than whoopee.

The Devil as the perfect host has been vastly overrated. It is not so much his lack of kindness as his absence of taste and discretion. Nor is he equipped with any saving sense of humor. The trouble with preachers is that they are ignorant when they contend that man would inevitably graze on vine leaves but for fences. The theological schools should look to this. In every one throughout the land I suggest the establishment of a course (lectures and laboratory work) to be called General Depravity I. There might even be Advanced Depravity. The examination for the students in both courses should consist of just a single question: "Did you really like it?" Those who say "Yes" should not pass but be sent instead to fit themselves as entertainers in night clubs, prohibition agents, or bootleggers. The ministry is not for them. Only burnt children should get up in pulpits. No, not that; better the slightly scorched ones. Then on a Sunday morning the preacher might speak of the primrose path and refrain from smacking his lips as he does so. He will be in a position to say that though it's all right for a visit he would not like to live there.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua
II.
On the Sandino Front

By CARLETON BEALS

By cable from Managua, Nicaragua, February 20

GRIPPE had me nailed to a cross; my bones were cracking with fever, but at eight o'clock at night we set out in a driving storm. We wove in and out of the back alleys of the town, took to the meadow, and sought at full gallop the southeast trail. Dogs barked, doors flashed open, but we vanished, leaving many to wonder what travelers were doing on the road at such an hour in such a storm. The rain poured down its floods upon us endlessly.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story began in last week's issue. The next instalment, On the Trail of Sandino, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

Up over the ridge we rode, and down into a slot of valley which was a sea of fireflies. Flashlights in hand, we slid sickeningly along the edges of cliffs which veiled inky nothingness. My oilskins and my fever made me feel burning hot, but my knees grew wetter and wetter. The water ran down inside my puttees to my freezing feet. About eleven the rain slackened and we stopped to take a drink of whiskey as a guard against exposure. A thousand apprehensions still made us uneasy. The sound of hoofs, the crackle of oilskins, seemed to echo and magnify into an army of pursuit there beyond us in the dark where the fireflies lit a thousand watchfires. At eleven-thirty a thin moon was following over our left shoulders, slinking along like a tawny, famished mountain cat through the tangled branches and clouds. Mountain and valley made velvet-black silver patterns of shifting beauty. At midnight the wind and rain again dashed great sluices of water at us.

We stopped in a wayside cabin where lived a friend of Mariano, our guide, to ask about frontier troops. An Indian rose naked out of a red blanket. Two days ago, he told us, there were no troops on this trail, but they were expected tomorrow. We decided to time our arrival at the crucial point at daybreak, so we sought to rest in front of the Indian hut under a shelter of branches. We passed two hours trying vainly to sleep in our damp clothes.

On again for endless hours, up over ridges, down into valleys, here past cultivated fields, there through long cactus lanes, at other times through dense woods. Finally the morning star beckoned us through tangled jungle tracts known only by our guide. Dawn greeted us at a ford where a silver river was walled in by silver trees. Just beyond, on a hill above an enormous twisted metapalo tree, we approached a large thatched Indian cabin still in the morning shadow.

"When did the troops go up into Escuapa (the next town)?" "They went up two days ago and came back yesterday," was the surly response. We were relieved, but remained cautious. At eight o'clock we came to a straggling line of Indian shacks on a razorback ridge—Escuapa. There were no troops, but the sun was tobogganing gleefully down a mangy mountain. We drank steaming coffee from gourd bowls and munched parched corn. No troops, but Sandino couriers. Everybody from here on was a Sandinista; the trail was full of Sandinistas. In the shaggy mountains just beyond there would be no Honduran troops. We had passed the first serious obstacle. We had an open road to Nicaragua, an open road to the war zone. Indeed, we could hear the dull boom of cannon miles away beyond the miles of virgin mountain.

"Where is Sandino?"

"In his mountain fortress, El Chipote, with American airplanes bombing overhead, American cannon mounted on the opposing heights, American troops gnawing little by little into the mountain fastness, slowly encircling El Chipote, cutting off Sandino's supplies and outposts, with a general attack expected at any moment."

Another told me: "If you go in you may never come out again. The situation is acute."

We went in. We dismounted, clambered on foot, up, up into the perpendicular Dipilto range, hand over hand, right up against the sky. It still remains a mystery how the horses made it. For hours we toiled along the very edge of colossal cliffs, on a trail no better than a thread. But in the steaming struggle of that ascent, now under a burning sun, despite the previous night's exposure and lack of sleep my grippe was burned out of me—clean. We had a meal of tortillas and cheese on the mighty shoulder of the mountain, with Nicaragua and Honduras dropping off, one on either side.

By four o'clock in the afternoon we were plodding wearily but gladly into Limon, Nueva Segovia, the first outpost of what but yesterday had been declared a republic by Sandino and was still his heart and hope, where people with a guttural twist in their speech call him "San Digno"—Worthy Saint.

Even before crossing into Nicaragua we had met General Torres, a Sandino officer who was taking his family, his cattle, asses, concubines, and household goods to safety. He gave us an additional guide to conduct us to the first Sandino outpost, a young chap well known by the sentries, so that we would not be ambushed. And so at the foot of the mountains on the Nicaragua side, shortly before descending into Limon, we were halted by the two most poverty-stricken "bandits" that I ever saw. Captain Gilberto

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Herrero, chief of the rich Limon sector, wore a shirt hanging from his back in tatters; his bare feet clung to stirrups made from sticks and tied with rawhide. His saddle-blankets were of gunnysacking—but he had a gun and a full cartridge-belt. Surely banditry should have brought him better returns, here where the meadows were full of cattle and horses and the cribs overflowing with corn.

Herrero was suspicious of all Gringos (Americans) and suspicious of me, but he sullenly conducted us to his quarters. People at the Sandino house where we were ordered to sleep were extremely cordial, risking all in the Sandino cause. Herrero promised an armed escort early the next morning, before the airplanes were abroad. A dozen men begged to be included in the escort, for every one was eager to visit El Chipote, which loomed afar, beyond the lesser mountains.

The house where we were quartered overlooked a beautiful valley opening down toward Ocotal, which was held by marines. This valley in the evening was bathed by silver floods of moonlight, while the grim mountains circling Sandino's mysterious fortress, El Chipote, rose austerely beyond. Marines had also taken the neighboring town of Jicaro in the days just previous. The family where we were quartered was now concerned for its personal safety, and planned retreating into the mountains. Seated on a wide veranda overlooking the vast mountain scene I listened to stories of American atrocities that made our own tales of German misdeeds seem tame—a reiterated lesson of the universality of war psychology, for this is war in Nicaragua. In subsequent articles I shall discuss the truth of these stories. I can only say here that in these articles the names of all civilians and befriending guards accompanying me everywhere on this trip will not be mentioned, for tomorrow it might happen that marines would descend upon them. Arrests and shootings would follow and houses would be burned.

Early the following morning before airplane-time—for the airplanes drop bombs on any chance travelers—I was conducted from Limon to Las Nueces by seven Sandino soldiers with red and black ribbons in their hats. We proceeded over a trail which passed between Jicato, in American hands, and Jalapa, where more marines were reconnoitering. Las Nueces is a picturesque hamlet, clambering up the two steep banks of a little stream, with high mountains on all sides and everywhere great stretches of timber. Here at Las Nueces an Englishman sits on his mining claim, calmly smoking his pipe, the Union Jack flying in the front yard, and here we had our first real meal since Tegucigalpa. He was astounded at seeing me.

"Out of what cloud have you dropped? You've got plenty of nerve. Any of these fellows is likely to take a whang at an American."

I left him my card. In his casual drawl, between puffs, he remarked: "I'll keep this as a little memento of the foolishness of mankind."

He lent me a new mule. From Las Nueces, with a new escort, we headed for Guadalupe. Zelaya, a coffee-grower, led me along hidden trails through jungle canyons.

Gradually, though no word was spoken, I became subtly conscious of the fact that the actual military hold of Sandino on this region was already crumbling. As we advanced into the tangled mountains, a still, nameless terror seemed to hang over the world. The cannonading of the previous day had ceased. The airplanes, which had circled over these heights for months on end, did not appear. Somewhere beyond were machine-guns, cannon, battle, the limbs of dead men hanging from the trees. But all that came to us here on this secret trail was an inexplicable silence—as though the whole countryside had died. It sounds incredible, but I can swear I became growingly conscious of some overwhelming change in the military situation. The occasional houses we now passed on the upper stretches where several trails joined were all deserted, though the animals stood in the corrals and the cribs were full of corn. Presently we met refugees on the trail. Dogs without masters scurried off. "The Machos (Americans) have taken El Chipote," we were told. All our plans fell into a jumble.

Other refugees, more details: Sandino had evacuated El Chipote without firing a shot. He had avoided a final fight and had slipped out with supplies of dynamite, ammunition, guns, and machine-guns, leaving the Americans a deserted mountain top as the reward of months on end of skilful and cautious approach.

Toward sundown we dropped into Murra, a cold mining town in the elbow of a cold, dark stream, wedged tight between gloomy mountain walls. Empty! Deserted! Not even a stray cur.

Zelaya, his rifle slung across his back, his jaw set, slouching over his mule, rode grimly on and on—for all we knew right into a nest of machine-guns. The rain fell in torrents. We floundered along a trail by the river, struggling for a foothold in the muck, peering for our path in the murky dark, driving our animals on ahead, wearily, apprehensively. A light! We stumbled into a lone house on the steep mountain side. Three male voices greeted us with friendliness. Welcome hands seized our blankets and saddle-bags and lifted the saddles from our tired animals.

"Where is Sandino?"

"God knows."

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Presidential Possibilities
IV
Herbert C. Hoover

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The fourth in a series of studies of the candidates

HERBERT HOOVER is qualified to be a political President of the United States. I say this because thirty-one years of journalistic observation of men in political life has forced me to the conclusion that certain qualities are to be found in almost everyone who reaches our highest American office. The ability to play politics, to compromise, at times to deceive oneself and the general public; the ability to wear one aspect today and another tomorrow; the ability to be bravely humane and peace-loving one day, and to send American youths to their deaths in some foreign country the next; the power to talk incessant platitudes and ardently to defend the Golden Rule and the Commandments against all comers—as Calvin Coolidge has recently done for the five-hundredth time in Havana—and then to keep silent in the presence of national sin, and, above all, to be able to prevaricate when necessary—these are some of the attributes that carry men to final political success.

Mr. Hoover has these attributes in such marked degree that he is surely completely qualified for the Presidency—I cannot see how he can be kept out of it, or how anyone can doubt that, barring a miracle and the open and avowed opposition of Calvin Coolidge, he will be the first Californian to occupy the White House.

This is my thesis; it is admittedly but one side of the picture. A Lloyd George, or a Roosevelt, or a Bismarck can lie and steal (as Roosevelt "stole" the Panama Canal) and yet feel certain that he is serving humanity by doing so, and still have most engaging and admirable qualities. Indeed, men like these, or like a Woodrow Wilson, are capable of rousing such intense loyalty and enthusiasm that their most unethical acts take on a righteous aspect and are most hotly defended by men who would denounce similar misdeeds in a private individual. Herbert Hoover is capable of rising to great heights in his passion for righting a wrong; he is a rarely gifted administrator and executive; he has most admirable qualities, and he, too, has a following that in its adoration will not admit that he is capable of a single error. Any black act of his inevitably appears white to these devoted servitors. Yet he can face two ways, can compromise, and on occasion deceive, and play politics from morning till night while rendering great public service; he can, like Charles E. Hughes, be silent in the presence of the most scandalous criminality in the history of the Republic, although sitting beside it for years.

Consider the solemn assurance which Herbert Hoover, Charles E. Hughes, and twenty-nine other Republicans gave in 1920 to the Republicans who favored our entrance into the League of Nations. Over their names they pledged their word that the best way to put the United States into the League was to vote for Harding. "I have to admit," said one of Mr. Hoover's former associates and present supporters the other day, "that Hoover in signing that document was either a fool or a knave, and so were Hughes and the rest. There is no getting away from that, much as I like him." Now anyone may err in judgment, and Mr. Hoover may well have believed sincerely in the truth of that amazing statement, but when it was proved that he had been guilty of a monstrous deceit he continued to stay in Harding's Cabinet and never once apologized or referred to the matter in any way. Indeed, he stayed in the Cabinet—still without a word of regret or of shame—when President Harding again declared, in 1923, that he was absolutely opposed to the United States ever entering the League, and asserted that this country would never go to Geneva.

Like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, and Daugherty throughout the period when they sold out the oil lands. If he did not know what was happening in the naval oil reserves, Senator La Follette did, and told the Senate so more than a year before any Senatorial action took place. Newspapermen in Washington knew about it. Did Mr. Hoover act? He did not. Did he resign? He did not, any more than he has protested against the wrongdoing of Colonel Forbes, Jess Smith, or the other members of the Harding entourage. His friends indignantly declare, as George Soule has pointed out in the *New Republic*, that Mr. Hoover is not the custodian of public morals, or of those of his associates; that he is Secretary of Commerce, not President, and that he cannot be resigning every day when something that he dislikes happens. Yes, but Mr. Hoover has stood before the public as something more than a mere politician; multitudes have felt that in Belgium he expressed a great moral indignation; that he then did combine conscience with administrative power. They looked to him to express these same things in the political life of America when he entered it. He even said himself (June 15, 1920) that "there has come to be a demand for a better justice and a higher standard of political conduct, and it would be well for the old-line politicians to pay heed to this." And then he went into the Cabinet of Harding, and allied himself not with a higher standard of political conduct, but with the lowest we have known. Even before that (March 10, 1920) he had declared: "I still object as much to the reactionary group as I do to the radical group in the Democratic Party." And then he was content to be a part of the two most reactionary administrations in our recent history. His fame and standing were loaned to give a cloak of respectability to men whose deeds have now found them out. He called himself once an "independent progressive" bitterly opposed to the "manufacture of offi-

ials by machine methods," and a year later took office under ne President who had been manufactured solely by machine olitics in an upper room of the Blackstone Hotel, with hose nomination the members of the Republican Party, and he convention itself, had no more to do than had the natives f the Hawaiian Islands. Promptly he found that the reac- ionary Harding platform was "constructive and progres- ive. Nothing prevents the compromise planks on labor, the eague, etc., from being given a forward-looking interpreta- ion." On March 4, 1921, having long been in doubt as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, he chose to be . Republican and entered the Cabinet.

When it comes to the ability to turn a complete somer- ault, Mr. Hoover obviously leads all candidates. He is now eing supported by some of the most ardent opponents of he League of Nations, the World Court, and all the other ost-war Wilsonian proposals which Mr. Hoover so eagerly spoused in 1919-1921. The explanation given is that Mr. Hoover has recanted every one of those heresies. He must ow oppose the League of Nations and the World Court ince his party is squarely committed to opposition. He has ecome the darling of such reactionary newspapers as the Cyrus K. Curtis properties, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Los Angeles *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Boston *Transcript*, and the Kansas City *Star*, and there is nothing of the moral and the spiritual in their support of anybody. They are not only out for the maintenance of the existing social order, but of the political status of the moment. They are for the exaltation of business, as Mr. Coolidge has ex- alted it, and their taking up of Mr. Hoover is indisputable proof that he has forgotten all that stuff he was talking, when he came back from Europe, about a new deal and a better political life in America, when he promised to be the one who should lead America out of its materialism into a union of political efficiency and idealism.

So it is a totally different Herbert Hoover with whom we have to deal today. He has become a skilful politician him- self. A splendid Hoover machine has been built up through- out the country, for the Department of Commerce touches our national life at innumerable points, and Mr. Hoover has never even been restricted to the confines of his department. He has extended its functions by having the Pensions Bu- reau and the Bureau of Mines transferred to it. Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, sarcastically called by the German Fascisti the "uncrowned Kaiser of Germany," once referred to Mr. Hoover as "Secretary of Commerce and Under-Secretary of all other departments." It was said admiringly, but it is a half-truth bitterly resented in the departments in question. He is hated in the State Department because he won the fight to keep control of the commercial attaches of our lega- tions and embassies, because he has often thrown his weight with the President against the State Department, and in the matter of loans to foreign countries has flatly demanded that they be made for economic reasons alone. At times the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Treasury Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Shipping Board, the Federal Trade Commission, were reported to have protested against Mr. Hoover's playing the under-secretary in their shops. Their resentments have been carried to the President and constitute one reason, Washing- ton believes, why President Coolidge publicly castigated Mr. Hoover in April, 1927, when the rumor again appeared that Secretary Kellogg was retiring and that Mr. Hoover would be his successor. With obviously intense feeling Mr. Cool- idge assured the press correspondents that the Secretary of Commerce would never, never be Secretary of State. To some this may appear as evidence that Mr. Hoover has played his cards badly. Let us not be too sure of that.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has become a marvel- ous self-advertiser and publicity expert. His speeches are endless; his Department's press releases come like flakes of snow in a heavy storm, and they do not forget to mention Mr. Hoover. Situations like the Mississippi flood have played into his hands precisely as did the Belgian relief, and justly so, for he deserved the credit, and being the head and fore- front of the undertaking, he naturally took the spotlight. But even in periods when he was not doing one of his mag- nificent pieces of relief organization, Mr. Hoover won the first page of the newspapers so often that Mr. Coolidge was known to be distinctly nettled. Some men would have re- signed after such a rebuke as the President gave him, but when it comes to resigning Secretary Hoover is not inter- ested. This is the more curious because with regard to critical publicity he is the thinnest-skinned man in Washing- ton. Mr. Hoover is, like Woodrow Wilson, apt to be bitter and intolerant toward all who take issue with him—a trait that will be intensified if he enters the White House.

This sensitiveness is directly connected with Mr. Hoover's emotionalism. For all his outward calmness he is an extremely emotional man, capable of transmitting that emotion to others, and of becoming almost hysterical. Yet he can also be an admirable and an evenly balanced advisor. When excited he exaggerates, and uses very strong language. He can do so at all times when a gentleman and an honest man ought to swear at injustice or human weakness. But that tendency to exaggerate has its dangers, for he can and does overstate a situation as in Belgium where he poured in much too much food and money. There were measures which he put through as Food Administrator during the war that were rather bits of emotionalism than necessary eco- nomic measures. Again, his attack on the British rubber trust was unsound and emotionalized. But, I repeat, it must be written in golden letters to his credit that his emotions are deeply moved, as one should expect a Quaker's to be, by suffering anywhere. I was with him at the Crillon in Paris on that day in March, 1919, when he got the French to agree with the English and Americans to permit the German fish- ing fleet to get fish for the starving German women and children. It was a joy to hear him tell of his final success after four months of unceasing and exhausting effort.

But Herbert Hoover will now make no frontal attack against heavy political entrenchments, nor batter himself against a stone wall, nor even stand up to a good public give and take. He likes best to be at his desk pulling the strings, a person of immense resources directing gigantic enterprises and getting all the credit for them; wielding enormous power like the Governor of the Bank of England, who has been able to affect the destinies of a people on the other side of the globe by a single word. Seated there he makes re- markably quick decisions, often involving millions upon mil- lions of dollars. The great merits of Mr. Hoover's organiz- ing have been admirably set forth by William Hard in his article on The New Hoover in the *Review of Reviews* for November, 1927, which everyone should read who desires a complete picture of it. It is not only that he picks able lieu- tenants and that he collects figures admirably and knows how to use them. When he moves in a matter like the Missis-

sippi flood, or in feeding children in Russia or Austria, he puts the bulk of the work upon those who are involved—"for every American serving as assistant to Mr. Hoover in Vienna, there were literally more than one thousand Austrians so serving him." On the other hand, he seeks to concentrate all the relief work in his own hands—notably in the Russian famine aid—and throws his influence against any independent organization. When dealing with the problems affecting a given industry, he wisely gathers around him a group of its leaders. In this way he has initiated great reforms—he is said to have saved $200,000,000 for the consumer by changes in the lumber industry initiated by him, and it is asserted that he has won better wages for millions of Americans. As Mr. Hard puts it, Colonel Roosevelt got pure food by legislation; Mr. Hoover set about "giving us pure lumber without a law."

In other words his slogan is "self-government in industry." He prefers conferences and cooperation to legislative compulsion—the government, he thinks, too often becomes the "persecutor instead of regulator." Indeed, he declared on May 7, 1924, "it is vitally necessary that we stem this tide if we would preserve that initiative in men which builds up the character, intelligence, and progress of our people." Therefore, he seeks to change the attitude of the government toward business "from interference to cooperation," which he believes can be accomplished "if it is possible to devise, out of the conscience and organization of business itself, those restraints which will cure abuse." He sees in process a revolution in the whole organization of our economic life. "We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activites." He admits that there must be a "better division of the products of industry," but how to obtain it he does not suggest.

For Socialists and Bolsheviks he has only the bitterest scorn—that was an utterly false speech which he made on his return from Paris in 1919. Upon socialism he blamed the entire situation in Europe at that moment—just as if capitalism were innocent of the war and its horrors, and of the ruination of Russia. Socialism, he said, "has proved itself, with rivers of blood and suffering, to be an economic and spiritual fallacy." Fundamental intellectual honesty would have compelled Herbert Hoover at that moment to recognize the fact that socialism took h ld of a dozen countries when they were utterly wrecked, and no one else was there to take charge. In all business transactions honesty personified, he does not hesitate to misrepresent his opponent if it suits his propaganda.

Hoover an economist? No, indeed. Even the New York *Times*, in justly praising his power of analysis, his marvelous grasp of facts, his untiring industry, and his efficiency, admits that some of his official acts or decisions "seem to be a bit hasty." He is a mining engineer in politics. The farmers are right in holding him guilty of the sudden deflation in wheat prices after the war, although his friends have tried to shield him by unloading upon a committee the responsibility for that colossal economic blunder—committees, his critics say, are often his convenient smoke screens. So in the matter of the hog-raising farmers and the meat packers, there is no doubt that Mr. Hoover was partly responsible for the outcome that the farmers did not get the prices they understood were promised to them while the packers were protected.

In the matter of the un mployment prob'em, for which he called a conference in the fall of 1921, there has been no following up of the matter, and no results beyond the acquiring of useful data. He has never been really against the Power Trust though he has breached his own rule against the government's going into business by urging that it should build and equip and operate the Boulder Dam and its power plant. As to the coal situation, there, too, he has held a most useful conference with producers, distributors, and consumers of bituminous coal to eliminate waste, but the industry remains in chaos. It is well to tackle waste, but to grapple with the fundamental questions bravely and demand consolidation and complete reorganization, that Mr. Hoover cannot do, perhaps because it might lead to a logical demand for government ownership.

I suppose that Mr. Hoover must have called or instigated by this time some two hundred and fifty industrial conferences. Among them was one to consider his proposal to link the hydro-plants and steam-electric plants in eleven northeastern States; committees are still at work studying the plans, but nothing is to date accomplished. He has, it is true, reduced the number of different types of grinding wheels in use from 715,200 to 255,800, and has done much for American fish and fishing. He is sincerely bent on raising the American standards of living and eliminating waste, and he has helped to raise a $20,000,000 national research endowment to further laboratory progress in pure science in the interest of discovering things to benefit the individual American, precisely as he headed the commission to save the individual American from being killed by automobiles. None the less, for all these excellent moves, Mr. Hoover will never reorganize our industry, although he has the courage to dwell upon its faults and the wrongdoings of its managers, and to counsel them to reform themselves from within.

Light on Mr. Hoover's economic vision is further shown by his attitude toward Soviet Russia. He has repeatedly been of the opinion that the Bolshevik regime would collapse. On January 17, 1920, for instance, he spoke of the "total industrial demoralization and bankruptcy in production which will continue as long as Socialism and Bolshevist rule lasts. . . . No one is going to give them credit." Since that time the Soviet has been more and more firmly established, has celebrated its tenth anniversary, and has just arranged to have further credits in America. The removal of the blockade in 1920 he favored so that the "real truth of the horror of Bolshevist rule" might come out of Russia; it would take, he said, "from under them one of their greatest props." Yet large delegations of Americans are constantly going to Russia, and our trade with Russia steadily increases. His mental attitude toward ideas which he does not like is further shown by his statement on the same day that "our frontier and port officers must redouble their vigor against the export to us of Bolshevist agents, propaganda, and money for subsidizing criminals to create revolution"!

For labor Mr. Hoover has never shown any special understanding or feeling. He has given the impression that he was opposed to child labor and then has refused to come out against it. Labor feels uncomfortable, too, about his record on the Lever food-control law. He positively assured the representatives of labor that it did not forbid non-political strikes. Yet in 1919 a federal judge enjoined a national coal strike and based his action on the Lever law. If Mr. Hoover was shocked by this, as his intimates assert, he never betrayed this fact publicly.

But that again is one of his marked traits; Mr. Hoover

keeps silent when he wishes to do so. Here are some of the important matters about which he has not spoken out:

1. He has never said a word against the protective tariff or shown that he in any way comprehends its vital bearing on the foreign debts owed us, the plight of the farmer, or our export trade, or on the whole question of our international relations.

2. In the post-war period of hysteria and the red raids of Mitchell Palmer, he never said one word for sanity and the American policy of free speech and free assembly. Nor has he ever gone on record against the countless violations of our civil liberties.

3. He has never once denounced the oil-grafters or expressed any regret for the vast robbing of the public during the Harding regime.

4. In the face of the Illinois and Pennsylvania election scandals he is as silent as an oyster.

5. While he has protested by inference against the use of American loans to buy arms and ammunition for Central-American governments we are upholding, he has never voiced one sentiment which would give ground for the belief that he in any way disapproves our policy toward Mexico, or our killing of 3,500 Haitians by American marines (as attested by Major General Barnett of the marines), or our present bombing of Nicaraguan men, and probably women and children, on the ground that we are destroying "bandits."

6. During the Mississippi flood disaster Mr. Hoover directed the rescue operations, but he has committed himself to no one of the relief plans before Congress.

He has, however, declared that if elected he will "carry forward the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies"—which means that he wishes to be an abler, a glorified Coolidge. Heaven forbid!

Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb super-salesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is President.

But those who look for something else, for an idealist who holds to his ideals at all times, for a President who will again give to America the moral leadership of the world and the friendship of the nations where we have today their contempt or fear or hatred—such as these need not turn to Mr. Hoover. In foreign affairs there will be no appreciable change if he enters the White House. There is no reason to think that he will alter our policy on the war debts owed to us, or that he will do anything to rewin the lost Latin-American belief in us and in the honesty of our intentions. On the contrary, the fact that he is our greatest efficiency engineer may well cause those smaller American nations to tremble whose industrial and social development has not reached our plane. As for those to whom the question of peace is supreme, who deny that there is anything on earth worse than war, let them not look to Mr. Hoover for support. The backsliding Quaker is one of the men most to be feared—witness A. Mitchell Palmer of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. Mr. Hoover still goes on Sundays to the Friends' Meeting House in Washington; in their tolerance and sweetness of spirit they admit to their communion one who favored war and helped bring it on; who quivered with just rage at German wrong-doings in Belgium, but despite his Quaker upbringing, abandoned doctrines of love and forgiveness and could see no other way out except more killing and destroying.

I spent the first day of January, 1919, visiting in Pentonville jail some of the true Quakers, the true descendants of Fox and Joan Fry and all the long line of Quaker martyrs, and observed the wonderful spirit in which they took their imprisonment because they placed the teachings of their faith above any worldly might. To Quakers like these one could safely turn over the management of any section of human affairs—to Herbert Hoover *never*, that is, if one believes that a glorious faith like theirs cannot be forsworn and then picked up and put on again, like an old glove. Mr. Hoover, in my judgment, would have no scruple whatever about going to war for rubber, for iron, or for hemp, or "to save the world" again from bolshevism. And he would do so with passion and emotion, self-convinced that it was another war-ending crusade for humanity.

Herbert Hoover is qualified to be a *political* and super-salesman President of the United States. Those liberals and progressives who seek something more will continue to scan the political horizon.

Germany Looks Ahead

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Cologne, January 25

GERMANY has given no more satisfactory proof of national unity to the world than was afforded by the spectacle of the representatives of the German states quarreling over the Länderkonferenz which has just come to an end. The fact that these representatives could be summoned to tackle the thorny problem of the future constitution of the Reich (over which disagreements were bound to arise) is alone proof of the progress which has been made during the last five years. No German statesman could, in 1923, have thought of calling such a conference when the complete dismemberment of the Reich was the aim of France, clearly avowed in actions if not in words. It was left, perforce, for the jail birds and fantasts used by the French for their mock "Rhineland Republic" to voice the dissatisfaction which the bulk of the Rhinelanders felt with the Weimar Constitution. Under the circumstances anyone who ventured to express his doubts of the perfection of that arrangement stabbed his country in the back in an hour of need as dire as any country can have experienced in history; today respected leaders of the Center Party do not hesitate to speak of their wish that Prussia should have less power in the affairs of Rhineland. For with the evacuation of the first (Cologne) zone of occupation by the Allied troops two years ago, the back of the policy of dismemberment was broken. The precedent of adhering to the treaty limits of the duration of the occupation has been established.

The real problem before the Länderkonferenz was that of Germany's eternal triangle—Prussia, Bavaria, and the Reich. The Weimar Constitution was hastily framed in days of collapse and tumult as a lifebelt is thrown to a drowning man. As a lifebelt it served its purpose admirably, but something more comfortable as well as more stable is required to enable the rescued man to continue his voyage. In 1919, small free states were created for the continued exist-

ence of which there is neither political nor economic justification. It was simpler at the moment, however, to take over the little principalities and grand-dukedoms intact and rechristen them "Free States" than to enter upon general administrative reforms. Prussia was forced to make concessions to Bavarian particularism that have ever since hampered the conduct of the affairs of the German Reich, but which do not satisfy Bavaria. The root of the matter is that the states which allowed Prussia to preserve at a time of revolution the predominance which Bismarck secured her, feel that the time has now come when she must be made to consent to a readjustment. The Center Party, as the party of the Catholic Church, is at one with Bavaria in disliking the hegemony of Protestant Prussia and is therefore supporting from its stronghold in the Rhineland the federalist ambitions of the Rhenish population with particular enthusiasm.

So diverse are the views as to the lines on which future development should run that the representatives of the states at the Berlin conference felt called upon to declare that they were unable to speak for their respective states, but merely to give personal views. Even so, the only important thing upon which they were able to agree was that a strong central Reich Government was essential; for the rest, they agreed to record their disagreement. They could not even decide whether the tendency should be unitarian or federalistic, but a strong committee has been appointed to work out a scheme; it is very certain that the Center will not allow this body to forget the whole question. It seems most likely that the committee will recommend rather a regrouping of states and the abolition of such *enclaves* as, for instance, the Bavarian Palatinate (which is separated by Baden from Bavaria) than the creation of a number of smaller states out of mighty Prussia. The great aim of the reformers will be reached if they can alter the balance in the Reich in favor of the non-Prussian states; no one wishes to see the evils of *Kleinstaaterei* perpetuated or increased. Small states and *enclaves* would combine with those neighbors toward whom they were impelled by economic and industrial developments.

These matters are discussed with the greater timidity in Germany because the Occupation is still in existence. It is a curious reflection, though not new to those who lived in the Rhineland during the terrible days of 1923-1924, that the French efforts to weaken Prussia were—and to a minor extent still are—the principal bulwark of Great Prussia. The Occupation, which grew out of the French determination to split up both Prussia and the Reich, still prevents the Rhineland from taking a firm stand in the matter of independence from Prussia. Furthermore, it would only need a revival of M. Poincaré's former separatist schemes to postpone for an indefinite period any consideration of the reforms which the Länderkonferenz has been discussing. Make Germany master in her own house, and she will put it in order as quickly as possible; at present it is still necessary to proceed with caution because of the presence of foreign soldiers on German soil.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* predicts that a great effort will be made this year to get rid of the Occupation. One country alone stands in the way of the realization of this—France herself. It is an open secret that no British interest is served by the presence of the British Army of Occupation in Wiesbaden, and that the principal motive for its remaining is an unwillingness to leave France alone in occupation of German territory. France obviously appreciates that there is no longer hope of realizing one iota of her former dreams of a dismembered Germany, and the question which she expects Germany to put to her is "What will you take to go?" There is not one thing which can be said in favor of this military occupation, which puts a constant humiliation on Germany and especially on the inhabitants of the occupied districts. However great the desire to avoid friction, "incidents" are bound to occur and any of them might again provoke international conflict.

The state of affairs at Coblenz is extraordinary. There, a worthy body of English, French, and Belgian temporary officials has settled down, apparently forever, to keep up a strictly legal interference with Rhineland affairs and with general progress. Why, for example, has Wiesbaden no airport? For the same reason that all occupied territory is without one—the prohibition of German aeroplanes within its limits. More and more documents relating to all kinds of obscure details of German administration are accumulating in the cellars of the Rhineland High Commission, of whose amazing industry far too little is heard—perhaps because its results are so supremely unimportant. Metaphorically across the road is a German department (that of the Deutsche Reichskommissar) which obligingly provides an occupation for the leisure hours of the High Commission officials by carefully numbering and forwarding complaints of irregularities or brutalities by individual soldiers. These pass through an even more perfect numbering and docketing machine on the "Interallied" side of the road and eventually inspire a stereotyped reply. It is all very pleasant in these days on the Rhine, of course—no alarums and excursions on either side. But even if, as is devoutly to be hoped, none ever recur, it will presumably dawn on somebody some day to enquire *cui bono?* It would also be interesting to consider what chance there is, now that dismemberment schemes have themselves been dismembered, of the French insisting on remaining on the Rhine, were the British authorities to indicate that they had spent quite enough on this particular form of amusement and proposed, accompanied or not, to move this very year.

In the Driftway

IN Cleveland the other day the Drifter discovered a—to him—new breakfast food, or drink. It stood near the top on the hotel menu, along with "Orange juice," "Grapefruit, half," "Stewed prunes, 15 cents," "With cream, 25 cents." It was "Sauerkraut juice." It is the Drifter's custom to try anything once, and in foods and drinks he likes to try whatever is native to, or a specialty of, any place in which he happens to be. He does not call for a rare T-bone steak in an Italian restaurant or *spaghetti al burro* in an American one. Both as a matter of economy and experience he orders *vin de pays* in preference to imported drinks; he has coffee for breakfast in America, tea in England, and chocolate in Germany. Eat what the cook best understands how to prepare and the natives insist on having right is the Drifter's rule. Thus in Cleveland he prefers to wait half an hour for some broiled whitefish—which presumably came out of Lake Erie—rather than accept ready-to-serve scrod from the Atlantic seaboard. The fact that the whitefish proved to be indifferent

while a neighbor's scrod looked excellent did not worry the Drifter. His theory is impregnable.

* * * * *

THUS by all his principles the Drifter should have ordered sauerkraut juice. But the Drifter is not a strong breakfaster. Had sauerkraut juice been on the card for lunch or dinner there would not have been a moment of hesitation. But for breakfast! What strange things is this our America coming to in the quest for novelty. Each morning the Drifter decided to postpone sauerkraut juice until the next; and he left town without having tried it at all.

* * * * *

IN the city of Washington a day later the Drifter told some friends about the unique and eccentric drink he had found in Cleveland. He even went so far as to descant upon its origin and the ground for its popularity—about which he knew nothing. "Cleveland has no monopoly on sauerkraut juice," piped up a listener. "It's the latest word in dietetics. It's as fashionable as having your tonsils out or collecting hooked rugs. The only odd thing about sauerkraut juice is that people of the other cities of the country find that nobody has heard of it when they order the drink while visiting New York." "Still," replied the Drifter, "I can't see sauerkraut juice as an early-morning bracer. It must be mostly vinegar." "There is no vinegar in it," the Drifter's friend remarked in a tone which was at least acid. "Sauerkraut is not made with vinegar in spite of a considerable amount of vulgar ignorance in support of such belief. The juice is the result of the sauerkraut's own ferment."

* * * * *

THERE seems to be something in this. Upon consulting a dictionary, the Drifter read that sauerkraut was made by laying successive layers of cabbage and salt in a jar and leaving the rest to nature. But as an early-morning pick-me-up the Drifter would as leave take vinegar as salt water flavored with cabbage. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mexican Claims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The public is hearing much regarding the $800,000,000 claims for damages "owed" by Mexico to the United States. It is perhaps timely to consider the history of a previous damage-claims negotiation between the two countries, that of 1868-1876, in which more than $500,000,000 were claimed; but less than 1 per cent. were found well based. Bancroft's "History of Mexico" state that a total of $556,788,600, damage claims were filed, those against Mexico being $470,126,613, while $86,661,891 was asked for Mexico. Seven years were spent in considering the claims, by a commission composed of one American, one Mexican, and Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to the United States. The amount awarded to claimants against Mexico was only $4,125,622, while the awards against the United States were $150,498. To quote Bancroft:

> With regard to the 2,000 claims that were laid before the commission, the greater portion of them were fictitious and the legitimate ones exorbitant. The joint commission

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> opened a field for speculation to every class of rascals. Every device was practiced to rob one government or the other, the claimants hesitating not at all at perjury and forgery. * * * Out of 1,017 American claims examined by the commissioners, 831 were rejected, and out of 998 Mexican claims only 167 received awards. The Mexican government regarded several of the awards as unfair, especially those given to Benjamin Weil and the La Abra Mining Company respectively in the sums of $487,810 and $681,041—$1,168,851, over one-fourth of the total amount awarded. It was held that these claims were supported by false statements. The Mexican government made representations showing their fraudulent character. The first instalment was paid, though the government was compelled to have recourse to a forced loan.

The amount paid was subsequently refunded to Mexico by the United States, the fraudulent character of the claims mentioned having been fully demonstrated. What reason is there for believing that the present claims have any better foundation than those of the former commission?

Washington, D. C., January 11 G. F. Weeks

From Burma

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Burma exhilarates, while India depresses one's spirits. The Burmese temperament is gay and artistic; Hindu moods are gloomy and pessimistic. But the dingy picture unrolled in "Mother India" is incomplete; Miss Mayo squints; her views are one-sided. Mayakovski, the Soviet laureate, suffers from the same distorted vision. When he visited New York, he had no eye for the grand features of the marvelous city; he could only see America's weak points. Deliver us from preconceived notions and inherited delusions!

The Burmans hail from China, and wrested Burma from the Keren animists who are earlier immigrants from Tibet. The Kerens have long ceased to be slaves to their Buddhist masters; they are independent and prosper. More than sixty dialects are spoken here, all resembling Chinese or Tibetan. Hindustani too prevails, since all the menial work in Rangoon is done by Hindus. No Burman or Keren would condescend to act as a carriage horse in front of a rickshah, but nimble Bengalis or Madrasis gladly do so, earning a few nickels for a ride, and running as fast as ponies. What a contrast to the slow and stately elephants who carry in pairs, with their trunks, huge logs from river-ferry to the sawing-mills!

The natives of Burma are tidy and good-natured. Their chocolate faces look intelligent and handsome, their bodies slim and symmetric. They are the best dancers and finest actors in the East; their mimicry and "plastic" is superb. Folk-plays start at 9 p. m. and finish about 3 a. m. Rangoon women smoke enormous cheroots. Their dark hair is neatly rolled up like a man's hat, and adorned with fragrant blossoms. Many wear trousers, while the men use embroidered jackets and skirts, yellow, green, red, in every rainbow color. Swarms of orange-robed monks throng the streets. Early in the morning they turn out to have their alms-bowls filled with rice by charitable Buddhists. The rice is often thrown into the river, I am given to understand; daintier morsels await the priestly palates in the seclusion of the monastery.

Rangoon is a fine and modern city with spacious buildings and choice bazaars. Most interesting are the richly-stocked silk stores. There are broad avenues, elegant colonades, well-laid-out parks, electric cars and cinemas in plenty. Some streets are named in the American fashion; yesterday I went to see "The Last Days of Pompeii" in a movie near Thirtieth Street. Sanitation and sewerage, however, are most defective. The governor's palace is a splendid mansion. Pompous and majestic are the golden pagodas, glittering in the blazing sun, and visible far and wide even in a pitch-dark night, since they are lit with hundreds of electric lamps. Pagodas are more than sanctuaries; they are temple-cities. Countless statues and statuettes of the Buddha, bedecked with jewels and flowers, are enshrined in pagoda-niches, devotees kneeling and praying before them. The straight nose and fine-chiseled chin of the Buddha idols is distinctly Aryan, but the slit eyes wherein a Burmese ruby gleams show a Mongolian type.

Western scholars like to compare Christianity and Buddhism on ethical and psychological merits. The real test lies in the actual output of social orderliness and efficient organization. These largely result from the Christian faith and life. The American mission established here more than one hundred years ago does splendid social and educational work; as a Baptist missionary remarked the other day, sociology and economics are almost Christian sciences. Americans have reason to be thankful for the comforts at home and their prestige abroad. Their culture is often belittled, but everywhere they are recognized as a "cosmic force."

Rangoon, Burma, December 18 Ernest P. Horrwitz

Mrs. Besant

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reviewing "The Hindu View of Life" in *The Nation* W. Norman Brown says: "Would that we had more of them [Vivekanandas and Radhakrishnans] and fewer of the Theosophists, India's self-styled friends but her worst traducers"—and he cites Mrs. Besant as one of these.

For fifty years Mrs. Besant has worked for India as few have. She founded the Central Hindu College, which has been the nucleus of the Benares Hindu University. Ask Pandit Malavija whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India! She healed the breach between Tilak and the Congress, which had divided India from 1907 to 1914. Tilak is in some other *loka*, or we might ask him whether Mrs. Besant is a friend of India. Rabindranath Tagore has seen many years of Mrs. Besant's work for India. Ask him! I have heard V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, successor of Gokhale and head of the Servants of India Society, say (after his visits to America and Australia) that wherever there are Theosophists there are friends of India. Ask him about Mrs. Besant! No doubt the lady has been Mr. Gandhi's most successful opponent on some points, but I venture to say that Mr. Gandhi would rebuke Mr. Brown for his language. If Gokhale and Surendranath Bannerjea and Pherozshah Mehta and Dadabhai Naoroji—every one of whom in their times admired and loved Mrs. Besant—were in this world today, they, too, would speak.

Seattle, Washington, January 6 Fritz Kunz

Revolutionary Ancestors

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to register a protest against those correspondents of *The Nation* who never forget to say, "I am of Mayflower ancestry," or "My forefathers fought in the Revolutionary War."

It is of little importance, I feel, whether or not one's ancestors came to America from England in 1620 or from Lithuania or Galicia in 1900. Those who actively oppose our existing industrial oligarchy in 1928 may be assured of a jail sentence on one pretext or another or a clubbing at the hands of the police irrespective of whether their ancestors were Revolutionary (1776) or revolutionary (1905).

The members of the D. A. R. all had forefathers who fought in the Revolutionary War. Look at them now.

New York, February 15 Charles Yale Harrison

Books and Plays

Koheleth

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I waited and worked
  To win myself leisure,
Till loneliness irked
  And I turned to raw pleasure.

I drank and I gamed,
  I feasted and wasted,
Till, sick and ashamed,
  The food stood untasted.

I searched in the Book
  For rooted convictions,
Till the badgered brain shook
  With its own contradictions.

Then, done with the speech
  Of the foolishly lettered,
I started to teach
  Life cannot be bettered:

That the warrior fails
  Whatever his weapon,
And nothing avails
  While time and chance happen.

That fools who assure men
  With lies are respected,
While the vision of pure men
  Is scorned and rejected.

That a wise man goes grieving
  Even in Zion,
While any dog living
  Outroars a dead lion.

First Glance

"IN deftness, precision, and clarity, in swiftness, crispness, and wit, in general awareness and competence, the present age of essayists obscures the past." I saw this sentence the other day in the preface to an anthology of modern prose, and thought it true. But not quite as interesting or conclusive as its author evidently believed it to be; and certainly not the last word on prose. We are undoubtedly deft in our writing; we have long been competent; and we are proud of our general awareness. Every now and then, however, one misses the other qualities—music, passion, and ponderability—and would like to see them coming in again even if they brought with them, as they probably would, a certain amount of confusion and wrong-headedness, together with many signs that the writing had been done with effort. We like in our own prose to seem effortless, just as we like in our lives to seem to be without illusion—"generally aware" is the phrase. But effortlessness is surely no important end in itself, since one may be effortless either about something or about nothing, and if it is something—if it is indeed something, then the effort might as well show, in order to prove that the author has taken his subject seriously both as man and as artist. And as for general awareness, I find myself longing occasionally for some of that blundering, shouldering prose of three hundred years ago when men hugged like bears the vast, formless body of Error. We have a few "bad" writers today, but not enough.

Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," was in many ways a very bad writer, as well as a man who could swallow more wrong science, entertain more contradictions, commit more irrelevancies than any of his contemporaries even; and they were a race of prose monsters. But he produced, sitting more than three hundred years ago in his quiet chambers at Oxford, a book which for all of its badness has been steadily fascinating to readers of a chosen sort, and which is an excellent example of the kind of book I have been talking about. It lumbers and rumbles along in its endless search for whatever up to Burton's time had been written about melancholy by ancient and modern philosophers, astrologists, historians, moralists, medicos, and poets; and Burton's definition of melancholy was so loose that practically everything human could be brought in somehow. As a collection of stories, as a repository of quotations it is rich enough to have deserved its fame; but that fame, I think, comes in large part from the unusually thick richness of the style, which is the style of an eccentric genius tumbling over itself to say all that can be said about our maladies of body and mind.

The "Anatomy" has gone through a number of editions, none of which is more beautiful or desirable today than one just published under the editorship of Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan-Smith (Two volumes: Doubleday, Doran: $25). These new editors have modernized Burton to the extent of turning all of his Latin, of which there was a great deal, into English, and although this is taking liberties with the old pedant the procedure is amply justified by the result, which is a gorgeous book to have and hold and read.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Sand

The Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

George Sand: The Search for Love. By Marie Jenney Howe. The John Day Company. $5.

IT is natural enough that George Sand should be a tempting subject for biography, and still more natural that she should appeal particularly to women. The standard life, an exhaustive work in four volumes, is by a woman, Mme Wladimir Karénine, and now two more biographies, also by women, have made their appearance. The method adopted in these two is approximately the same. Both authors leave George Sand to tell her own story. "In this biography," says Mrs. Howe, "there are no guesses and no bold assumptions. Paragraph after paragraph consists of writings from the hand of George Sand." Miss Schermerhorn goes even further. She has not allowed herself "any external judgment or comment on this remarkable woman."

This seems a pity. The facts of George Sand's life have been gone over so many times that surely by now the biographer might venture on some sort of synthesis. For one who, ac-

cording to Miss Schermerhorn, was "the least egotistical of women" George Sand was, to put it mildly, extraordinarily expansive. She never hesitated to share her love affairs with the whole world. Her life with Alfred de Musset is meticulously set forth in the love-letters which, incidentally, she took care to publish, and in the autobiographical novel "Elle et Lui." If the reader wants the other side of the question he can get it in Paul de Musset's counterblast, "Lui et Elle," and best of all in Alfred de Musset's "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." The liaison with Chopin was reported no less faithfully in "Un Hiver à Majorque" and in the novel "Spiridion." That was the way with George Sand: no sooner had a passion cooled than it was relegated into fiction. We can hardly blame her for it. In order to lead her own life she had to maintain a worthless and extravagant husband in a state of idle luxury. That meant writing at least two novels a year besides innumerable journals, souvenirs, and letters of travel. Naturally she capitalized her own experience.

Certainly the story of George Sand is eternally interesting. The woman who lived with Jules Sandeau, with Mérimée, with Alfred de Musset, and with Chopin, to mention only the more distinguished of her lovers, and who still impressed everybody who knew her with the simple downright goodness of her character, will never want for biographers. Any one in search of a thoroughly readable but entirely objective record of George Sand's life will find it in Miss Schermerhorn's "Seven Strings of the Lyre." She writes with just as much gusto about the dabblings in socialism and Saint-Simonism as about the Musset affair, whereas Mrs. Howe confines herself more exclusively to her heroine's ceaseless quest for love. Beginning with the statement that George Sand was the greatest feminine genius known to literature, Mrs. Howe proceeds to exonerate her from every charge of folly or inconstancy. We have become so accustomed to the biographer who feels it a sacred duty to scrape off all the whitewash that it is refreshing to come upon one who refuses to admit in her idol a single flaw. Having decided that George Sand was the world's champion feminist, for which point of view there is a good deal to be said, Mrs. Howe's eulogy becomes positively relentless.

Both biographers are so intent upon George Sand's life and personality that they are inclined to ignore her books. After all, she was primarily a writer, and one of the most prolific and hard-working writers that ever wrested a living from literature. One of the qualities that so irritated Alfred de Musset was her terrible capacity for work. Like Anthony Trollope she set herself a definite task every day and no lover was allowed to interfere with it. That was not Alfred de Musset's way of courting the Muses. She affirmed her freedom right and left, as Henry James says, "but her most characteristic assertion of it throughout was just in the luxury of labor." The results of that labor can be seen in Calman Lévy's ninety-volume edition of her complete works. And the variety of her output is no less surprising than the quantity. First of all come the typically romantic novels like "Lélia" and "Indiana" with their impossible plots and their perpetual undercurrent of agony and revolt. Gradually the Byronic element fades away and we get the novels of semi-political, semi-social theorizing. George Sand was always a peasant at heart. On her father's side she traced her descent from the kings of Poland, but her mother's family were essentially of the people, and she was prouder of the grandfather who sold birds on the streets of Paris than of her picturesque ancestor the Maréchal de Saxe. The passion for social equality which so engrossed men's minds in 1848 found its reflection in such novels as "La Compagnon du Tour de France."

Lastly there are the stories of country life, like "La Mare au Diable," which have achieved a spurious immortality as school textbooks. Probably they will last longer than anything else she has written. George Sand was one of the first French writers to keep us closely and truly intimate with rural nature. Hitherto romanticism had spurned the soil of France. Rousseau had discovered the grandeur of the Alps, Bernardin de Saint Pierre the fascination of India, Chateaubriand had fallen under the spell of the American forest primeval. It remained for George Sand to discover the countryside of Nohant.

No doubt there are people who will always be curious about George Sand herself, but who will never want to read any of her novels. If that is so, it may be that her correspondence with Flaubert, dealing almost exclusively with literature and the technique of writing, will outlive the countless volumes of fiction. What a strange contrast they were—Flaubert the aristocrat of literature, living a hermit's life at Croisset, whittling away at his novels, glad if he can hammer out six pages a week, and George Sand, the genuine democrat, loving everybody, swayed by every gust of her emotions, and all the time writing page after page of lucid undistinguished prose.

Posterity will have more and more difficulty in understanding George Sand as romanticism recedes further into the distance, but her friends and acquaintances found nothing particularly complex in her character. Matthew Arnold, who made a pilgrimage to Nohant in his youth, was struck by her frank, cordial simplicity. That seems to have been the general impression. But the question posed by Charles Maurras, the scathing critic of romanticism, still remains. Was this woman ever really in love?

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

The Physics of Light

Studies in Optics. By A. A. Michelson. University of Chicago Press. $2.

IN a modest preface Professor Michelson describes his little volume as containing a résumé of his life-long investigations in light, and as including also a brief account of his most recent work. It will be obvious at first sight that it is not a book for the uninitiated, for while the mathematical portions are not very intricate or difficult, a reader must certainly be able to appreciate their significance in order to get a clear insight into an instrument like Professor Michelson's interferometer and other apparatus which he devised for his researches; and yet, even to those readers who have but slight acquaintance with the refined methods of modern experimental physics in the domain where Professor Michelson gained his great renown, the very nature of the contents of this slender volume must convey some kind of thrill.

There is nothing trivial here. Professor Michelson has always been concerned with problems of the highest import, and without an unnecessary word he tells as simply as possible how he has tried to solve them. For instance, in the chapter on The Application of Interference to Astronomical Investigations he describes the highly original and ingenious, yet extremely simple, method which he devised for measuring the size of a star so far away that it has no appreciable apparent size at all—one of those measurements which, like the determination of the component of a star's velocity along the line of sight, we used to suppose was forever beyond the power of the human race to ascertain. According to measurements carried out at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, Betelgeuse, the red giant in Orion, was found to be 240 million miles in diameter, its huge bulk being such that it would completely fill the entire orbit of the planet Mars. In the following chapter on the Velocity of Light, Professor Michelson, whose earliest determinations of this all-important constant of the universe were made nearly fifty years ago, tells us of the experiments that were made last year when the velocity of light was found to be 299,799 kilometers (186,186 miles) per second—the most accurate measurement up to the present time.

Of course this volume contains an account of the famous Michelson-Morley Experiment, the original conception of which can be traced to a suggestion of Maxwell in 1880. This *experimentum crucis*, in which quantities of the "second order" (that

, magnitudes involving the square of the ratio between the elocity of the earth and the velocity of light) had to be taken ito account, and which was intended to settle the vexed ques- ion as to the relative motion between the earth and the so- alled luminiferous ether, was first performed in a decisive ashion by Michelson and Morley in 1887. As is well known he result was "negative"; in other words, not the slightest sign f any relative motion or "ether drift" could be detected, al- hough, according to the undulatory theory of light of Young nd Fresnel, this effect was positively to be expected. On the ontrary, according to this experiment, the ether (if it really xisted at all) was "*entrainé*" and carried along by the earth n its orbital and interstellar motions. From time to time subse- quently this experiment has been repeated, each time with im- proved appliances and under more perfect conditions and in- variably with the same "negative" result until within the last few years, when it was again performed at Mount Wilson Observatory with every possible precaution by Professor D. C. Miller. Concerning Miller's experiments Professor Michelson says, in a footnote on page 154, that they "seem to give a posi- tive result, indicating a small fraction (one-thirtieth) of the hypothetical velocity of the galactic system of 300 kilometers per second. Such a result," he adds, "would contradict the principle of relativity. Experiments are now in preparation for a rigorous test."

These are some of the great questions which come up for discussion in the volume—questions that are of fundamental and far-reaching importance for science and philosophy. They are here set forth with characteristic modesty and simplicity by one who has himself been a foremost worker for a whole generation or more in the extraordinary developments of phys- ics, of which indeed it can be said with truth that Professor Michelson was *magna pars*. JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL

Young George III

The Correspondence of King George the Third from 1760 to December 1783. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. In six volumes. Vol. I, 1760-1767; Vol. II, 1768-1773. The Macmillan Company. $8 each.

GEORGE III was not a great man, nor even a great king, and his memory is not cherished today on either side of the Atlantic. Yet he stood at the center of the English political stage for a long generation, and his voluminous correspondence, therefore, can scarcely fail to take its place as an important historical source. Some of his letters, notably those to Lord North, have already been published, but the great mass of his papers disappeared about a hundred years ago and was not recovered until 1912. This collection, which is now in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle, consists of letters written by and to the King and other documents which he deemed worthy of preservation. From it comes the bulk of the matter contained in the authorized edition of his correspondence during the first twenty-three years of his reign which Sir John Fortes- cue is bringing out in six volumes. The editor adds all letters by or to the King that could be found in other sources, but these form only a very small part of the contents of the two volumes that have appeared.

The documents are arranged chronologically and are printed as they were written. Approximately two-fifths of them are letters and memoranda written by the King. The editor warns us to expect no literary treat, for George III, though a fluent writer in English, French, and German, was not strong in grammar, punctuation, or spelling. In his state papers, how- ever, he was not indifferent to phraseological propriety. When Lord North sent him the draft of a speech from the throne he expressed general approval of its style but pointed out that the King of Spain should be referred to as "My Good Brother the King of Spain," not as "His Catholick Majesty."

The conception of George III as a malevolent tyrant, con- secrated by the Declaration of Independence, receives no sup- port from this instalment of his papers. It appears that he preferred repealing the Stamp Act to enforcing it; and in 1769 he objected to taking certain strong measures against Massa- chusetts which the Secretary of State for the Colonies had ad- vocated. He thought that colonial governors should be in- structed, in addressing their assemblies, "to hold a moderate yet firm language" and "to avoid as much as possible giving occasion to the Assemblies again coming on the Apple of Dis- cord." American questions, however, do not bulk large in these volumes.

Foreign affairs gave the King more concern. More than once during the ten years following the Peace of Paris a re- newal of hostilities between Great Britain and the Bourbon powers seemed imminent. In foreign policy the King professed himself to be a disciple of William III and regarded a com- bination of Great Britain, Holland, and Austria as the natural barrier against the "Family Compact" of France and Spain. It is clear, however, that he desired to postpone war as long as possible, and his influence was thrown on the side of mod- eration. It would appear from a remarkable memorandum in his handwriting that the partition of Poland by Prussia, Rus- sia, and Austria in 1772 led him to contemplate a diplomatic revolution. To judge from this, he actually looked forward to an alliance between Great Britain, Holland, and France against the three Eastern Powers which would "extricate Poland from the Tyrany that now seems impending." This plan might appear chimerical, "but if Britain and France would with temper ex- amine their respective situations the antient animosity would appear absurd and that they have by it agrandized other pow- ers and weakened themselves."

The correspondence reflects the constant and anxious thought that the King gave to domestic politics. It is evident that he took pains to keep himself accurately informed of pro- ceedings in Parliament and in the Cabinet. The modern rule of Cabinet solidarity had not yet been established, and in the early years of the reign he was constantly in communication with trusted ministers who did not hesitate to express disap- proval of their colleagues. There are many documents relating to the formation and disintegration of ministries, but no light is thrown on the use of patronage as a means of influencing Parliament. Royal electioneering activities will presumably be reflected in later volumes of the correspondence.

The impression left upon the reader's mind will probably be that of a well-meaning, hard-working young king, with a strong sense of what was due him, to be sure, but with a gen- uine interest in the welfare of his country. In the main he accepted the conditions of public life as he found them, and the age of the Duke of Newcastle is not noted for its political purity. The English constitution, as it worked in practice, was good enough for George III, and he had no sympathy with those who found fault with it. But few kings, after all, have been reformers. ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Another Fairy Tale

The Story of the Law. By John Maxcy Zane. Ives Washburn. $5.

THE humanization of knowledge proceeds apace. It is in- teresting, however, that the story of the law should ap- pear so late. A story of philosophy, of literature, of science is, after all, hardly a test. Blackstone's elegant "Com- mentaries" was a best seller in the American colonies, but the average American nowadays believes that if he is given the making of the Mammy songs and the Blues he cares not who makes the laws.

Mr. Zane's book will, I suppose, constitute a temptation to some. It may be said right off that it would be easy to take frequent issue with him. His story of the law is designedly

Anglocentric, and to a large extent consequently misleading and false. His account of Jewish law is hardly more than a short and unilluminating résumé of the Bible. He might have greatly profited even from the short essay of Professor Isaacs in "The Legacy of Israel." In dealing with Greek law he misses one of the central factors, that the Greek system allowed for no public prosecutor. One wonders, since he gives no bibliography, if he knows the little book of Professor Bonner. His criticism of Benthamism is scandalous and his treatment of international law the last word in superficiality.

Yet with all its inadequacies, faults, and distortions, "The Story of Law" has one solid virtue which makes it worth a reckoning. The cultural contributions of most jurists have the futile and irritating quality of the drear volumes in the "Modern Legal Philosophy" series. Stammler's abstract "Theory of Justice" may be perfect, for instance, but it would not have been comforting reading at the time of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. We have had too much speculation on the origin of legal institutions from Plato and Aristotle to the present, and too little fact. The contribution of Mr. Zane lies in his fundamental method. It is chronological rather than institutional, but at all times it is evolutionary. He may often miss a great many factors which are important, and more intricate correlations elude him; but he never departs from a fundamental realism.

If one eschews technical doctrines as of little interest to the layman, there is often little left that is not within the scope of an ordinary cultural history. The time when history was a succession of dates and generals is happily past. No historian who knows his business will nowadays do a history without an account of the development of political and legalistic institutions. Thus, "The Story of Law" often hardly differs from a general cultural history. In ancient law Mr. Zane is simply in the domain of cultural anthropology. In modern law the differential calculus he has devised is not always happy. When he introduces even a shadow of a technical doctrine he feels it necessary to inject at once a seductive witticism or personality. But after all it is better to read a little anecdote about Pliny the Younger than a distinction on the nature of property in ocean waves.

In part this virtue may be due to the general pattern of all the "story" books. But it is no paradox to say that fundamentally it also has a great deal to do with the fact that Mr. Zane is a barbarian. He is too good a Republican and a Chicago lawyer to be anything but hard-headed and to be satisfied with anything but the low-down. The fact is eloquent that the introduction to the book is by James M. Beck, formerly Solicitor General of the United States. But if this closeness to the earth accounts for the book's advantages it also explains Mr. Zane's limitations. What legal evolution teaches him is that this is the best of all possible legal worlds. When he is dealing with the communism of the primitive patriarchal family he takes the opportunity to belittle socialism. The popular election of judges, he lets you know, misses the evolutionary lesson, too, as do super and inheritance taxes and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Constitutional law is, indeed, the absolute reign of law; but he voices no disquieting doubts.

In America law has achieved its triumph. It is the reward of mankind through the ages and we live in a Golden Age. Indeed we are destined to live more or less happily ever afterwards with the princess of the Common Law. The story of the law thus remains to be written, at least for those who are not so smug. Perhaps its ironies can be better revealed with a more institutional method. Perhaps it requires a renegade from the law. Perhaps, too, the layman will say that it is at least written in part. He may go to the author of the "Forsyte Saga" for insight into the man of property. He may go to Anatole France, who wrote much of it in "Penguin Island" and who long before the day of Sacco and Vanzetti wrote their essential tragedy in "Crainquebille," who came to know the majesty of the law.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

The New Ireland

The Blessing of Pan. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Etched in Moonlight. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE recent development of the Irish literary renaissance appears to have been conditioned more intensely by political than by aesthetic forces. The phases through which Irish writing has passed are parallelled by similar evolutions in Italy and Russia, where the emergence of a realistic national temper has deflected writers in the direction of a hard-bitten prose and a generally materialistic conception of subject matter. Those Russians who still cling to the pathos and emotionalism of Chekhov or the cloudy mysticism of Andreyev find themselves intellectually as well as geographically exiled. Home-grown Russian novelists of today produce works bearing such hard-boiled titles as "Cement." In Italy too, despite the popular adoration in which the hero of Fiume is held, the iron temper which Mussolini is seeking to establish as the national psychology works to discredit D'Annunzio's lush romanticism. Novelists who have enlisted under the Fascist standard find themselves impelled more and more to a lean and pitiless depiction of life. Revolutions and imperialisms have ceased to engender romantic literature.

Nowhere has this change been more marked than in Ireland. Not many years ago the banshee-and-moonlight spirit ruled over Irish prose and poetry. The "folk-plays" were saturated with the thin mysticism of Maeterlinck. Political satire softly masked itself in an ambiguous symbolism. Yeats announced his belief in fairies and anticipated Oklahoma by issuing Rosicrucian tracts.

The first flush of that romantic day produced some charming work and in "Riders to the Sea" it may even have produced something enduring; but the roseate dawn has disappeared and left few traces of its glory behind it. Even if Joyce had not been present to point out another road, civil strife, economic responsibilities, bloody and inglorious revolution would have sufficed to alter the entire course of modern Irish literature. Today Yeats is loved and respected but you will find little trace of his intricate and elaborate art in the writing of the younger generation. In a new country which must develop an indurated temper if it is to subsist at all, Yeats's romantic and mystic preoccupations suddenly appear irrelevant. Accordingly, the standard bearers today are men who, like Sean O'Casey and Liam O'Flaherty, have forgotten all about the fairies and prefer to face a world of unpleasant fact.

It is this metamorphosis which gives such a strange and outlandish look to Lord Dunsany's latest novel. Still strumming the single string of fantasy, he seems to have no connection with his countrymen or his country. His new book takes up the threadbare theme of the return of Pan to a modern community. All the old ingredients are in it, all that "Celtic magic" which the schoolmaster's wand of Matthew Arnold pointed out to us many years ago. Here are moonlight and paganism and slightly biblical poetic prose and little miracles and elfin charm—the entire bag of tricks, once so amusing and original, now so sickly and unmoving. Somehow Lord Dunsany's delicate delvings into a world of pretty fancy seem almost childish. The effect of inanity is due not only to the growing feebleness of his prose style but to the fact that his entire universe of feeling appears irrelevant today. His significance never inhered entirely in himself but was bound up with the movement that included Lady Gregory and Yeats and the earlier "AE." Now that the wave of that movement has receded Dunsany's art is left high and dry.

This is not entirely the case with another member of the group, James Stephens. His fantasy may seem a bit saccharine, but the humor of "The Demi-Gods" and "The Crock of Gold"

in March

SatEvePost—by Leon Whipple. What it does for and to the thinking of average Americans—in million lots. A pungent analysis of "the most powerful force ever exerted on the American people in print" by the man who gave the low-down on the "quality" magazines.

Is Unemployment Here?—by Beulah Amidon. The picture as presented by family welfare societies in widely scattered cities.

Shadows of Prosperity—Leo Wolman interprets the portents of the slowly falling barometer.

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will save him. His new book of short tales scales no heights and adds little to a reputation that appears now firmly established and evaluable. What is interesting about it is the definite impress which the new realistic temper of his country seems to have made on Stephens, an impress from which Lord Dunsany is entirely free. In the present volume the least successful pieces (such as the extremely boring title story) have in them the greatest admixture of fantasy and "natural magic" and atmospheric prose. On the other hand, the finest tales, such as The Boss, Darling, and Schoolfellows might, in their lean rapidity and careful avoidance of the decorative, have been written by Liam O'Flaherty. The lightness and whimsy of "The Demi-Gods" are gone, to be replaced by a rigorous depiction of hunger and dulness and frustration, a little set of stern snapshots of modern Ireland. Though not entirely absent, the glamor of the heroic age is diminished. When the horns of elfland do any blowing it is a cracked and unconvincing sound they give forth. "Etched in Moonlight" is a misleading title for the book. It is the title of the worst story in a volume for which a more fitting, if triter, appellation might have been "Etched in Acid." Whether for good or ill, the elves have left Ireland and their disappearance cannot help reflecting itself in the work of the more intelligent Irish writers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

Conditioned Reflexes. By Ivan Pavlov. Oxford University Press. $9.

The first authorized translation, made by G. V. Anrep, one of his students, of Pavlov's lectures on his own and related studies in the field of cerebral physiology by the method of conditioned signal reflexes. The lectures cover the researches on dogs done in the laboratory of the Russian Academy of Sciences and the Institute of Experimental Medicine over a period of twenty-five years. Although Pavlov's expressed scientific interest is that of the physiologist, he does not fail to estimate the far-reaching psychological significance of his work for the theory of learning and the processes of discrimination. He is aware that the phrase "conditioned reflex" has become the shibboleth of an American school of psychology known as Behaviorism, and it is particularly in relation to this domestic doctrine that the report of Pavlov's elaborate researches, accompanied by cautious if subtle theorizing, may be recommended to American students of animal and human behavior.

Social Sciences and Their Interrelations. Edited by William F. Ogburn and Alexander Goldenweiser. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Another attempt in the direction of the stock-merger of the sciences of human and public affairs. This volume contains short essays by a galaxy of such famous names as Dewey, Lowie, Sapir, Boas, Seligman, Hale, Pound, Barnes, Hobson, Cohen, Montague, and others. Each essay considers the interrelation of two of the so-called sciences, and there are as many essays as there are combinations of six departments taken two at a time—with initial and terminal statements of the general field and significance of social science. Perusal of this symposium suggests that the chief problem which the social sciences face, though not here stated, is the dilemma which Ben Franklin so tersely phrased when advising the thirteen colonies concerning union.

Dreams. By Percy G. Stiles. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

Dr. Stiles, a layman in psychology, here publishes some extracts from an illustrated diary of his dreams which he has kept for a number of years. The book makes very pleasant reading in spite of the fact that the orthodox Freudian will chortle with unholy glee over the ease with which some of the

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dreams can be given interpretations much less innocent than those suggested by the author.

The Problem of Lay-Analysis. By Sigmund Freud. Introduction by S. Ferenczi. Brentano's. $2.50.

In Austria the practice of psychoanalysis is restricted by law to licensed physicians. Freud here gives his reasons for believing that while a physician without proper training in psychoanalysis may be a dangerous practitioner of the art, a medical layman dealing only with cases whose disorder has been certified by a physician to be not organic may perform a useful service. The argument is presented in the guise of a series of conversations with an outsider, and in the course of it Freud gives a popular exposition of his theories.

The Best Plays of 1926-27. Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

The eighth annual issue of Mr. Mantle's useful compilation. Besides condensed versions of the ten "Best Plays" the volume contains complete casts of all plays of the year and much other information concerning the current drama.

Sir Charles Sedley, 1639-1701. By V. De Sola Pinto. Boni and Liveright. $6.

The first extended biography of the poet, dramatist, wit, and man of fashion who is now known to most readers only as the author of one lyric (Not, Celia, that I juster am) and, perhaps, as the hero of one very scandalous anecdote recounted in Pepys. This agreeably written book is the result of conscientious researches and is addressed both to scholars and to that part of the general public which is interested in scholarship.

Moving Pictures

Charlie Chaplin

LOOKING at our great and incomparable Charlie Chaplin I feel like patting myself on the back. Did I not argue as long as fifteen years ago that the ordinary "legitimate" actors should be barred from the motion picture? It was of these actors that I said in 1913: "Are they aware that the cinematograph play is the most abstract form of the pantomime? Do they realize that if there is any stage on which the laws of movement should reign supreme, it is the cinematograph stage? If they did they would not have monopolized the cinematograph play, but would have left it to the dancers, clowns, and acrobats who do know something about the laws of movement." A few years later came Charlie, the perfect clown and acrobat, and by way of confirming my dictum at once leapt to such heights of artistic distinction that ever since there have been only two kinds of motion-picture actors: Charlie Chaplin and the rest. The classification is based not only on the singularity of Chaplin's genius, but equally so on the singularity of his methods as an actor. This fact, however, is often ignored. Chaplin's mannerisms, the peculiar traits of the screen character he has created, have been imitated and plagiarized times without number. On the other hand, his consistent pantomime acting (I cannot recall a single picture in which Chaplin moves his lips as if actually speaking), his emphasis on expressive movement (his gait, for instance), and his puppet-like, essentially non-realistic treatment of his role—these are the characteristics of Chaplin's acting which have found but few imitators, and certainly none to show anything like Chaplin's appreciation of their meaning and importance.

In "The Circus," his latest picture, Chaplin is again at his very best. His inexhaustible comic imagination has provided the picture with a more than ample supply of side-splitting "stunts" of characteristic Chaplinesque quality, the most strik-

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ing of these being the scenes at Noah's Ark and the lion's cage. The "big scene" of the picture, in which Charlie performs some amazing feats in tight-rope walking (with the help of an attached wire), is funny too, but suffers somewhat from the attempt to join the wistful buffoonery of Charlie's little trick to the cruder and different fun of his helplessness in disengaging himself from the attacking monkeys. And through all these mirth-provoking scenes there flits the unforgettable image which has so endeared itself to the world—the image of a childishly simple and quixotically noble Pierrot who occasionally borrows the impishness of Harlequin.

In "The Circus" Chaplin's is a solo performance. The rest of the actors are not more than competent, and the direction of the picture as a whole lacks distinction. This last feature is disappointing. Chaplin showed his mettle as director in "The Woman of Paris," and though there is no place for realism of this kind in his own grotesqueries, there is place in them for something which he is preeminently fitted to accomplish. His style of acting and all his dramatic upbringing proclaim Chaplin for what he actually is; a superb vaudeville comedian. We have motion pictures that are equivalent to comedy and drama. But we still have no motion-picture vaudeville, i. e., entertainment shunning illusionist effects and making its appeal direct to the audience simply and solely as entertainment. I cannot help hoping that perhaps one day Chaplin will turn his mind to this richly promising field of experimental effort. There is waiting for him a full-size job worthy of his genius.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

Rights for Men

IN "These Modern Women" (Eltinge Theater) Lawrence Langner has cast a critical eye in the direction of a certain type of "modern" woman and written a somewhat argumentative play likely to be the subject of acrimonious discussion between the male members of the audience and such of the ladies as feel that the cap is intended to fit their heads. Mr. Langner is at some pains to make it clear that he holds no brief for the old-fashioned female. Woman's place, he seems ready to admit, is not any more exclusively than man's "in the home," and virtue in women is much the same thing as virtue in men. But "modernity," he would have us understand, has, like all other religions, its pharisees and its hypocrites. The cant of "freedom," of "self-expression," and of "social service" may serve as well as any other cant to mask a complacent egotism and to impose upon the simple-minded victims who do not know how to protest against the persuasive eloquence of the self-righteous who happen to have all the good new words on their side.

For his heroine Mr. Langner has chosen the supposedly brilliant wife of a plodding novelist. Because she earns about one-twentieth of their combined income she calls herself "economically independent," and because she goes as a "Miss" she is able to forget that her husband's name is the only thing she does not take from him. Motherhood is a great experience; she grows lyrical upon the subject of the "ecstasy of pain" which she underwent at the hospital and even threatens to write a book on the subject; but she turns the boy over to a very advanced nurse who "psycho-analyzes him every night instead of telling him bed-time stories." When she finds herself enamored of a visiting English author she persuades herself that her husband ought to have a little affair with his secretary in order to leave her free, but she cannot understand why he, who is perfectly willing to let her do as she likes, can see no particular reason for continuing to support her while she is living with someone else. Claiming all the privileges of complete independence, she is nevertheless dependent enough when it is profitable to be so and she is, in a word, not unlike certain of those feminists who, forgetting that special favors must be paid for, rail against the decline of chivalry at the same time that they advocate the abolition of all distinctions between the sexes.

Mr. Langner's play is frankly devoted to the exposition of its thesis, but it is both dramatically conceived and logical in the working out of its problem, for the easy compromise solution is avoided and the wife, robbed of her husband by another type of "modern woman"—the secretary, who is perfectly willing to give herself to the husband but equally determined to hold him if she can—is left to meditate in her empty house the perennial difficulties involved in the problem of eating your cake and having it too. Personally I have no universal formula for the solution of modern marital difficulties and I presume that Mr. Langner has none either. I am not at all certain that some couples may not get along very nicely on a program which includes occasional and frank adultery on both sides, but I am at least equally convinced that there are others which find the arrangement unsatisfactory. Probably even the most enlightened age will discover that marriage is still an individual problem, and Mr. Langner's play is a very interesting working out of one such problem. Incidentally it is very well acted, with Chrystal Herne as the wife, Minor Watson as the husband, Helen Flint as the secretary, and Alan Mowbray as the visiting Englishman.

Among other recent events may be mentioned "Sunny Days" (Imperial Theater), which is an elaborate but thoroughly conventional musical comedy with Frank McIntyre, and "Rain or Shine" (Cohan Theater), which is quite the brightest, pleasantest, and merriest of the recent song-and-dance entertainments. This latter is all about life in a circus as Jim Tully very decidedly did not see it, and it is graced by that particularly ingratiating young comedian Joe Cook. Mr. Cook is extremely versatile—besides being master of a certain air of contented and pleasing imbecility he can perform a great variety of circus stunts quite well—but his great gift is for a certain likability which to my mind at least is conspicuously absent from some of our most popular comedians. He is surrounded by a very active company, and one of the scenes—a practical realization of an invention of the sort popularized by Rube Goldberg's cartoons—convulses the audience.

A new stock company containing several well-known names —Violet Heming, Vivian Martin, and Robert Warwick—has opened at the Cosmopolitan at popular prices. Unfortunately the first offering was that mild and now very much faded much-ado-about-nothing called "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Adopting the technique of the almost forgotten mystery cinema "thrillers," "The Silent House" (Morosco Theater) presents a melodrama incoherent, ingenious, nerve-racking, but none the less enjoyable.

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International Relations Section

Baron Hatvany

By EMIL LENGYEL

ON February 1 the Royal Hungarian Tribunal of Budapest sentenced Baron Ludwig von Hatvany to seven years in prison and a fine of $100,000. He had been found guilty of slandering the Hungarian nation in several articles published seven years ago in the daily paper of the political emigres, *A Jovo*. Baron Hatvany is a Jew and a member of one of the richest families of Central Europe, known as the Rothschilds of Hungary.

During the war Baron Hatvany was editor of *Pesti Naplo*, which under his management was a liberal and pacifist journal. He was highly regarded in the Karolyi Party and he participated with Count Karolyi in the preliminary negotiations of the armistice.

Baron Hatvany fled Hungary during Bela Kun's regime and settled in Vienna where he rented the chateau of the Hapsburg dynasty in Lainz. He was for a time the center of what might have developed into a political action of the emigres. The founding of *A Jovo* was a part of a larger scheme having in view the overthrow of the white terror in Hungary. The articles for which Baron Hatvany has been sent to prison dealt with the atrocities of the white terror and have been fully confirmed by later disclosures. His book "The Wounded Land," published in German and translated into other languages, was the literary sensation of Central Europe. Although it is one of the most sympathetic accounts of Hungarian history the book was excluded from Hungary. The heads of the present political regime in Budapest hate Hatvany almost as much as they do Karolyi. They cannot forgive Hatvany because in spite of his great wealth he became a radical and a pacifist.

Quite recently Baron Hatvany made inquiries through his friends in Budapest as to whether there would be any difficulty about his return to Hungary. He was very anxious to work in familiar surroundings. Some weeks ago he received word from a friend whose cordial relations with the Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, are well known, to the effect that it was safe for Baron Hatvany to go back to his native land. This friend intimated that it might be necessary, for the sake of appearance, to stand trial, in which case he would be acquitted. Thereupon he left Vienna for Hungary. As soon as he passed the frontier he was arrested.

Political trials in Hungary are decided by the Government through the courts. The opinion of liberal circles in Budapest is that the trial was part of a scheme to please the anti-Semitic die-hards and at the same time to blackmail the Hatvanys. They will, it is thought, be willing to pay the fine of $100,000 in order to have the jail term reduced.

This is only one of many political trials which remind one of the most critical days of the white terror in Hungary. The other day the Tribunal of Pecs sentenced Joseph Magyar, editor of a labor newspaper, and Joseph Pecsi, former town councillor, to twelve years in prison for trifling political offenses. Julius Abonyi, a staff correspondent of *Magyar Hirlap*, was sentenced to fourteen days in prison for a book review in which he took exception to the statement of the author of a history textbook that the Jews are responsible for Hungary's present plight.

The South African Native Worker

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Cape Town, South Africa

WHERE two gray, paper-strewn streets meet, in a dingy slum area, stands the Workers' Hall, the headquarters in Johannesburg of the I. C. U., that is to say the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa. It is just opposite the great gray barracks where the natives go to get the passes which in Johannesburg they must always be ready to produce, day or night, the instant they are asked for them by the police. Here the natives fresh from the kraal squat on the ground in their gay blankets, and stare from dark, limpid eyes in uncomprehending terror at the clanging trams and hooting cars that go past them in an endless stream. Here the native, no longer afraid of either, knowing of the first that he may not avail himself of them, and of the second that it is only for him to clean the magic things or fill them up with petrol, comes to have his pass renewed, and on his way back he is more than likely to turn into the Workers' Hall for a minute or two. He may stroll around the big meeting-hall and admire the walls, painted from end to end by a young native enthusiast, with a portentously bearded Karl Marx in the place of honor, and a series of politico-propagandist cartoons, crude but brightly colored, stretching away on either side. He may go and read in the library, where the severe though instructive collection sent out by the I. L. P. from England awaits him. Or he may, if he has any complaint against his employer, report it to the complaints office, where he will be heard with sympathy and intelligence, and as a rule helped swiftly and effectively.

All this, of course, provided that he is a member of the I. C. U. By this time a considerable proportion of the natives working in Johannesburg must be so. For the organization, which includes all the principal towns as well as many smaller places, has a membership of over 30,000. It has funds sufficient to take up the case of a member who has a grievance, and to bring it into the law courts if necessary. It follows that its complaints department has acquired a real importance, and that the threat it holds out of unwelcome publicity does act as a brake on the greed or ill-temper of unscrupulous employers, who often take advantage of the ignorance or entire illiteracy of their native employees to tamper with their passes, which are also business contracts, for their own advantage.

It cannot be supposed that a community in which the natives have hitherto quiescently fulfilled the role of the serfs under a feudal regime will approve of the aims and activities of the I. C. U. Far from it. On this issue the parties are united as they are on no other. The Labor Party, that curious anomaly, will have none of it; the Chamber of Mines and other big employers of natives are openly hostile to it; while farmers, whose native laborers have been the worst-paid and most docile of all the native workers, view it with a disfavor which has nothing to do with party. A meeting of the Kroonstad District Farmers' Union recently decided to ask a forthcoming agricul-

THE Menorah Journal

NOW A MONTHLY

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE AND FORTHCOMING

More Scraps of Paper — *Albert Jay Nock*
Minority persecution continues in Eastern Europe despite the Versailles Treaty clauses which are supposed to protect minorities. The former editor of *The Freeman* realistically analyzes the economic roots of this persecution and sees little hope for political action.

Redress for Minorities — *Henry Noel Brailsford*
What are the possibilities of political action to protect European minorities? How can world opinion be used to compel observance of the Treaty? The distinguished English publicist and editor replies to Mr. Nock.

Brandeis in Zionism — *Jacob de Haas*
The man closest to the Supreme Court Justice throughout his leadership of the Zionist movement sums up the work of Mr. Brandeis in a remarkably informative article.

A Rabbi Takes Stock — *Solomon Goldman*
Orthodoxy and Reform, says this Cleveland Rabbi, have both failed of their tasks. He attempts to answer two questions: What does religion hold for the modern Jew? On what basis should he reorganize his religious life?

Will Science Change Our Morals? — *Bertrand Russell*
Science has changed religion for the modern man. What changes will it bring about in his ethical concepts? Mr. Russell at his most lucid, on a subject of primary importance.

Bible Into Drama — *Gilbert Gabriel*
The dramatic critic of the *New York Sun* discusses modern stage treatment of biblical subjects, with reference to plays by Werfel, O'Neill and others.

Ochs of The Times — *Silas Bent*
On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the man who built the great respectable newspaper of our day is subjected to a keen biographical and critical study by the author of *Ballyhoo.*

The Sociological Conception of Jewish History — *Simon Dubnow*
The leading contemporary Jewish historian explains the dominant concept of his *World History of the Jewish People*, soon to be published in English.

Conversations with the Wandering Jew — *Lion Feuchtwanger*
Brilliant, witty causeries satirizing Anti-Semitism by the author of *Power.* Suppressed by the German Government during the war, these Conversations appear now for the first time in English.

The Russian Jewish State Theater — *Louis Lozowick*
Mr. Lozowick writes of what he saw on a recent trip to Moscow. The latest and most dependable news of an interesting experiment in the drama you can obtain.

A Renaissance in Italy — *Herbert Solow*
In the classic land of Sephardic decay, the followers of Alfonso Pacifici reassert the Jew's capacity for survival. Mr. Solow reports a colorful chapter in modern Jewish history.

Fiction, Poetry, Plays
Among those whose work will appear during 1928 are Jean-Richard Bloch and Paul Morand (France), I. Babel (Russia), Franz Werfel (Austria), Charles Reznikoff, Lionel Trilling, Louis Berg, Ludwig Lewisohn, Kenneth Fearing, and others, both noted and new.

Book Reviews
Is there such a thing as Jewish opinion? Menorah reviews by competent critics and scholars express the rapidly crystallizing views of American Jews on modern life and letters, in addition to providing the most strenuous test for books by and about Jews.

Letters from Abroad
Louis Fischer in Russia, Louis Lozowick in Germany, Ludwig Lewisohn in Paris, Gershon Agronsky in Constantinople, others in Berlin, London, Warsaw, Vienna, Kiev, Riga, Moscow, Vilna, Kovno, and Jerusalem keep Menorah readers informed of developments in politics, art, music, and letters.

Art Inserts
An eight page portfolio each month, reproducing selected works of important modern artists, with brief comment by competent critics: Jacob Epstein in January, Israel Paldi in February; Adolf Feder, Leopold Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Chana Orloff, Max Pollack to come.

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tural congress "to consider the best steps to be taken by farmers to combat the influence of the I. C. U." Two of the associations belonging to the union had taken a resolution to the effect "that every member of a farmer's association who has natives on his farm who are members of the I. C. U. should give them notice to leave immediately and that their passes be marked 'I. C. U.' and that no farmer who belongs to the association should employ such natives." And when some members asked how they were to tell members of the I. C. U., since the natives, naturally enough, it would seem, often denied being members of it when questioned, the reply was "that as soon as natives joined the I. C. U. they would be recognized as they then became impertinent and lazy."

That reply, in its simple brutality, gives in a word the mental attitude of the white man in South Africa to which the inception and organization of the I. C. U. is the inevitable reply. The minority which does not share in that attitude may not approve of every public utterance of I. C. U. leaders, but it cannot but sympathize with their resentment and wish well to their organization. The whole trend of legislation and of public feeling on the part of the white community as a whole has made a race-conscious combination of the natives and colored people of the country both natural and necessary in their own interest. It has made natural, too, the distinctive feature of the I. C. U., and the one which has aroused the greatest suspicion and resentment against them—their determination to run their own affairs entirely by themselves. Recently, at the end of a conference of some of their members, they went to a local hotel and asked to have a dinner arranged. The request was refused in contemptuous terms, and featured, next morning, in a well-known daily as an amusing item, the cream of the jest being that a table-cloth and napkins had been asked for. Against the intolerable assumptions which make such a report possible, and against the economic exploitation which is its concomitant the educated natives are now definitely in revolt, and such is their bitterness that it is no longer easy for them to feel friendly toward any white man or to believe in his sincerity if he offers them friendship.

What is to be the future of the I. C. U.? It is already a power in the land, and the pressure of legislation, administration, and public feeling that will undoubtedly be brought to bear upon it, while it may drive its activities underground, will do nothing to retard its development. The natives of South Africa, like all oppressed peoples, are afraid; but for some time now they have been more afraid not to combine against their oppressors than to encounter their anger as a result of such combination. The I. C. U. is affiliated with the Amsterdam International, and up to the present has been peaceful enough in its methods. Whether it will always remain so rests largely with white South Africa.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and Mexico: "An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

G. E. R. GEDYE is the correspondent for *The Nation* in Central Europe.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is a well-known American poet, translator, and anthologist.

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WILLIAM SEAGLE is a New York lawyer who has contributed to the *American Mercury*, the *New Republic*, and other periodicals.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY has for years been prominent in England and America as a critic of the drama and the cinema.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist now living in the United States.

RUTH ALEXANDER is a journalist living in South Africa.

□ DEBATE □

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

3 Places — The Event of the Year — 3 Dates

DEBATE

Shall COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE Be Legalized?

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY vs. REV. ROBERT B. WHYTE

Calvary Presbyterian Church

Chairman, Dr. Chas. E. Buery
Pres. Temple Univ.

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BALTIMORE, MD.
SAME SUBJECT

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY vs. REV. PETER AINSLIE

Chairman, Rabbi Edward Israel

LYRIC THEATRE SAT., MARCH 3rd, 8:30 P. M.

Tickets—75c to $2.75. For Sale at Albaughs, 12 E Lexington St.
Mail Orders. Emerson Hotel

WASHINGTON, D. C.
SAME SUBJECT

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WASHINGTON AUDITORIUM THUR., MAR. 8, 8:30 P. M.

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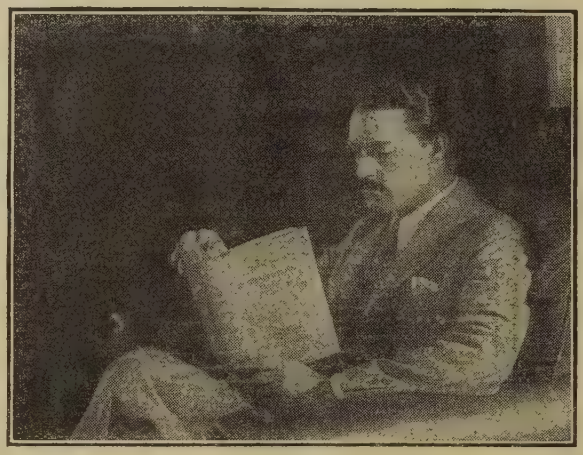

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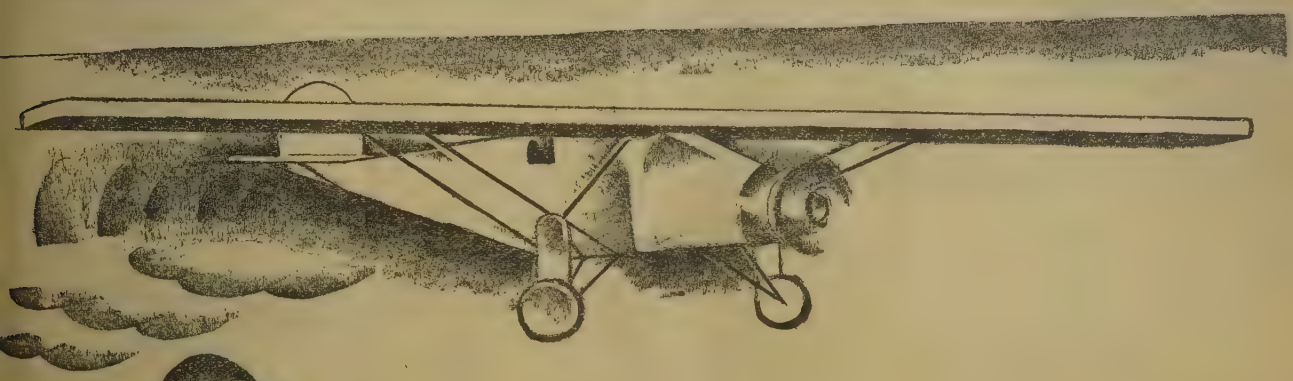

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SECRETARY HOOVER celebrated his formal entry into the Presidential race by answering Senator Borah's prohibition questionnaire thus: "I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I stand, of course, for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen President is under his solemn oath and duty to pursue this course." He evaded the question which was the very heart of the questionnaire, namely, whether he favors modification of the Volstead Act. Again what does he mean by "efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement"? Does he believe that there is efficient, vigorous, sincere enforcement at the present time or not? Mr. Hoover ought to be too much of a man to indulge in such evasion. But candidacy makes cowards of us all. A questionnaire of much more importance and appropriateness would ask Mr. Hoover how he stands on the issue of corruption. He indorses the Coolidge policies. Would he have Mr. Doheny into the White House for tea? Would he accept campaign contributions from Blackmer and Sinclair? Does he approve the failure of the Department of Justice to take a single step toward tracing the Continental Liberty bonds? Is he in favor of seating Smith and Vare? Does he believe the investigations of the power trust and the aluminum monopoly should have been shelved? Does he stand for further reductions in the taxes on incomes of $1,000,000 a year and over? Secretary Hoover would, to use Mr. Coolidge's felicitous phrase, contribute greatly to the candor of the situation by answering these.

> "W. J. B.," as the Burns detectives call him, was seated in one of the jury boxes. His face was a study, the ruddiness, always under normal conditions conspicuous, was gone. His face was as pallid as that of his son. Nervously the older man fingered his short, gray mustache. . . . In a voice that quavered with emotion and a tone so loud that it could be heard in the corridor outside, Burns declared his innocence. "Before my God, I am innocent as a child unborn."

THUS, MELODRAMATICALLY, William J. Burns, when sentence of fifteen days was passed upon him for contempt of court in "shadowing" the Sinclair jury in Washington. The great man who has sent so many men to jail, and as head of the Secret Service during the war persecuted thousands with complete ruthlessness, was found guilty by Judge Siddons, together with his son, and Henry Mason Day, and Harry Sinclair, who received a penalty of six months in jail. Pleas by his counsel that Sinclair did not know that it was an offense to "shadow" the jury the judge overruled. No such plea could be made for the Burnses; they had "shadowed" juries before. Are they now sitting in jail? They are not. They are rich men and they have now appealed from Judge Siddons to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and they will appeal, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Sinclair is already appealing from one sentence of three months and the papers say it will be a long, long time before he is actually in the grip of the law. None the less, we are grateful for this verdict and what it connotes. But we have not changed our belief that in all such contempt cases there should be a jury trial and not merely a judge deciding how far his own sacred judicial majesty has been impaired.

CONDITIONS IN THE PITTSBURGH coal region are "a blotch upon American civilization." Modern pigpens are better than the squalid hovels in which the miners dwell close to Secretary Mellon's home town. Statements like these are familiar to some of our readers; they are new from the mouths of United States Senators. A committee headed by the standpat Senator Gooding of Idaho as chairman, and including also Senators Wagner, Pine, and Wheeler, made these statements as it emerged from Pennsylvania into Ohio. They had but to scratch the surface to uncover the running sores of the medieval baronies of the coal region. In Rossiter they learned of the injunction which prevents miners from singing hymns on the property of a Magyar church which overlooks the coal mine. "This is an absolute violation of the right of free speech," said Senator Wagner, and three of the Senators boldly entered the little church and, defying the injunction, exercised the constitutional right to sing hymns when and where one pleases. For lesser men, however, the Constitution of the United States

is no protection in the coal towns. There serfdom and peonage prevail. The swinish squalor of the mine towns is only a part of the picture; the despotic control exercised by the companies over their subjects' lives is more significant still. They own the homes, the roads, the police. The committee discovered one town, however, where control was incomplete. There the corporation paid the sheriff $7.50 a day for each deputy on guard at the mine, but the deputies received only $6.50. The sheriff apparently did what the United States has thus far been unable to do: he proved himself stronger than a coal company. The Senators are advertising the shame of the coal counties, but they have more to do; that shame must be ended.

THE FLOOD CONTROL BILL has had many jolts and twists since Representative Reid first introduced it last December. However, quite the pleasantest shock came when President Coolidge most unexpectedly conceded that the federal government should bear at least the entire first costs of flood control for the Lower Mississippi Valley. Since last summer he has stubbornly maintained that in the interest of economy the flood-stricken States should be made to contribute to the cost of flood control. Even as late as February 22 the New York *Times* reported that the President still held this opinion and that a veto of the bill was threatened if it carried a provision for full payment of flood-control expenditures by the federal government. His concession, therefore, amazing and unexpected as it is, indicates that he has at least listened to the opposition arguments with an open mind and that, finding his earlier position impracticable, has been liberal enough to admit it.

THE FINDING of the Naval Court of Inquiry into the S-4 disaster was that Rear Admiral Brumby should be removed from command of the Control Force of the United States fleet because he "failed to contribute that superior and intelligent guidance, force, and sound judgment expected from an officer of his length of service, experience, and position" in directing salvage operations for the submarine S-4. Which, in our opinion, is putting the matter very nicely and with a mildness by no means warranted by the circumstances. When questioned about submarine construction, about salvage, about rescue work, about the particular history of the S-4—about almost anything, indeed, even remotely connected with submarines, Admiral Brumby was compelled to answer feebly that he "did not know," he "was not sure," he "had left that to the young men in charge." Without him the navy will be a safer place. But the rest of the naval court's report, that Commander Jones of the S-4 and Lieutenant Commander Baylis of the Paulding—the destroyer which rammed the submarine—were jointly to blame for the accident which resulted in the loss of the S-4 and her crew, has already been challenged, especially by the Treasury, to whose Coast Guard service the Paulding belongs.

THE SENATE has passed a bill providing for the return of enemy alien property seized by the United States during the war. This is another step toward clearing our national name of a blot. The measure passed by the Senate is somewhat different from that approved by the House, the Senate providing for compensation payments to Austrian and Hungarian as well as German nationals, and adopting Senator King's amendment requiring the payment of 5 per cent interest on $25,000,000 of accumulated interest on German property now held by the Alien Property Custodian and designated by the Senate as part of the fund for the liquidation of American private claims. The bill also provides for compensation for German ships, radios, and patents seized by this Government, but there is no possibility of weighing the wrong done by the sale of the most valuable German patents to the American chemical trust. That act, we were told, was necessary if we were to come out of the war chemically independent of our former enemy. As Senator Copeland pointed out in an excellent speech in the Senate on February 21, those privileged persons to whom the German chemical patents were turned over have had for two years the benefit of our high tariffs, embargos, anti-dumping laws, and investigations of foreign costs. The holders of these stolen patents have been unable to make a go of the business—there is not today a single plant turning out nitrogenous fertilizers. Now these patriots propose an alliance with the wicked Germans and the Assistant Attorney General, William J. Donovan, declares that this will be entirely acceptable to the Government!

THE KILLING IN NICARAGUA continues. The press reports, for instance, that a scout plane killed two with its machine-guns when it observed a small band east of Narajo. To other airplanes a captain signaled that he had killed two members of a band that he had encountered, and a Lieutenant Shiebler surprised a "small party" six miles from Homonico and wounded several of them. It is also stated that if the marines do not "clean up" Sandino very soon the rainy weather will defer operations from three to four months. So the great United States Government, headed by such Christian gentlemen as Calvin Coolidge and Frank Kellogg, continues to let its men shoot down anybody they meet, or see and judge to be "bandits" when they are flying well above the jungle. Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg have taken no note of Sandino's peace terms offered through Carleton Beals of *The Nation*. Indeed, the United States Government is not able, apparently, for all its marines, to communicate with this "bandit" and negotiate with him. It has neither the enterprise nor the simple common sense of a weekly journal in New York.

THOSE RUSSIANS have been at it again. The Soviet observer at the Geneva Security Committee meeting, Boris Stein, had the impudence to resubmit the Soviet proposal for speedy and practical disarmament, beginning with the reduction of all armed forces by 50 per cent, the destruction of arms and munitions, the stopping of all military and naval construction, the disarmament to be completed in four years, after which there will be nothing but police and frontier guards and such left. This time the usual course of sneering at the insincerity of the Russians, or denouncing the proposal as a trick was not taken. Instead, Mr. Stein was instructed to transmit his proposal to the secretary of the League of Nations. The New York *Times* correspondent reports that there can be no doubt that the Soviet leaders are "honestly anti-war." Other correspondents report that there is enough in the Russian scheme to prevent its being sidetracked when the Preparatory Disarmament Commission meets on March 20. They report also that "the establishment of neutralized, demilitarized land zones, the abolition of nationalistic, militaristic teachings, and the plans for the assimilation of disbanded military staffs, are regarded as

practicable." In addition, the Canadian commissioner to the Geneva Security Committee, Walter Riddell, has joined the Russians in urging immediate disarmament as "more effective at the present moment in advancing security than pledges of armed assistance."

ITALY IS SECRETLY ARMING HUNGARY. According to the Treaty of the Trianon Hungary has no right to import arms, but the Interallied Control Commission has been withdrawn, and Italy is eager to build up a new military ally against Austria and Jugoslavia. The Council of the League of Nations has the duty of supervising enforcement of the treaty, but with Italy's influence thrown boldly into the scale against it, enforcement is doubtful. Apparently several trainloads of arms have gone from Italy to Hungary consigned as "vegetables" or otherwise falsified; but the decisive scandal occurred in January, when Austrian customs officials discovered five trainloads of machine-guns at a frontier station, falsely labeled and falsely addressed to Warsaw. Warsaw knew nothing of the consignment, but Budapest did, and the machine-guns were promptly moved out of range of Austrian protests. Inevitably the question went up to the League Council; and as we go to press it is still uncertain whether that body will lie down before the defiance of the Hungarian Whites, backed by Mussolini, or demand compliance with the treaty.

IN HIS DEBATE with Mrs. Bertrand Russell as to the canceling of her lecture scheduled to be given at the University of Wisconsin, it does not appear to us that President Glenn Frank comes off the better. As we understand it, Mrs. Russell was engaged by some undergraduates to speak on the subject of the protection of women, and when a synopsis of the lecture was received at Madison it appeared that it was so frank in its treatment of sex matters as to make the young men feel that they would be greatly embarrassed by any such discussion before a mixed college audience. Their decision, taken before they saw Mr. Frank, was approved by him. He felt that a mixed student audience was not the best place for discussion of her sex theories. Diplomacy might have suggested that Mrs. Russell be told of the difficulty and be given a chance to substitute another lecture. She declares that she had other subjects to offer; and that she had no intention of forcing her views upon anybody is shown by the fact that when her Madison meeting was finally held, off the campus, she limited the field of her discussion because of the obvious excitement and hysteria. As is always the way when authorities come out in opposition, Mrs. Russell and her opinions have been brought to the attention of thousands who would never have read her books or heard her lectures.

THE DAY WILL COME when discriminations against women will have vanished and special institutions for women will close their doors. But that day is not here. In the thirteen leading hospitals of New York City, public and private, only eleven women doctors hold staff positions. Women medical graduates are accepted as internes—although hardly on equal terms with men—but are shut out from later hospital experience. The only hospital to open its doors freely to women doctors is the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, founded in 1853 by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and since then run and staffed entirely by women. The need for such a hospital was, of course, more acute in her day—when women doctors were insulted and denounced and when women medical students were subjected to ridicule and physical violence by their men colleagues. But if the position of women doctors is better, they face a difficulty more serious, perhaps, than the barrage of rotten tomatoes that showered their sisters of the last generation. They face the apathy of a world that assumes too lightly that women have won the fight against inequality and professional ostracism. The trustees of the Women's Infirmary have announced that its doors will close on July 1; that the need for a hospital staffed by women is no longer serious enough to warrant the expense of maintaining it. The entire staff of the hospital and the Women's Medical Association have protested this decision. If it stands, a great loss will be suffered by the women of the country, and through them by the whole community.

YVES GUYOT, whose death at eighty-five is reported from Paris, was almost the last of a great European group of liberal free traders and sound-money men who fought a gallant fight against bimetallism and protection in Europe, winning one battle and losing the other. M. Guyot lived to see Europe divided by tariff walls as never before. The new states, rising out of the wreck and chaos of the war, saw in protective duties a means of defense against other nations and the easiest way to raise the large revenues they imperatively needed. Guyot's voice, and those of others who spoke with him, was raised against this folly, pointing out that those tariffs were the greatest stumbling-block to Europe's economic recovery and the source of further wars. In other fields this veteran writer for French and American journals was less sure and less clear. He, the arch-enemy of socialism, beheld socialist governments on every hand standing in the breach to save Europe from collapse. He found himself challenging in pure theory the new-found currency doctrines born of the war and was unable to accept the logic of facts which went contrary to theory. But he was a fine fighter to the end, a sturdy leader in France of the liberal free traders of the Manchester school, and the loss of his pen is a genuine one to economists everywhere.

THE DEATH OF MILDRED ALDRICH in France is one more reminder of those remote days when the war was not yet a world war and when the quality of its stupendous drama overshadowed its character and its significance for humanity. A veteran American newspaper-woman who had settled in France to enjoy her declining years in peace and quiet, Miss Aldrich suddenly found herself in the very vortex of a continental war. The dramatic scenes which she witnessed at closest range she described in a series of articles, extraordinarily moving and effective, which first appeared under the title "A Hill-Top on the Marne" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then became a book. This picture of the gray tides of war flowing in upon her from all sides remains one of the permanent literary accomplishments of the war. Miss Aldrich wrote other books and articles upon the struggle as it seemed to an American woman, but nothing equaled these spontaneous pictures of what the world appeared to be when in the twinkling of an eye the most gigantic and unexpected of catastrophes burst over her. To her literary skill she added personal devotion to her ruined neighbors, who thus also have an admirable reason for remembering her.

Jim Reed and Al Smith

AS a candidate we are for Senator James A. Reed of Missouri and would rejoice should he be nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats. He is Wet, and we lean the other way; he is an old-fashioned Democrat of the vintage of 1893, and we have accepted new conditions and new ideas. He opposes federal supervision of everything, and we believe a lot of it is inevitable. He is for the navy, we against it. But we waive all these and other differences and say wholeheartedly that if Senator Reed should be nominated and should talk on the stump as he is talking now the country will be in for the finest educational campaign it has had since 1912. In a day when almost all our dailies have abdicated the critical function in their editorial columns, when we have been told that we must not criticize the President because he happens to be President, it is refreshing and inspiring to have one man willing to stand up and tell the truth, to be brutally frank, and to go for the rotten Republican Party and handle it as it deserves to be handled.

Of course, it will be deplored that any man should use such severe language; the stale, old, false argument that such criticism is purely destructive and not constructive will be trotted out against Mr. Reed by those who approve of the present era of corruption in public life and in certain business quarters, or by those who do not wish to have corruption exposed. Nonsense! What the hour calls for, as it did in 1924, is a prosecuting attorney, some one who will go for the crooks hammer and tongs and demand of the public that it drive the rascals out. The mere prospect of Jim Reed loose on the stump as the Democratic candidate would scare the Republicans half to death. Hoover would almost decline the nomination if he knew that he would have the Missouri Senator on his trail for four months describing him daily, as he is now doing, as "Sir Herbert Hoover, that great British statesman." That is unfair, of course. Yes, but the situation calls for a man of flaming words who can blister and sear and excoriate with the wrath of a just indignation. It is a fine thing for the country, if not for the smug occupant of the White House, to have Mr. Reed pointing out on his present speechmaking tour that Mr. Coolidge has never said one word in deprecation of the oil scandals and has "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in the month of August"; that he retained Daugherty in his Cabinet until compelled by public opinion to force him out; and that he has retained Mellon in his Cabinet, although Mellon's appointment to it was plainly in violation of law.

It is the more proper that Mr. Reed should speak thus because the latest revelations in the oil inquiry show that Calvin Coolidge was one of the two indirect beneficiaries of the Continental oil scandal. The 1920 Republican campaign deficit was paid off in part with Liberty bonds derived from the fly-by-night Continental Trading Company, which came into being for a day only, but made a profit of $3,000,000 during its brief existence. We assume, of course, that Mr. Coolidge knew nothing of this transaction at the time. But the very fact that it is now known that the campaign managers who elected him sought and took money to meet their deficit from the men to whom the Harding Administration corruptly sold the naval-oil lands makes i incumbent on the President to say something and say i quickly, before he is goaded to it by Mr. Reed and others An honorable person of fine and sensitive feeling would no have hesitated one moment to declare that he desired th matter probed to the bottom; that he approved what th committee was doing and wished the campaign manager called to testify to the whole truth. The fact that he i the head of the Republican Party makes it his moral dut to demand that the party purge itself now or never, an make a clean breast. Since the President remains silen Mr. Reed is eminently justified in scoring him. It is duty to the good name of the Republic to do so.

We welcome Mr. Reed's entering into the Presidentia arena because he is the only one of the candidates of eithe party who is dealing squarely with the public and is talk ing straight from the shoulder. Nicholas Murray Butle has again asked plaintively, this time of the Hudson County New Jersey, Republican Committee, why we are "so patien with sonorous platitudes," and why "we permit our candi dates for public office, even the highest, to be either with out opinions or to content themselves with resoundin phrases in undying support of the multiplication-table an the moral law." That is precisely the criticism to be mad of Herbert Hoover at this writing. Indeed, it is the criti cism that is now beginning to be made justly against A Smith. That candidate must not be lulled into security b the rapid progress of his boom. It is by no means all ove but the shouting, so far as his nomination is concerned The very best thing that he could do to aid his candidac would be to come out and tell the public what he really thinks about national issues and the kind of government tha we have been having in Washington. We are heartily i accord with our contemporary, the *New Republic*, in it warning to Governor Smith that he cannot remain silen much longer. We were told last fall that he would not dis cuss national issues until the State Legislature met, an now we are told that he cannot speak until the legislatur has adjourned. The people of the whole country want t know about this man, whether he is another pussyfootin politician or whether he has really something to say an proposes to say it; whether he will leave the multiplication table alone and the Ten Commandments also. Governo Smith could do nothing better for himself than to take leaf right out of Jim Reed's book. The last Democrati Governor of New York who went from Albany to the Whit House made that change in his residence because the peopl came to believe that he was honest, downright, hard-hitting and willing to call a spade a spade. We believe that th people of this country are thoroughly sick of the bunk tha is being talked by politicians, of the empty phrases and th careful concealments. For all their alleged fondness fo the mythical Mr. Coolidge, they will rise spontaneously, w feel, to a man who will make it clear that he has convic tions on every subject, that he is willing that everybod should know them, and that he does not care whether the make him votes or lose him votes. If such a man become a standard-bearer, we may be sure that something worth while will take place in this country next fall.

Japan's People Vote

JAPAN has just held her first general election under the new manhood-suffrage law, and although the result is not striking the event is itself dramatic. For ıe first time in one of the old empires of Asia poor men ithout property have walked to the polls and voted.

It is less than forty years since Japan hesitatingly dopted a constitution. It is not thirty-eight years since ıe held her first general election, hedged about with propрty and other restrictions, in which only 460,000 voters ere permitted to participate. Compared with the slow istory of expansion of British suffrage, Japan has been dvancing with giant strides. The 460,000 voters had rown to 1,450,000 by 1918, when another reform bill oubled the electorate; in March, 1925, the bill which has ıst had its first trial was passed, and universal male sufrage—excluding only paupers and certain other small lasses—went into effect. As in England's struggle to abolsh the Lords veto, only the aid of the Mikado made this iberal bill possible. The Emperor prolonged the session of the recalcitrant House of Peers first one day, then two lays more, then another two days, before it consented to ɔass the measure which made voters of 12,000,000 Japanese.

Enthusiasts may be disappointed that the enlarged elecorate brought little change in the party representation. Governments control the election machinery everywhere, and hey use their control in Japan as effectively as in the West. Japan has not yet thoroughly accepted the principle of responsible government; a government may continue to hold office without a majority in the Diet, but the recent dissolution, provoked by fear of a no-confidence vote, was a tacit acceptance of the Western theory of responsibility. The Seiyukai, which had been in power since the banking crisis of last spring, had only 188 of the 464 seats of the old Diet. The Minseito, the chief opposition party, had 219 seats, and 61 were scattered. The Seiyukai, holding power, expected a smashing victory, but the result of the election is that the two parties stand virtually on a par with each other. A group of 20 "Independents," together with 8 representatives of the new proletarian parties, holds the balance of power. But governments in Japan have facilities for winning the support of "Independents."

Political parties in Japan, as in the United States, have had little to distinguish them. There is a tradition that the Seiyukai represents the large landed interests, and the Opposition the business interests of the cities. But the Seiyukai election funds this year are supposed to have been received in large part from the steel companies, which were assured of comfortable protection for their products. The Seiyukai, when in opposition, denounced the dilatory Chinese policy of the former ministry, but its own "Positive Policy," after a little preliminary blustering, simmered down to something very like that which it replaced. The Opposition charged the Seiyukai with incompetence in handling the financial situation, but it had thoroughly demonstrated its own incompetence before resigning a year ago. Its most eloquent plea was against the Government's abuse of its power to influence the elections.

Opposition meetings were broken up during the campaign; censorship shut off too outspoken criticism; and bribery seems to have been applied upon a vast scale—Japan has always been expert at copying the follies of the West. But the sharp denunciation of these tactics by some of the powerful Japanese newspapers, such as the Tokio *Asahi*, marked a new stage in the development of Japanese democracy; and the fact that common workers participated, even if no more intelligently than propertied voters, at a national election, marked another advance. The little group of eight representatives of proletarian parties is the most interesting outcome of the election. Readers of *The Nation* know with what elaborate attention the Japanese Government has supervised the operations of these working-class parties. The working-class parties were split into five groups, but they polled 447,000 votes. Their very existence is a triumph. If the leaders of these parties carry on with the idealistic spirit of their founders they will introduce a new seriousness into Japanese parliamentary debate. Japan's is a volcanic climate; her people are impulsive; her industrial and social status is more like that of 1917 Russia, where large-scale industry abutted on a medieval peasantry, than that of any other great country in the world today; and the result will be worth watching.

Yosemite's Trees

A THOUSAND years before Genghis Khan's hordes swept west from Asia, in the days when Jesus of Nazareth was preaching His gospel in Galilee, the sequoias of the Yosemite Valley were already big trees. They have towered skyward for three thousand years—and now they are being cut for lumber. They can still be saved —if the American people and Congress care enough.

The Yosemite National Park is not a solid block. The rectangular area marked on the maps includes several thousand acres to which private lumber interests still have a legal claim. The National Park Service, which owns several outlying tracts of forest land, is attempting to "consolidate" the park property, and it has reached an agreement with the lumber companies to exchange lands inside a concentrated park area for others which it regards as less desirable. Doubtless it has acted with the highest intentions; but the result of its bargain is that, unless Congress acts at once, some of the finest sugar-pine forest on the continent, and some of the few surviving giant sequoias, will be lost forever. At the highest estimate, lumber worth less than $200,000 is involved. The money could be replaced; the trees never can.

It seems mere cussedness to cut the giant trees of the Yosemite. Their timber, unlike that of the coast redwood, is coarse-flaked and not particularly valuable. The sugar pines—"the noblest pine yet discovered"—are better wood and younger; it takes only a few centuries to grow a sugar pine to maturity! But none of them can ever be replaced within the lifetime of the grandchildren of the present generation. Sequoias once stood in a proud belt that crossed the Arctic Zone to Spitzbergen, but before man appeared upon this earth they had been reduced to a million and a half acres upon the Pacific Coast, mostly of the lesser redwood. Puny creature that man is, he has felled the best half of that mighty forest, and year by year he is eating into its remainder.

"The forests of America," John Muir once wrote, "must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best

He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe." And it was upon the Pacific Coast that this American forest garden reached its mightiest beauty. The cedars of Lebanon and the deodars of the Himalayas seem poverty-stricken beside the glorious pines, the silver firs and sequoias, kings of their race, of our own Pacific Coast. The savage Indians did those towering forests no harm. But the puny white man, with his saw-mill civilization, has toiled to turn them into a desert. He is still at work. Even the templed beauty of the Yosemite Valley is no protection to its trees. We are the richest country in the world, but we haggle and barter and swap big trees with the lumbermen. In France no forest land has been sold merely for profit since 1870; Japan treats her forests with more respect than we. We chop and saw, and cut forest patriarchs into shingles and doll's furniture, and call it progress.

It is time for a new John Muir. Thirty years ago, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he pleaded for the trees he loved, and, with Roosevelt's aid, won a first battle for the Yosemite. His appeal is as eloquent and valid today; are our ears deafer?

> Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as fun or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns, or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much toward getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown, in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful, eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but He cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that.

New York "Homes"

LAST year fifty-three persons died in fires in "old-law" tenements in New York City. Even a minimum of fireproofing in the halls would have saved some of them. Only the undeserved mercy of providence has kept the acres upon acres of flimsy packing-box houses in Queens borough from a terrible conflagration. A year ago the situation from every angle had reached a point where it became necessary to appoint a commission to revise the present tenement-house law now twenty-seven years old—a law which never applied to all dwellings. This commission, which has just reported to the State Legislature, did a competent piece of work, as a result of which for the first time New York State has for its two principal cities, Greater New York and Buffalo, a fairly comprehensive building plan.

This plan provides, for new dwelling-houses of every sort, a far greater measure of fire protection, sanitation, and light than has heretofore been required. While it is impossible to undo the mistakes of the past the proposed law compels owners of converted dwellings to make minimum changes that would undoubtedly add to their safety; it gives even to the dwellers in the "old-law" tenements the poor boon of some additional fireproofing, and it ends those pestiferous disgraces, the yard toilets. One of the soundest features of the bill is the division of land in Greater New York into two classes according to its present value. The high-value land is permitted to have higher and deeper apartment buildings than the low-value land. By this limitation on the use of land not yet heaped up with buildings the city of New York may be spread out without increasing the congestion which puts so great a strain on transit, sewage, and every other facility.

At the hearings on this proposed law in Albany mild-mannered representatives of tenants' leagues and social workers argued for the bill. More vociferous delegations represented the real-estate interests. Among these was one group interested in new buildings for the well-to-do and rich, who sought to throw dust in the eyes of the legislators by talking piously about the additional costs the bill would create for housing the poor. A second and noisier group was composed of rooming-house keepers and the holders of small equities in old-law tenements. The nominal owners of most old-law tenements are indeed squeezed to the limit by the holders of second mortgages on their properties, but these tenements as a class have paid the original investment on them over and over again. When the now ancient and inadequate "new" tenement-house law was passed in 1901 it was hoped that these old-law tenements would soon be replaced by better dwellings. Almost a third of the inhabitants of New York City still live in them! The interest of this enormous mass of our population should outweigh the interest of the present holders of the deeds to such nurseries of danger, disease, and crime.

In a really civilized and intelligent community these old-law structures would be condemned, beginning with those which now have most violations accumulated against them. Even under our laws and with our courts it ought to be possible at a conservative estimate to get the people out of the old-law tenements within the next decade.

Of course nothing of that sort can be done unless other housing is provided at a cost which underpaid workers can afford. That is a problem no regulatory law can solve. In nearly two years the State housing law which was supposed to stimulate new building by limited-dividend companies has failed to bring into action one single new corporation. The Walker-Heckscher plan of which much was heard at the last election has also resulted in nothing but talk. We are increasingly of the belief that this vital question will have to be solved by municipal housing under a non-political housing authority. That issue, however, is not involved directly in the law now under discussion. The city authorities, for reasons of their own, seem to be lined up in opposition. They talk about home rule, but they do nothing.

If the masses of the people understood this bill and what it means, unquestionably they would demand its passage as a meager first instalment on that decent program of housing which is their right. So far neither of the big political parties nor any great newspaper has seen fit to try to arouse them. If they are not aroused we may have to record once more the melancholy fact that in our State capitals the voice of the property-holder fearful for his own interest even to the point of stupidity rings louder and clearer than the voice of those who demand a decent measure of safety, sanitation—and beauty—for the city's children.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PROHIBITION, in its effect upon politicians, is worse than conscience. From Willis up and down not a single candidate has failed to weasel in some cowardly way upon the issue. Take, as the most conspicuous instance, the usually forthright Jim Reed of Missouri. He is quoted as saying: "I do not think the prohibition question ought to control the convention. The question is important, but it is largely a moral one."

Now what does that mean? If I am a voter anxious to have drinking made more easy, or even if I want it more difficult, how can I tell what Mr. Reed intends to do in the matter? To many Herbert Hoover has been crystal clear upon the matter and yet it seems to me that he has left some open corners in the field for speculation. It seems to him that prohibition is a noble experiment. He does not favor the repeal of the Volstead act or the Eighteenth Amendment. "I stand, of course," he declares, "for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder."

"Efficient" and "vigorous" are strong words but even so they need a little tonic of definition. Mr. Hoover did have an opportunity to clarify the conditions by mentioning the present Administration of which he is a member. I would like to know whether Mr. Hoover feels that under Calvin Coolidge we have had efficient and vigorous enforcement. By using the present status as a tape line he might have given us a precise indication of his intention. He could have said: "I will give you exactly the same amount of prohibition as existed under Calvin Coolidge." Or he could have promised a little less or a great deal more. Then we would know how we stand. Since political positions are largely determined by public taste I am surprised that no Republican has adopted the attitude suggested here. "I'll do just the same as President Coolidge" has much to recommend it. Prohibition, present style, is popular. It should come close to pleasing every faction. For prohibitionists there are ringing words and promises and pledges. The Wets get gin and whiskey, ale and champagne. Why cannot we accept this golden age in which the partisans on either side are happy?

It would not be fair to say that Governor Ritchie has done much to dissemble his wetness and yet he has chosen to state his position in a sort of crossword puzzle. "Either the Volstead law must be changed or it must be enforced," says the Governor, "and I am convinced it cannot be enforced." However, this is at least as frank as much that has come from the most vigorous of the Drys. Everybody knows that Senator Curtis is in no way damp and at first glance his words seem ringing. In answering Borah he wrote: "I am heartily in favor of enforcing all our laws and I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead act."

That's fine, but Senator Curtis has not committed himself as to the manner in which he purposes to enforce this particular law. By now we know that prohibition costs money. I am not oblivious of the fact that it has put billions into the savings banks and so on. I mean that we cannot have prohibition without heavy appropriations. In fact we can have just about as much prohibition as we want to buy. A few timid spirits have suggested that the amendment and its resultant law are not enforceable. Surely there is insufficient proof of this. Maybe we have been generous in setting up drying machinery but surely the Government has never yet proceeded with the last ounce of its power. The amount of effort put into the fight against rum is still insignificant as compared to the vast force which we exerted in the war with Germany. By mobilizing man power and conscripting prohibition agents there is small doubt that abstinence could be made to prevail. To be sure, there might be need of a sedition act to still the tongues of those who sneer at the Anti-Saloon League and in other ways give aid and comfort to the enemy. But that we can do. The trick of forcing public opinion into a single channel is not unknown to us. We have had experience. When next a candidate replies to Borah I hope he will be franker and not only give his opinion but also budget it. It is our right to know whether the prospective President favors ten-cent or ten-dollar prohibition.

It does not seem to me that Governor Smith has covered himself with glory in his recent public utterances upon the prohibition issue. For a man much given to plain and simple talk on public questions his present fogginess is almost disgraceful. In the case of other men it may be said, perhaps, that they never learned how to attack a problem except by stalking it Indian fashion and never coming out of cover. Smith has been better than that. Some have said that his present strategy is excellent. As one of the Democratic politicians has explained, "The Governor already has the Wet vote in his pocket; why shouldn't he go out now and make his peace with a few of the Drys?" To that I can only answer that it was not tactics of this sort which brought Al Smith to his present eminence. "I advocate," he says, "nothing that will infringe upon the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is nevertheless a fact that the definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one." I don't think it is particularly honest either to snipe at prohibition from behind the camouflage of "beer and light wines." It would be interesting to take a census if ever the Volstead Act is modified enough to permit the legal use of these milder alcoholic beverages. According to my notion, the statisticians will find not one in ten of all the light-wine shouters actually consuming these commodities. Not all the hypocrisy now current can fairly be placed upon the shoulders of the Drys. It is no secret, I believe, that "beer and light wines" is merely a code for "heavy gins and satisfying whiskeys."

As yet Smith has made no very strong affiliation with the prohibitionists and he runs a chance of losing those of us who loved him for his wetness. Indeed it seems to me as if I may be able to stay away from the polls this year with small compunction. You see I'm waiting for a candidate who will say: "If elected President I shall make no attempt to enforce the prohibition amendment. I believe in nullification." Such a candidate would deserve the votes of all the Wets and he might even get the ballots of some Drys who would say, "Well, here, at least, is an honest man."

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

III.

On the Trail of Sandino

By CARLETON BEALS

(Via Tropical Radio Telegraph Company)

Bluefields, Nicaragua, February 27

OUR Odyssey had begun. From the San Pedro ranch, the point where our connections with the next Sandino outpost were broken and we lost track of the route taken by General Sandino after his evacuation of El Chipote, our way led us even deeper into the mountains in an ever-widening inland circle about the scene of operations of the American marines. On every hand loomed height after height, crags and ridges, profound valleys, enormous precipices, all blanketed with the most dense tropical vegetation. On some days the earth simmered under a hot, tropical sky; at other times it was almost invisible while tropical storms deluged it. These would have been difficult mountains to cross even if we had known the exact direction of the trail we had to follow in order to reach Sandino.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The fourth instalment, Sandino: Patriot or Bandit? will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

Immediately upon our arrival in San Pedro on that rainy night, one of the three boys of our host promptly set out on a two-hour trip through the rain with my flashlight and raincoat to where Father Don Y was located in a secret nook with the women of his family. By midnight Don Y arrived to talk with us. His uncle is a colonel in the Sandino forces and in charge of a nearby *reten*, so Don Y himself is not merely an ardent Sandinista but had direct connections with the Sandino forces—or had till this night. He read my credentials and was duly impressed. He promised to land us at Sandino's camp by two o'clock the following afternoon if we would follow a short-cut trail on foot.

On the strength of this promise we set out the following morning across Don Y's mining claim, over a pineclad ridge past well-timbered shafts. We were to be at Sandino's camp by two o'clock, so I left everything behind except my blankets—even my toothbrush. A sad error.

Shortly, we met two Sandino soldiers on the trail with rifles and red and black ribbons who almost took a pot-shot at us before discovering we were friends. They informed us that Sandino was now in El Remango, a lofty height directly back of El Chipote, and though we were close enough both to El Chipote and El Remango, the marines cut us off from both. To reach the latter without a skirmish meant fully two days of hard marching.

One of the soldiers, a stocky, moon-faced Indian, offered to serve as *chan* or guide as far as Zungano. So we plunged over a scarcely legible trail through mountains and jungle in a wilderness stricken with terror and starvation. Here and there we left blazes on the trees with our *machetes* in order better to find the trail should we have to return over it hurriedly. The Indian huts here had for the most part been deserted by the frightened inhabitants. We were told that not a living soul remained in Zungano; that there we would not find a bite to eat. From here on we were lucky to get a few *tortillas*, glad to roast green bananas or an occasional sweet potato. We sometimes got water from *bejucos de agua;* it came fizzing out of the cut stems as if from a soda-fountain tap. Then and later we slept either on the ground or on bunks made of rough branches. Once we slept on a *tobanco*, a sort of raft of hard branches slung up near the thatched roof, alive with unwelcome insects, where the camp smoke covered us with grime and made our eyes smart. The few people we met were all loyal Sandinistas, fleeing ever deeper into the wilderness in order to escape the dreaded *macho*, the hated American marine. Their homes were burned, their crops destroyed, their possessions smashed, but one and all vowed never to give up the struggle.

In little Mataguineo, a place I shall always remember because of the black, buzzard-like *macacalgas* screaming and circling about, we were told the marines had crossed our path just ahead at Zungano. This would naturally result in difficulties for my companions and might bar my own advance. But we also learned that the *reten* on the other side of Zungano was in charge of Colonel J. Colindres, one of Sandino's most trusted officers. We sent an Indian courier ahead with our letters to be dispatched by Colindres to General Sandino.

Next morning Colindres replied. Two soldiers and the guide, the last yellow from malaria, came with orders to conduct us to the *reten*. We slung our blankets over our shoulders and set out on foot. One of the two soldiers, Pedro Montoyo, viewed me with ugly hostility, mumbling something about "Yankees." He regarded me with a constant sharp glare from his black eyes that made me uneasy.

"Most of those who have wanted to see General Sandino," he said, "have wanted to ask him to lay down his arms, to let the marines remain in Nicaragua."

I assured him I had not come to offer Sandino advice of any sort, nor was it proper that a subordinate of Sandino's should concern himself with whom Sandino should or should not receive.

It so happened that Montoyo remained at my side clear to Sandino's camp. By that time he had lost every trace of hostility and had become my staunch, unquestioning friend. He was ever ready to skirmish for additional food supplies for me—sugar-cane, oranges, roots, berries. I

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rned a great deal regarding the commissariat of a Cen- l American army. At times our forces looked like a lking sugar-cane field. Montoyo discovered my interest flora and told me the name of practically every plant ich I examined, together with its medicinal uses—*zoril-* root with its skunk-like smell for headaches (better the adache, I decided); *coyol*, an insipid fruit; *golondrina* r the eyes; *malba* for the kidneys; *dormilon*, the leaves of ich closed tight at the slightest touch. Montoyo's in- rmation was mixed with much folklore and superstition. e told me of *recamotillo*, a plant that grows on the At- ntic Coast: "If you give this plant to a person one day ter cutting he will die within twenty-four hours; if you ve it to him a week after cutting he will die a week later."

The final approach to Colindres's camp was made at sk by hacking an entirely new path through the dense on wall of the jungle across a valley and a ridge but a ort distance from the American lines. We dropped into clearing where there were barracks harboring about thirty oldiers and a dozen camp *juana*, women who had attended the cooking and washing at El Chipote. One of them, heresa, a vivacious, slender girl with a little boy about ve, was also bound for the camp and promptly offered me wo packs of Camel cigarettes which she had taken from he body of a marine—rather a gruesome gift. She had een wounded in the forehead by shrapnel during an Ameri- an airplane bombardment on January 14, and lifted the owel from her head to show me an ugly star-shaped scar ver her left eye. She declared that Sandino in that attack ad lost one man killed and another and herself wounded—a decidedly different story from the marines' report.

Here at Colindres's *reten* I had my first taste of passa- le food since the Englishman's at Las Nueces. Colindres, Sequiera, Don Y, and I all ate chicken, boiled potatoes, rice, and gravy from a common camp skillet, dipping them out with *tortillas*, since utensils were non-existent.

Colonel Colindres was a young, round-faced officer of heavy build who has served with Sandino longer than any other. He is a member of a well-known Liberal family and claims distant relationship with the Liberal presidential candidate of the same name in Honduras. While awaiting a reply from Sandino to his letter about me, Colindres told of the earlier stages of Sandino's career and his inter- pretation of events. "I worked alongside Sandino in the San Albino mines in Nueva Segovia some years ago," he told me. "Even then Sandino had ideas about freeing his fatherland from foreign control." He continued:

> We were with Vice-President Sacasa when he estab- lished the Government at Puerto Cabezas in December, 1926, and I was with Sandino when he fought his successful bat- tles throughout the republic—in Yucapuca, Trinidad, and the more recent successful attack on Chinandega. Despite American support of the Diaz faction Liberal arms were everywhere successful because the country was overwhelm- ingly Liberal. Then one day American battleships an- chored in port and three hundred marines landed without asking anybody's consent. Puerto Cabezas, the seat of Sacasa's Government, was declared a neutral zone. Every- thing became a neutral zone where the Liberal forces were successful. Sacasa was ordered to deliver his arms to the American forces, though to my mind Sacasa was the only legal President following the illegal coup d'etat of Emiliano Chamorro in October, 1926, when President Solorzano re- signed and was driven out. Sacasa had to leave the coun- try to save his life. Diaz was put in by American co- ercion and a rump parliament—and not merely a rump par- liament either but a parliament containing many illegal members. When the marines appeared at Puerto Cabezas, Sandino was all for resistance, but Sacasa calmed him down. Thereupon Sandino, instead of delivering his arms, re- turned to the hinterland, into the mosquito-infested marshes where every drop of alkaline drinking water was ob- tained by digging wells and straining out the mud. He se- cured some 25 Indians to carry what he had salvaged to Prinzapolka. From there he made his way with untold hardships up Cabo de Gracias and with a small group ascended to Rio Coco mountain in Nueva Segovia. When the Stimson-Moncada agreement was made at Tipitapa, Sandino disbanded his troops but refused to deliver his arms. After thoroughly acquainting himself with the terms of the agreement he reached the conclusion that it represented not only the betrayal of the Liberal Party but the betrayal of the Nicaraguan people. So he raised the banner of re- volt in Nueva Segovia, where he has remained under arms for nearly nine months. His experiences at Puerto Cabezas with the marines gave him the firm conviction that the first duty of a patriotic Nicaraguan was to establish his coun- try's sovereignty in the face of the world and make foreign invasion impossible.

I shall consider Colindres's statements in a later article.

The reply from General Sandino to Colindres arrived at the *reten* by Indian courier:

> *January 28, 1928*
>
> DON JUAN J. COLINDRES,
>
> ESTEEMED FRIEND: I received your little note in which you advise me that persons have arrived who wish to speak with me. You may have them proceed to the encampment El Remango. From there the gentlemen mentioned will be conducted by Captain Pedro Altamirano, who will take them to the place where I am to be found. Let their march be rapid in order to reach my camp soon. I greet you in com- pany with your family. *Patria y Libertad.*
>
> Signed: A. C. SANDINO
>
> P. S. Have them come before the battle at Jinotega which we intend launching. Vale.

We broke camp early next morning and began our forced pilgrimage with Colindres's soldiers and *juanas* through risky country to Remango. We circled the *reten* El Retiro, where the marines were now burning the houses—smoke curled up grimly over the side of the mountain. Finally, on a late, cold evening, under a brittle, gray-green sky, we climbed up a bald mountain knob swept by a remorseless wind out of the great valleys beyond and below. Grinning rifles menaced us over log barricades tilting against the skyline. Red and black hat-bands, bodies crouching low, waiting. This *reten* is one of the key outposts. It is almost inaccessible to attack and had been held by Sandino since the beginning of hostilities. Its corrals were filled with animals—cows, pigs, chickens. A number of outhouses clus- tered around the main barracks. And here at El Remango we found Captain Altamirano and about seventy-five soldiers.

Captain Altamirano is a rough, middle-aged soldier who has fought all over Nicaragua and Honduras. He is ponderous, slow, and sure both in thought and speech. He was dressed in white flannels, a pink sash, and a lemon- colored shirt without buttons over which was criss-crossed a cartridge belt. Over one shoulder was slung a plaid cloth bag. His face was covered with a week's growth of beard. Here, too, was a column of thirty-odd men whom Sandino had disposed to accompany me to his encampment.

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Pan-Americanism in Action

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN a railroad connects Hudson Bay with Punta Arenas, when a network of automobile roads carries tourists from El Paso through Mexico City to Managua and Panama, to Bogota, La Paz, Antofogasta, Sao Paulo, and Rosario, and when airplanes fly on schedule from New York to Santiago and from San Francisco to Buenos Aires, Pan-Americanism will be real. That day may come in ten years, or twenty-five, or fifty. It will come. But meanwhile, the French expect this year to open an air-post service across the South Atlantic; Buenos Aires is nearer Paris than New York; the United States is rapidly swallowing the Caribbean countries; and Pan-Americanism is something of a will-o'-the-wisp. Like the drifting mists of November it is there; but you never know quite where you can put your hand upon it.

What is Pan-Americanism? Why should the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere bother to meet together? There is geography; but geography includes Canada, and "Pan-Americanism" does not. There is the republican form of government, but that is a mere form, veiling Mussolinian dictatorship in at least four of the richest American republics. There is the tradition of the struggles for freedom from Europe; but in the last quarter century the only threats to Latin-American independence have come from the United States, and the only war for freedom being fought today is waged against United States marines, in Nicaragua. There are the ties of commerce, but they work unequally. Mexico, Cuba, and Colombia do two-thirds of all their trading with the United States, but to Argentina and Uruguay trade with France or England is as important as trade with the United States. There is no Pan-American unity of race or language or religion.

Nevertheless Secretary Kellogg was right in saying that the Pan-American Conference was a success. It accomplished what it was intended to accomplish. There was nothing on the agenda to justify the concentration of world attention upon Havana; it was because the atmosphere was electric and a sharp challenge to Yankee prestige seemed possible that Havana held the spotlight. When the conference closed without such a bold challenge Mr. Hughes had a right to breathe a sigh of relief. He had done his job.

Thirty-odd conventions were signed at Havana. Most of them refer unsettled questions to future minor Pan-American conferences; but the sum total of these subsidiary conferences and organizations is impressive and must mean something. The Pan-American Sanitary Code adopted by the Seventh Pan-American Sanitary Conference was indorsed; so were the resolutions of the First Pan-American Red Cross Conference, of the First Pan-American Conference of Public Health Officials, and of the Second Pan-American Conference on Eugenics and Homiculture. Further Pan-American journalists' conferences were recommended; and suggestions were offered to the Fourth Pan-American Commercial Conference. A Pan-American Institute of Geography and History was created, and a Pan-American Educational Conference called for. So was an Inter-American Conference on Animal and Vegetable Quarantines, which may eliminate some of the friction due to the present arbitrary course of North American officials. The International Commission of (Pan-American) Jurisconsults was asked to consider regulation of traffic on international rivers; tasks were assigned to the next Pan-American Highways Conference, to the committees on a Pan-American Railway (which are to be reorganized), to Pan-American steamship experts, to the Second Pan-American Conference for the Simplification and Unification of Consular Procedure, to the Third Pan-American Conference on Uniform Specifications. The radio convention adopted at Washington in 1927 was indorsed; the Pan-American commercial aviation convention, also adopted in Washington, was modified, and Canada and other American territories not represented in the Union were invited to sign the new document. A code of private international law was accepted by most of the Latin countries; the metric system, a common monetary system, and legislation to protect pregnant working women were recommended; and it was agreed that the next Pan-American Conference should consider the protection of labor. Codification of public international law struck several snags, but texts dealing with the right of asylum, duties of neutrals in civil strife, maritime neutrality, treaties, diplomatic agents, consular agents, and the status of foreigners were voted—although the United States made reservations to several of these texts, as it did to the code of private international law and to the resolutions suggesting principles for control of immigration.

Individually these resolutions and references seem unimportant; together they indicate that impressive machinery is being built up, the basis of a continuing organism. Such a series of conferences must operate somewhat as does the League of Nations in Europe. It may fail to function in dramatic political crises and controversies, but it is constantly at work binding the nations together wherever they really have common interests. And since more than half the population of the Western Hemisphere dwells in the United States and vastly more than half the capital is concentrated here, such an organism is a potent instrument of Yankee influence.

No wonder, then, that the Mexicans wanted to reorganize the Pan-American Union, so that the governing body which directs the work of all these conferences would be less completely under the control of the United States. They did not propose shifting the headquarters from Washington, but the proposal was in the air. They did propose rotating the directing offices, which have always been held by United States officials, among the twenty-one republics. That proposal failed, but one step toward "disdiplomatizing" the Pan-American Union was taken. Hitherto its Governing Board has consisted, ex officio, of members of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, who have to be accepted as *persona grata* by our Government before they enter upon their duties; hereafter the Latin governments may name anyone they wish. A modest change; but a step in the right direction.

Whenever the conference touched politics it was mired. The Argentine representative wanted the preamble of the Pan-American Union to recommend lowering the economic barriers between nations. Forty years ago James G. Blaine, Yankee father of the Union, wanted a customs union in this hemisphere. Today that does not fit into the American political situation. Argentina being the only Latin-American country which finds our tariff a hardship, she stood alone, and the proposal, after causing a slight ruction, was dropped. Agreement was, of course, impossible upon intervention. Only the representatives of firmly saddled dictators like President Leguia of Peru and President Machado of Cuba could afford to countenance the principle of intervention; and Mr. Hughes was determined not to abdicate the unlimited privilege which the United States today asserts, of interfering wherever, whenever, and however our irresponsible Executive may deem desirable. Mr. Hughes's policy was one of conciliation without compromise; he smiled graciously, but he yielded nothing. The wonder is not that he won his point but that the Latin opposition was so weak. That lack of bold, forthright, frank challenge to our Yankee arrogance was in effect a negative confirmation of our self-asserted special privilege.

After the flurry about intervention the conference closed in sweet harmony. It accepted two aspiring resolutions. One provided for another conference to discuss compulsory arbitration, except upon certain reserved subjects; the other agreed to outlaw all aggressive war in this hemisphere. Since there is not likely ever to be serious international trouble except upon the reserved subjects, and since no nation has ever been known to admit that its war was aggressive, these resolutions, which provided beautiful texts for the closing anthems of friendship, are not likely to mean much in the world of international affairs.

Meanwhile Yankee capital continues to absorb the resources of Latin America and the marines police more and more of the Caribbean. Nothing happened at Havana to check those processes. The network of minor Pan-American conferences, centering at Washington, is likely even to accelerate the tempo. Thirty-three years have passed since Secretary Olney made his pronunciamento that "the United States is practically sovereign upon this continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." Mr. Hughes has better manners than Mr. Olney, and all our statesmen have learned to make prettier speeches, but at bottom what Olney said is truer, far, today, than it was in 1895. And it is, probably, the essence of the kind of Pan-Americanism which has a future.

Mussolini and the Mafia

By JOHN DI GREGORIO

THE world has been subjected to a flood of romantic news and laudatory comment on the arrest of a band of criminals in Sicily and their conviction by the Tribunal of Termini-Immerese, in the Province of Palermo. The Fascisti have exploited this episode to beguile the unwary into the belief that they have attacked, conquered, and forever obliterated an age-long evil peculiar to Sicily, an evil against which neither government nor citizen had ever dared to raise a hand—the Mafia. Mussolini ordered its extermination; Prefect Mori of Palermo accomplished it. So runs the Fascist legend.

The Mafiosi are not knights-errant or even Robin Hoods. Nor does any place exist for picturesque outlaws in our modern life. All sensible citizens would welcome their complete disappearance; but the credit taken by Mori and Mussolini and the praise lavished on them by the press for their prosecution of the Mafia seem in the light of the facts a bit absurd. This is not principally a prosecution of crime, but a persecution of recalcitrant rivals and political opponents.

It is, in the first place, absolutely untrue that the Mafia, or criminal element of Sicily, has never been prosecuted before. All governments, of course, proceed by spurts. Because of negligence or for purposes of expediency they let evil-doers largely alone during long periods, and then, for some reason or other, they wake up and start a campaign of purification. All cities and all countries have experienced such uprisings of governmental righteousness. Italy is no exception; from time to time her statesmen and police, after using the Mafia as a political aid and closing an eye to its criminal exploits, have suddenly recognized its existence and decided to clean out the miscreants and bag a few unfriendly folk in the bargain.

Mussolini is not the first Italian politician to go after the Mafia. Premier Crispi, in 1894, sent General Morra di Lavriano and Commissioner Count Codronchi and a large army to do away with the criminals, while in the course of sternly suppressing the famine and fiscal riots of that time. Both Mafia and socialism were declared dead—even as now—after this show of severity, but the only thing that relieved the situation was the wholesale emigration of Sicilians to America.

Nicotera, before Crispi, made a gruff gesture against the Mafia, and, reversing the latter's method, started to clean up ordinary criminals and ended by jailing his political enemies. And before that, soon after the annexation of Sicily by Piedmont in 1860, General Medici was given the formidable task of wiping out the ubiquitous Mafia; but he left things little better than he found them.

Even before the unification of Italy under the Savoy scepter, in the time of the Bourbons, efforts were made to root up the band. The memory of Maniscalco, unspeakable police chief and the Nemesis of liberals, Carbonari, and Mafiosi alike, still rankles in the minds of Sicilians. Evidently his labors were wasted, for the Carbonari ousted the Bourbons and the Mafia did not disappear. For all his inhumanity, criminals, singly and in bands, continued to crop up.

And now we have the grand show of Mussolini and his henchman, Prefect Mori. Mussolini at first tried to ally himself with the Mafia; then he split it, and conquered and annexed part of it; and later, true to form, he turned against unconsequential associates and the section that was still in opposition to him.

In his fight against ex-Premier Orlando in 1924, Mussolini used and personally praised and rewarded those Mafiosi who, with the help of revolvers and similar electoral accoutrement, won seats for the Fascist candidates. Orlando, who had counted on the support of this same element, came out of the fray with only a part of his following and barely escaped with his life. Bullets from the "strong rurals," partisans of Mussolini, had missed him by a hairbreadth.

Prefect Mori, the man who is described in the newspapers as a pillar of strength and a paragon of duty, is merely a hireling who will go to any length to please and serve his masters. He always did his best, while he was a police official in Sicily, to procure the services of the Mafia, in order to make certain the election of government candidates. And it made no difference to him what sort of candidates they were: all men and all parties looked alike to him. His only concern was to do as his superiors told him.

When the Fascisti seized power, Mori was at first against them; but his career and his very job were at once placed in jeopardy. So he soon reversed his position, brought about the conviction of a dangerous rival, Dr. Cucco, Fascist lord of all Sicily, and became an instrument of torture in the hands of the black-shirted reaction.

It must be remembered that at the time of the March on Rome and after, many enemies of Fascism took refuge in Sicily and, together with the redoubtable islanders, started preparations for the overthrow of the new regime. Some Mafiosi, especially the rich owners of the latifundia (who are responsible for most of Sicily's criminality), quickly embraced Fascism and helped Mussolini, as rich people did everywhere; but the bulk of the Mafia never submitted to it. It is distasteful and unethical for a Mafioso to wear a uniform or a distinctive cap or shirt, or to carry a card that labels him a tool of the government, or to obey orders emanating from remote authorities whom he does not know and does not recognize. Furthermore, the Mafia saw in Fascism a rival; it understood that thousands of upstarts would claim the positions and the privileges it had held, and so it balked. Other people balked too; but the Mafia, from the point of view of law, was the most vulnerable group and therefore easiest to attack.

This lack of servility, nay, the belligerent hostility of most of Sicily, so enraged Mussolini that in 1926 he issued a decree "applicable only to the seven provinces" of the island, whereby anybody "suspected by public opinion" of being a transgressor of the law could be arrested and banished without a regular trial. And since the only "public opinion" having weight is that of the Fascisti, an army of citizen spies was created and a fearful weapon forged to send to the detention islands all enemies or suspected enemies of Fascism.

The vendetta was on. Mori had already arrested thousands of persons, mainly political opponents, on suspicion, and the infamous decree backed up his arrests. No proof of guilt could be found against many of the prisoners and none was needed. The authorities simply sent to jail or to forced domicile the men and women they wished to get rid of. Criminals and political offenders alike were assigned to the same barren and primitive places of banishment and treated with the same harshness. Ustica and Lipari swarmed with them. Once the steam-roller was started nothing could stop it. It crushed indifferently men of ideas and the Mafiosa, sixty-two-year-old "Queen of Ganci." As for the Mafia, some of its hapless members are in jail, but the causes which brought it into existence are untouched.

The Mafia is not a regular organization with written laws and elected officers but, like outlaw groups everywhere, it has a code of ethics and recognized and outstanding leaders. It has grown up as a result of economic and political conditions dating back to the earliest history of the island.

By a strange and persistent adversity of fate, the Sicilians have almost always existed under some sort of outside domination. The position of their island at the cross-roads of the Mediterranean Sea has made them, willy-nilly, hosts to various intruders and usurpers. Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Barbarians, Saracens, Normans, French, Spaniards, and North Italians have successively made themselves at home in Sicily and plundered it. While some of them left a little good in the wake of their bloody incursions, most of them caused only harm and resentment. Even after the annexation of Sicily by the Kingdom of Italy, during the more or less democratic administrations preceding Fascism, the Sicilians were despoiled and outraged. They often voiced their protest and contempt and commonly referred to the Italian Parliament as the "five hundred *ladroni*" (bandits).

Governmental tyranny in Sicily has resulted through the centuries in the rise of secret societies having the purpose of avenging wrong and establishing private justice; a state within a state, more powerful and often more just, although more crude, than the state itself. In the course of time habits of secrecy and of lawlessness became inveterate and degenerated. Brigands posed as avenging angels; to this very day there are people who insist that a real Mafioso will fight the oppressors and defend the weak and will take from the rich to give to the poor. This, of course, is sheer nonsense, made faintly plausible by patent misgovernment and inequalities. Still it enlists the support of the people and inspires *omertà* (manliness) or the principle of secrecy, so much affected by Sicilians. To be a *cascittuni* (informer, stool-pigeon) is the lowest degree of degradation among them. The ability to keep a secret and to scorn police and judges under the greatest duress is a badge of honor among all *picciotti*, or stout-hearted and right-minded men.

Taking the flourish, bluster, and glitter out of the whole matter, it must be admitted that the criminal life and spirit prevailing in a small part of the Sicilian population is due principally to poverty added to a long history of injustice. The working population, and particularly the great mass of lower peasantry, has always been kept in desperate straits. The peasants have worked like slaves, or actually as slaves, for centuries. Since the time of Rome most of the ten thousand square miles of land in Sicily has been exploited under the system of *latifundia*. The nobles, who have been and still are the absentee landlords of these huge estates, know nothing about agriculture and care less. They let their property to lessees who, in turn, sublet it, establishing thus a chain of leeches who suck the blood of the actual tillers of the soil.

The agricultural workers have no quarters on the land. Morning and evening they trudge along miles of miserable dirt roads to and from work. With their families they live in hovels clustered around a few old palaces, some churches, and a town hall. They work like beasts of burden from sunrise to sunset and at the end of the year they gather too

ttle to pay owners, lessees, church, and government. It is ıe same from generation to generation. Poverty, poverty, overty—from which there is no escape. It forms a high nd thick wall that can neither be scaled nor broken through.

There is another category of people that are abjectly oor: the sulphur miners. In the interior of the island are ome old sulphur mines still worked as they were in the tone Age. The most unfortunate helots in the world work hem from the time they are six until, haggard, stunted, and oisoned, they drop down. They are born poor and die in ags. They are bitter throughout life. When they are called to the colors, they don't go; they cannot go; they are not fit to go. Is it any wonder that some of the peasants and sulphur miners resort to a life of lawlessness to eke out a living? The crimes committed against them beget their own criminality.

Mussolini may, by bargain and barter, win over a few of the Mafiosi; he may arrest others; he will never, if he jails every known criminal on the island of Sicily, wipe out a spirit that breeds from the very heart of the feudalistic and Fascist systems—from the ruthless tyranny of the state and the helpless poverty of the masses.

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington D. C., February 24

AT last Harry F. Sinclair and William J. Burns are well on their way to the common jail at which both are long overdue. Accompanying them is Henry Mason Day, Sinclair's international fixer and handy man. All of Martin Littleton's oratory in defense of the humble American citizen's inalienable right to hire a detective agency at $300 a day to spy on the jury which is trying him for a crime was unavailing. Six months for Sinclair, four months for Day, fifteen days for Burns, and a fine of $1,000 for his son, Sherman Burns, were the penalties imposed by Justice Siddons for the jury-shadowing plot which wrecked the Fall-Sinclair conspiracy trial last November. Aside from the dilatory character of the hearing, which consumed eleven weeks, perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the whole proceeding was the explanation made by the learned Justice of the light sentence given the elder Burns. His leniency was induced, he said, by Burns's extraordinary record as an upright and honorable man! Apparently he had never heard of the Oregon land-fraud case, in which President Taft pardoned a man after it was discovered that Burns had "fixed" the jury against him.

* * * * *

THE usual notices of appeal have been filed, but the prospects are not too rosy for Hard-boiled Harry. In this instance the respondents were sentenced for a contempt committed against the court which had sentenced them, and the reluctance of higher courts to reverse such cases is well known. The jail sentences now standing against Sinclair total nine months. He is under a three-months sentence for contempt of the Senate, having been convicted a year ago. That case also is on appeal. Retrial of the criminal conspiracy case against Sinclair and Fall is set for April 2, and if Fall is physically unable to appear, which seems likely, government counsel will move for a severance, and proceed with the trial of Sinclair. That prosecution has been rendered vastly simpler and surer as a result of the Burns-Sinclair jury-shadowing melodrama. The mistrial gave Senator Walsh time to get a bill through Congress depriving M. T. Everhart of the self-incrimination plea which enabled him to preserve silence in the last trial. Next time he will be required to testify that Sinclair sent $233,000 in Liberty bonds direct to Fall a month after the Teapot Dome lease was signed. Thus did the dunderheaded bungling of the oil magnate and his sleuths result in supplying the one missing link in the chain of evidence against him.

* * * * *

ANOTHER great oil baron who is being speeded toward a cell in the District of Columbia jail is Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Standard of Indiana. His indictment for contempt of the Senate, in having refused to answer questions before the Walsh committee, is imminent as this is written. Meantime, Justice Jennings Bailey—whose promptness and vigor provide a welcome contrast to the methods of his colleague, Justice Siddons—dismisses the writ of habeas corpus on which Stewart had obtained his release from the custody of the Senate Sergeant-at-Arms, holds that Stewart was required to answer the questions, and characterizes his reasons for refusing as "frivolous." Again comes the inevitable appeal, and the inevitable release under bond. This case involves an important question, upon which there is no direct precedent. The Senate seeks to commit Stewart to jail and keep him there until he answers. Senator Walsh and the Senate's distinguished legal counsel, former Attorney General Wickersham, contend that the Senate can do this under its "coercive power," as distinguished from the "punitive power" of the courts to punish Stewart for his offense in refusing to answer.

* * * * *

ANOTHER block of the Continental Trading Company's tainted Liberty bonds turns up in the safe-deposit box of Harry M. Blackmer, whose flight to Europe to escape testifying had virtually convicted him as the possessor of

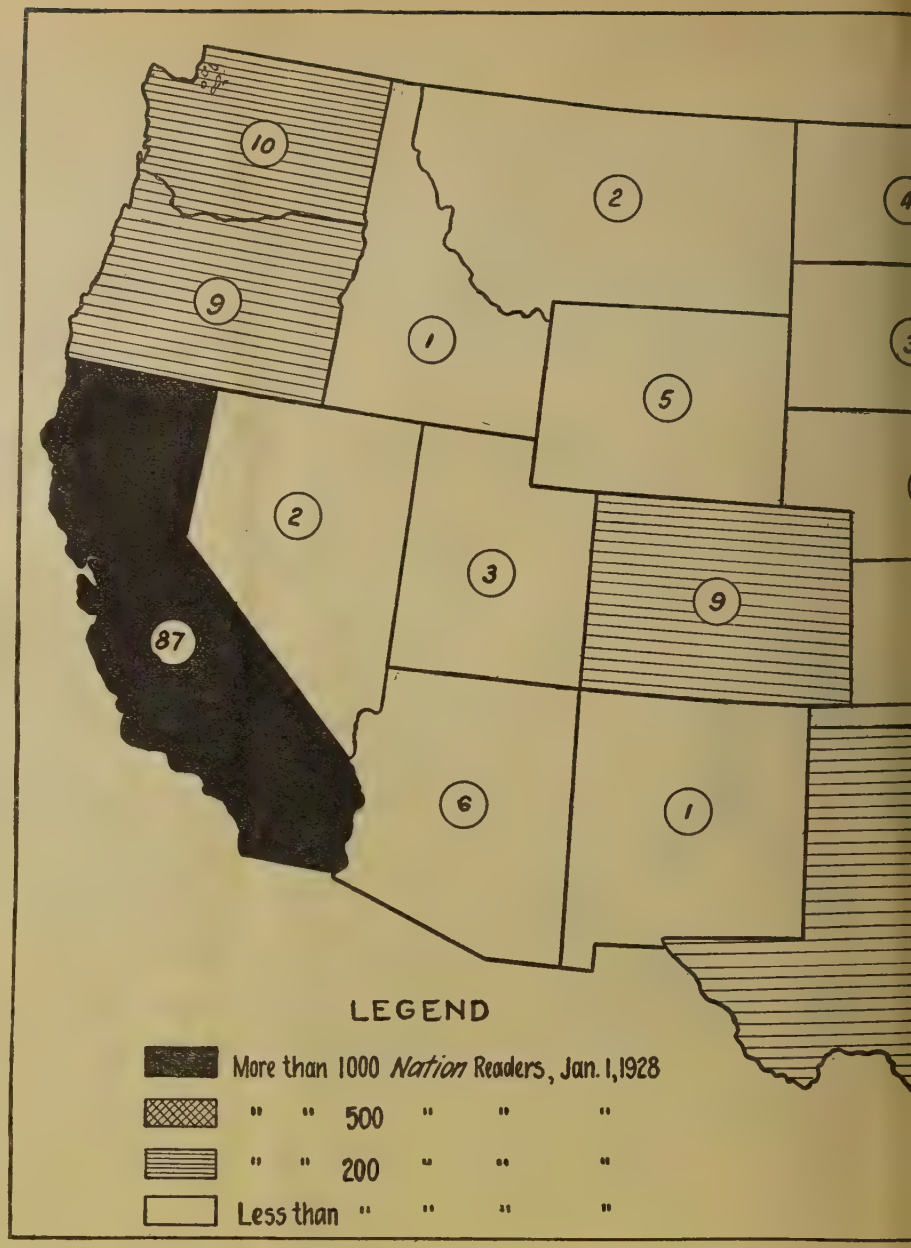
(*Continued on Page 268*)

HAVE YOU A FRIEND
in the
"WHITE" STATES?—

It is a direct kind of service to people to introduce them to The Nation, if by some unlucky chance they have not met.

This week we suggest that all good Nation readers wherever they live should concentrate on those "white" States. Send a Tenth Anniversary gift subscription to someone in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah or Nevada.

If, with the best will in the world, you can think of no one in any of these States, who would accept such a gift, then send us your check (for $2 or $4), choose your State and we will send The Nation to some public library or newspaper editor of that State not now receiving it. This will count for the Nation Book exactly as though you had found the subscriber yourself.



Watch our Birth

If, on the other hand, you are yourself one of the Nation readers in those "white" States, take this moment to do something for a friend, for The Nation, for your own state, and for America.

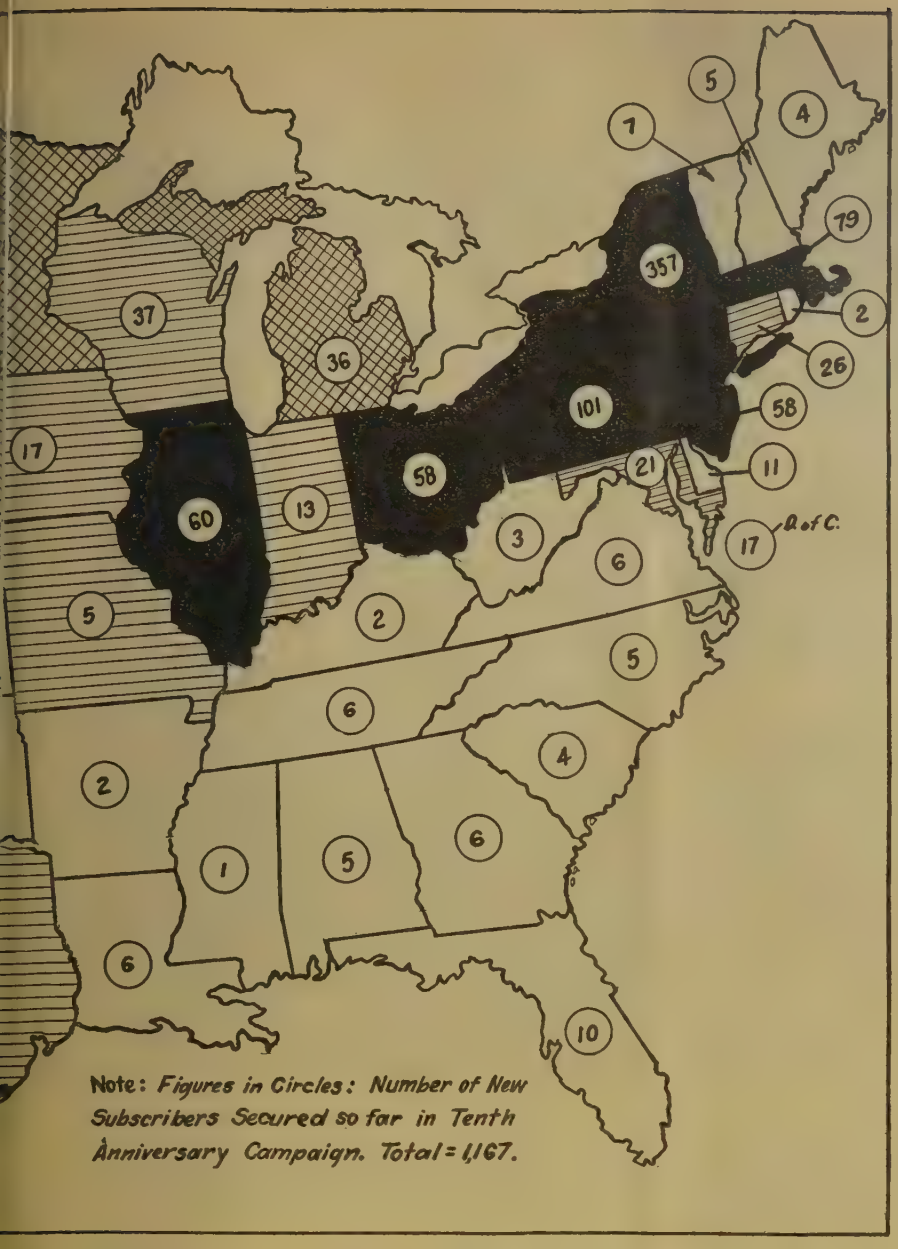
Yes, for America. It is no exaggeration to say that it would materially affect public opinion in America to get rid of those "white" States, i.e., to make sure that after March 13, 1928, there shall be no State in the Union with less than 200 Nation readers. 200 people hearing the truth every week represent a powerful bit of "leaven,"—even in a lump as large as Montana. As Henry Goddard Leach of The Forum says: "The Nation is America's outstanding champion of minorities. And it is to the minorities, the informed minorities, we must look if there is to be any real great in America's future.

For the "third and last time," then, we urge to join the company of seriously devoted rea who have set out to give Mr. Villard ten thou new subscribers in honor of his fifty-sixth birt and his tenth anniversary as editor of The Na

Yours faithfully,

For the Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers

JOHN HAYNES HOL
ZONA GALE
CLARENCE DARROW



Note: *Figures in Circles: Number of New Subscribers Secured so far in Tenth Anniversary Campaign. Total = 1,167.*

A NEW DEADLINE—MARCH 10th

As most of you know, the Tenth Anniversary Committee is preparing a small, handsomely-bound leather-covered volume to commemorate this Anniversary. It will contain the most famous Nation editorials of the past ten years, a dozen cartoons, some crayon portraits of the editors, and, finally, the names of all those who have helped to make this Tenth Anniversary a success.

This book must go to press March 1st, but it will be possible, the printer tells us, to insert a few additional pages of names at the very last moment, just before the Book goes to the bindery.

"What do you mean by the 'last moment'"? we asked the printer.

"Well, let me see," he said. "You want one volume completed in time for Mr. Villard's Birthday Dinner on the evening of March 13th. Don't you? I tell you what I'll do. I'll guarantee to get in every name you give me up to March 10th."

This gives every Nation reader, even those on the Pacific coast, one last chance to qualify for the Nation Book. Let us repeat the conditions: *One new six-months subscription puts your name in the Nation Book. One new year's subscription, or two new six-months subscriptions, will mean that we can send you a complimentary copy of the Nation Book as soon as it is published.*

If, despite this ten-day respite, you do not find your new subscriber until the eleventh hour,—the 7th, 8th, or 9th of March,—remember the Special Delivery letter, the Air Mail, and the Telegram.

If you telegraph to us on March 10th that your new subscription is on the way with check to cover, we will take your word for it and put your name in the Book.

Crystal Eastman.

Secretary, Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers

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them. Unlike his partner in that secret enterprise, James E. O'Neill, who made full restitution to his company, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, of the share which he had received, Blackmer is described by his attorney as being determined to hold on to his share of the swag. Of the $3,080,000 in bonds which the Continental purchased, the following have now been traced: Blackmer received $763,000; O'Neill got a similar amount; $233,000 went to Secretary Fall; $75,000 was donated to the Republican National Committee to apply on the 1920 campaign deficit (the latter two items coming out of Sinclair's share), and $61,600 went to H. S. Osler for legal services and for acting as president of the Continental. This leaves undisclosed the destination of $455,000 which remained of Sinclair's share after his generous gifts to Fall and the Republican Party, and the full amount of the fourth share—about $760,000—which went to the mysterious fourth partner. There remains undisclosed, moreover, the identity of the fourth partner. It has been rumored that this partner was the Republican National Committee, and that the bonds were divided into blocks of $5,000 and $10,000, and contributed under various names. Perhaps the moral guardian of the movies, Mr. Will Hays, can answer that question. But will he?

* * * * *

LEST it be concluded that clean government is victorious on all fronts, let it be noted that the power trust won its fight against the Walsh resolution, and the investigation of the public utilities has been sidetracked to the Federal Trade Commission, presided over by William E. Humphrey, who was a lobbyist himself (for the lumber interests) until President Coolidge rewarded his public services by making him head of a government board to keep business straight. Senator George of Georgia, who signalized his announcement as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President by leading the fight against Walsh, protests that certain contributions to his last campaign fund were inspired by the personal friendship of the donors, and not by the fact that they happen to be officers of the Georgia Power and Light Company. The most amusing aspect of the whole business is the expense and suffering which Samuel Insull endured in his futile effort to put Frank L. Smith into the Senate. Now it turns out that he did not need Smith at all—the power interests had a majority of fifteen votes without Smith!

* * * * *

SENATORS Walsh and Borah, acting as members of a subcommittee, recently have been engaged in exposing the character of one of the men who will conduct the power inquiry. Abram F. Myers was a young attorney in the Department of Justice until Harry M. Daugherty became Attorney General. Daugherty promoted him to a post of great responsibility. As an Assistant Attorney General, Myers made a deal with a combination of baking companies charged with violating the Clayton Act, and as a result of that deal the Continental Baking Company escaped prosecution. He presented to federal Judge Soper at Baltimore a consent decree which dismissed the case against the Continental on the stated ground that it was being prosecuted by the Federal Trade Commission. Myers knew that the commission had dismissed its complaint the preceding day. Myers says he gave Judge Soper that important fact. Judge Soper and half a dozen others who were present say he did not mention it. Meantime, doubtless as a reward for faithful service, President Coolidge appointed Myers to the Federal Trade Commission. To the accusation of perjury, Myers replies by shouting that Senator Walsh "has not a bit of fairness in him anywhere." Supported by this fragrant record, Commissioner Myers will now enter upon the stern duty of probing the power trust. Yet people still talk about poor old Harding's unfortunate appointments. The most respectable officials in the Coolidge Administration are those who were inherited from Harding. The worst are those whom Mr. Coolidge appointed—Kellogg, Myers, Humphrey, Wilbur, Sargent, Olds.

When Property Is Not Sacred

By A CHICAGO JOURNALIST

WE Americans think these days in terms of billions, of gigantic enterprises, international deals of vast proportions, world problems of baffling complexity. A small raid on the part of a powerful and famous corporation passes unnoticed, a small gift to such a corporation from a mayor and city council at the expense of the community quite accustomed to spoils politics and administrative waste.

The theater of the little tale—or tragic farce—is Chicago, a city officially presided over by Big Bill, the superpatriot, the gallant foe of King George, the organizer of the America First Foundation, the bold champion—past, not present—of popular rights as against predatory public utility corporations and rich tax-dodgers. The characters in the tragic farce are Big Bill, the Aldermen of Chicago, the Daily Press, the City Club, and the Woman's City Club.

Curiously enough, the daily press played throughout the farce a part absolutely passive. It was conspicuous for its exceptional reticence, its aversion to publicity, its dense and oppressive silence. This fact alone makes the tale engrossing.

The plot is simple. The city of Chicago owned a short street or alley forty feet wide called Holden Court. This alley runs between State Street and Wabash Avenue, and from Madison to Randolph Street. It has been bridged over, for one-half of its length, by the great, prosperous, and popular corporation known as Marshall Field & Company, which operates the most celebrated and attractive department store in the world. In theory the little street is open to the public, but in fact few persons use or have used it in recent years. It had been leased to Marshall Field by the city for twenty years at an annual rental of $23,000, and the terms of the lease merely provided for a bridge over the street connecting two stores of the company.

The lease was made in 1912, and would have expired, therefore, in 1932. For some reason Marshall Field & Company decided to ask the city to vacate and surrender to it half the street—the half, naturally, that it had bridged

ver. It had, of course, a perfect right to propose the sale nd purchase of Holden Court, and the city had a perfect ight to accept the proposal. Accordingly, an ordinance vas drafted and introduced in the City Council to effect he deal. The matter received little attention and little ublicity, and the aldermen, apparently, did not court any ublicity. However, when it became known that the or-linance provided for the payment by Marshall Field & Company to the City of Chicago of but $493,000 for the roperty, some citizen familiar with real-estate conditions, rices of land in the central district called the Loop, and with various precedents for the transaction sat up and took notice. They first of all demanded of the aldermen some light on the sale at so low a price. They found everybody in a position to give information on the subject extraordinarily shy and discreet. They ascertained, however, that a committee of appraisers appointed by the Real Estate Board had recommended the valuation in question. They ascertained, further, that seven of the fifty aldermen composing the City Council were firmly opposed to the ordinance and had steadily voted against its adoption. These seven dissenting aldermen were of the opinion that the price named in the ordinance was absurdly inadequate and arrived at by mysterious calculations and methods totally different from those approved by real-estate dealers and property owners.

One of the citizens who became interested in the deal was the president of the City Club, Ernest T. Gundlach, the head of an advertising firm and a man of affairs never suspected of communism, socialism, or insurgency of any sort. He appointed himself investigator, and, being a native and typical Chicagoan, soon realized that the unusual reticence of otherwise voluble persons was a bad symptom. He went deeper into the subject, only to be told that the affair was strictly private, and that no one wanted his name used in any muck-raking stunt. To his surprise, it was soon established by comparisons and record that the price of the property sold to Marshall Field & Company should have been fixed at about $3,000,000.

The City Club called a meeting, discussed the matter thoroughly, made a strong protest against the ordinance, and urged Big Bill, the mayor, to veto it. The Club had difficulty in reaching him but at last he was seen and informed of the facts. He promised to study the ordinance and the objections thereto. Meantime the City Club secured the cooperation of the Woman's City Club—a most independent and courageous organization—and together these civic bodies circulated petitions against the ordinance and distributed ten thousand leaflets in which the facts were briefly set forth.

The press, meantime, boycotted the whole subject. The City Club said on this aspect of the affair in a bulletin:

> For obvious reasons, the Holden Court matter received practically no mention in the newspapers; in fact, as far as our office could observe, this matter in its whole course occupied less than thirty inches of space in all of the seven Chicago newspapers combined—an average of four and one-half inches each spread over sixty days.

The mayor neither signed nor vetoed the ordinance. It took effect, and thus Big Bill saved poor Marshall Field & Company about $2,500,000.

Now the company did not impose silence upon the press. It neither threatened nor begged. These things are not done—today. Subtler means are used. The press knew that discretion would be appreciated by a big and generous advertiser. Editorially, the subject was not even alluded to, while the news columns managed to spare the thirty inches of space above mentioned.

Marshall Field & Company could well afford to pay a fair price to the city for the property. Several of the members of the corporation are multi-millionaires. Several former members retired with millions to their respective credits. Most of these are philanthropists. The city owes them much in the way of improvement and adornment. There is the Marshall Field Museum of Natural History, the to-be-built Shedd Aquarium, Simpson Hall, etc. But, somehow, property ceases to be sacred when a city owns it, and the pillars of individualist civilization become shaky and shadowy when a corporation that advertises liberally annexes something public for a song.

However, seven aldermen and two struggling civic clubs had the courage to stand up and denounce an injustice to the community in the teeth of hostility from the forces of big business, corporate privilege, official and press servility and cowardice. This is something to be grateful for, at any rate.

In the Driftway

THE NATION had something to say in its editorial pages recently about tests for prospective immigrants and citizens. The Drifter has a story about that too. At an examination for citizenship the question was asked: "What flies over public buildings?" The answer intended was "the flag," but an Italian replied equally truthfully "Pigeons."

* * * * *

THERE are fundamentalists in China as well as in Tennessee. In a letter from Shanghai to a friend in this country an American missionary recounts the Chinese story of the Creation. The male and female principles, *yang* and *yin*, gave birth to Pan-ku, the first man, how none knows. He grew six feet every day and lived 18,000 years. Anybody who is good at arithmetic, or even merely guessing, can judge that eventually he must have been considerable of a man. In some way Pan-ku came into possession of an ax with which he managed to *kai-pih tien di*, or hew out the universe. He did this out of nothing, or out of chaos, thereby showing himself much more resourceful than most modern mechanics. He spent all of his 18,000 years at the job, and in order to finish it he had to die.

* * * * *

PAN-KU's head became the mountains, his breath the winds and clouds, his voice the thunder, his arms and legs the four quarters of the earth, his blood the rivers, his flesh the soil, his beard the constellations, his skin and hair the plants and trees, his teeth and bones the minerals and rocks, his sweat the rain, and (most suggestive of all to evolutionists) "the insects creeping over his body became human beings." In spite of his long life—or possibly because of it—Pan-ku failed to put the sun and moon in their proper places, and the two luminaries disappeared ignominiously into the sea, leaving the people in darkness. A messenger was dispatched to request the sun and moon to ascend into the heavens and give light. They refused.

Then Pan-ku was called upon (the story tellers appear to have forgotten that he was dead). At Buddha's direction Pan-ku took the character *zeh* (sun) in one hand and *yuih* (moon) in the other. Then, going to the sea, he stretched out his hands and called the sun and moon, repeating a charm devoutly seven times. Thereupon the sun and moon ascended into the sky and have been giving light to the wicked generations of mankind ever since.

* * * * *

THERE were fifty-one stories to the universe as built by Pan-ku. Of these thirty-three were above earth, for heaven, and eighteen were below, for hell. The pick of mankind went to the thirty-third floor of heaven as their reward. Into the eighteenth level of hell went—but why elaborate an unpleasant theme? It is more comfortable to note that there were almost twice as many floors in heaven as in hell. Even in 18,000 years the work of making the world was not completed. A cavity was left through which many fell to the bottom. After a long time a woman, Nu-ku, was born. She took a stone, blocked up the hole, and so finished the work. A pretty story—credible as any.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading your editorial The World Talks Peace I immediately hunted out my old gas-mask and gave it a thorough testing. I remember once before when people were talking peace, singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," and electing a man President because he kept us out of war. Shortly after that they were reading "Over the Top" and singing "Over There." I recall that in both cases statesmen, churchmen, educators, and editors joined in a swelling chorus.

Syracuse, N. Y., February 20 DALE A. HARTMAN

The V. M. I. Carries On

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent recommendation of an educational survey commission of eleven outstanding Virginians that the State discontinue all appropriations to the Virginia Military Institute, on the ground that it devotes too much time to military affairs, as set forth in my article in *The Nation* for February 15, will not be enacted by the State Legislature at its current session.

I was definitely and finally informed today by the chairmen of the committees of the Senate and House of Delegates which have the matter in hand that both committees have shelved the bill, and that neither expects to report it out.

If "Stonewall" Jackson had not been a member of the V. M. I. faculty, and if the V. M. I. cadets had not done such excellent execution at the battle of New Market in 1864, the bill providing for discontinuance of appropriations to the institute might have passed. But the average Virginia legislator is swayed almost hopelessly by sentimental considerations, particularly where the Civil War is concerned.

Governor Harry F. Byrd's opposition to the measure also was an important factor in its failure. The Governor gave it as his opinion that the proposal was "not acceptable to the people of the State." He recommended instead that the curriculum be reorganized "to meet present educational demands." He took occasion at the same time to commend the educational survey commission for its "courageous frankness," and said he had no sympathy with those who criticized it because of its recommendations relative to the V. M. I. He doubtless referred to those who denounced the commission as "slackers" and "pacifists."

Richmond, Virginia, February 21 VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has recently returned from Havana.

JOHN DI GREGORIO is a frequent contributor to the liberal and radical press of the United States and Italy.

THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

WITTER BYNNER, author of numerous volumes of poetry, lives in New Mexico.

JACOB ZEITLIN is professor of English at the University of Illinois.

ELISEO VIVAS is in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

R. F. DIBBLE is author of "Strenuous Americans" and "Mohammed."

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a London journalist.

MARCH 1st — MARCH 13th

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE OF NATION READERS ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING DINNERS, AT WHICH OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD WILL BE GUEST OF HONOR:

Monday March 5th — in ROCHESTER, N. Y., at the Temple B'rith Kodesh, with Albert L. Stern presiding.
Speaker: Mr. Villard. (*Tickets, $1.00 each, can be secured from Temple Club, 117 Gibbs St.*)

Wednesday March 7th — in PHILADELPHIA, PA., at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, with J. Henry Scattergood presiding.
Speakers: Congressman F. H. La Guardia, Freda Kirchwey, and Mr. Villard. (*Tickets, $2.50 each, can be secured from Miss Sophia H. Dulles, 1315 Guaranty Trust Bldg., 1420 Walnut St.*)

Thursday March 8 — in WILMINGTON, DEL., at the Hotel Dupont, with Christopher L. Ward presiding.
Speaker: Mr. Villard. Public invited at 7:30.

Friday March 9th — in BALTIMORE, MD., at the Southern Hotel.
Speakers: Arthur Garfield Hays, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Mr. Villard. (*Tickets, $2.50 each, can be secured from Mrs. R. A. Spaeth, 307 Edgevale Road, Roland Park.*)

Saturday March 10th — in BOSTON, at the University Club.
Speakers: Henry R. Mussey, Lewis Gannett, George W. Kirchwey and Mr. Villard. (*Tickets, $2.50 each, can be secured from Mrs. G. L. Winslow, 6 Byron St.*)

Tuesday March 13th — in NEW YORK CITY. BIRTHDAY DINNER. At the Hotel Pennsylvania.
For Program see page 274 of this week's *Nation*.

Books, Music, Plays

To a Modern Girl

By WITTER BYNNER

Deep in old hearts, life lives again with green
Young shoots. Earth is now shedding the obscene
Interval, the decade of death, the darkness of war;
And heaven is vivid, as it was before,
With sun and heightened clouds and the small wings
Of a bird that so ecstatically sings
As to leave no part of the world unused to song.

Can you not feel that you as well belong
To the many other years beyond those few?
Shall even war have done this thing to you,
Given you only lust and no desire,
Made ashes of a heart that was never fire,
Turned you a mimic ape with an ape's grin
And an ape's cold fingers on a glass of gin?

History by Analysis

A History of English Literature. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. Volume II: *Modern Times (1660-1914).* By Louis Cazamian. Translated from the French by W. D. MacInnes and the Author. The Macmillan Company. $5.

> The merely aesthetic plane in which the history of literature is usually placed tends to simplify overmuch our mental picture of the successive epochs, by neglecting to excess the secret differences within each age. A study of these differences helps one the better to understand the hidden connection between the periods, and the movement which makes them grow one from the other.

THIS sentence suggests in part the distinction of Professor Cazamian's approach, which has borne fruit in a literary history of remarkable philosophic depth and significance. Into the making of this book there enters a study and appraisal of all the currents of national life, philosophic, scientific, religious, political, social, and economic, for according to the writer it is the development of the national mind that supplies the clue by which the multiple phenomena of literature are to be organized. When one has ascertained the dominant moral and spiritual characteristics of a people, one will find that certain tendencies manifest themselves in accordance with a law of psychological rhythm. In the light of this rhythmic law English literature appears as "a succession of moments in the history of the English mind, each stage of which obeyed a craving for novelty and contrast, while consciously or unconsciously preserving the accumulated capital of all previous experiences." This determines a grouping of writers according to their psychological affinities rather than the traditional forms, the chief stress in the alternating rhythm falling on those mental attitudes which are commonly referred to as classic and romantic.

One may convey some notion of the refinement of analysis with which the leading principle is applied to the successive stages of literary history by an example or two. After defining the romantic spirit as "an accentuated predominance of the emotional life, provoked or directed by the exercise of imaginative vision," Professor Cazamian asks himself how the romanticism of 1820 differs from that of the Elizabethan Age, and his answer is that the former knows and feels itself to be a second period of its kind and is therefore "under the influence of feelings already experienced of a moral life which has formerly been lived, and which memory would fain recapture. This subtle impression of regret mingled with the joy of a discovery, this recognition of a land at once strange and familiar, where the heart finds itself at home, as it proceeds to explore it, impregnates all the fibers of English romanticism."

Professor Cazamian is even more interesting in his reflections on contemporary tendencies. After the dominance of the classical temper in Victorianism and the romantic reaction that followed at the end of the nineteenth century, the two factors seem to have become so involved and interpenetrated as to bring about an interruption, or at least a "relative stagnancy" in the normal psychological rhythm. Moreover, the modern writer, because of the wide diffusion of literary culture, the growth of self-consciousness, and the accessibility of all sorts of aesthetic doctrines, has no center of authority. "It has become so easy and natural a thing to express one's originality to one's self, and to draw up a program, that all beginners are, or want to be, original; all are leaders of some school or other; the result is that there is no longer any real school." An excessive mental saturation and sophistication as well as the absence of a central impulse would seem to threaten the vitality of contemporary literature. But, he adds, there is no need to assume that such a state will long continue and points to possible sources of renovation. Important changes in economic and social conditions, "the inflow of sap from the people," may bring with them new creative energies, and there may be important influences from abroad. "A limitless contact with the variety of earth and of races, and the internationalism of imagination, seem to be at the present time the main ways through which the need of a psychological renewal is seeking satisfaction in England."

This summary does scant justice to the comprehensiveness of Professor Cazamian's view or to the subtlety and acuteness of his intellectual discriminations. It is only meant to call attention to the kind of literary problems which occupy his mind and to the penetrating thought which he contributes to them. It is, as he himself says, a method which "makes large demands upon the attention of the reader, and involves the upsetting of not a few cherished habits," but we are ready to admit that the price is not too high "when balanced with the facilities which our desire not only to remember, but to understand, may find in an orderly array of a vast number of facts." In spite of the austere compression of its style, unrelieved by quotation and extremely economical of concrete references, this history is bound, by virtue of its coherent principles and judgments, to take first place with all thoughtful students of literature. We cannot but regret that a work which in such a remarkable degree unites splendid scholarship with fine psychological insight and artistic feeling should not receive a more worthy and attractive typographical form.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Young China's Bible

San Min Chu I: The Three Principles of the People. By Sun Yat-sen. Shanghai: China Committee, Institute of Pacific Relations. $2.

THIS is the Bible of Chinese Nationalism, the gospel of Sun Yat-sen. Like our Western Bible, it is a mixture of profound wisdom and of naivete; its teachings rise sometimes from the hand-planted rice culture in which Dr. Sun was born, sometimes from the machine civilization of the West amid which he passed most of his life, and sometimes stumble between the two. There are as many sects in Chinese nationalism today as in Christendom; all bow before the name of the master, and each selects its favorite texts. Stern rulers find passages to

justify their repression of popular movements; Communists draw from it their credo. As with our Bible.

It is easy to deride the man whose picture hangs in every Chinese student's room, and foreigners in China have done their best to picture the lifelong revolutionary who became China's first President, resigned in the interest of national union, reverted to revolution, and finally effected the Russo-Chinese alliance as an incompetent knave or a shallow dreamer. Yet Dr. Sun has continued to grow in the Chinese imagination; he is China's one twentieth-century national hero. Dead, he is a more powerful influence than he ever was alive, and these lectures, delivered at Canton in 1924, a year before his death, come as near to being a summation of his philosophy as anything he left behind him. (A more systematic manuscript was destroyed by fire in the civil war of 1922.) Only fragments had hitherto been translated.

The "Three People's Principles" are sometimes translated as "government of, by, and for the people"; sometimes as "liberty, equality, fraternity"; the words used here are "nationalism, democracy, and livelihood." Of the first of these we have heard most. China, Dr. Sun complains, is a "sheet of loose sand"; she lacks national cohesion. Sometimes he hopes that clan and family loyalty may be knit together into a national patriotism; sometimes, again, he seems to think that, as in Japan, they must first be destroyed. Certainly the destructive forces of railroads and revolution are combining to create a new set of loyalties. He has no use for provincial federalism; it seems to him a trick of local militarists. He wants a new national sense to wipe out foreign political and economic oppression, to build up industrial production, and to increase China's population so that she can continue to compete with the Western World. He predicts that America, because its population grew from ten to a hundred million in the last century, will have a population of one billion a century hence; and China must keep step.

These nationalist aspirations are vague enough, so that almost all politically minded China can agree upon them. At one point he suggests a boycott of all foreign activities—a refusal to buy foreign goods, use foreign banknotes, or to work for foreigners—but for the most part he sticks to safe general principles. On the principles of democracy and "livelihood" even his followers disagree. China, he thinks, has had too much individual liberty; she needs more of that discipline the lack of which, he says, caused the failure of the French Revolution. The young men who shout individual liberty to the sky are a peril to the national movement. Dr. Sun wants government to rest upon the people; but he wants the people to trust wise leaders. "Political democracy is not given to us by nature; it is created by human effort. We must create democracy and then give it to the people, not wait to give it until the people fight for it."

Here Dr. Sun's conflict between Confucius and Marx comes to light. He has the ancient Chinese faith in the leadership and example of the good ruler; yet he wanted to lead toward machinery and socialism. "Class war," he wrote, most un-Marxianly, "is not the cause of social progress; it is a disease developed in the course of social progress." "We can only make gradual changes in the capitalistic society; we must not try to overthrow it immediately." He even hoped to use "foreign capital to build up a future communist society in China"! Yet though his definition of "communism" was vague and unorthodox, and his faith in working-class organization slight, he had the Russian sense of economic realities. He saw, as few Westerners do, the importance of the land problem in China. "The capitalists in China with the largest incomes are still landowners, not machine-owners," he points out. Henry George as well as Karl Marx colored Dr. Sun's mind; and though his hope to "equalize landownership" by giving future increment in land value to the community seems to imply a stronger political organization than China is likely to have for decades, Canton city has paid for new roads by excess condemnation, and Chang Tso-lin finances railroads in Manchuria by building up new land values and selling at a profit.

"San Min Chu I" is a curiously abstract document to be a nation's bible. Dr. Sun loved to classify and simplify, to dwell upon the "three people's principles," the "four popular powers," the "four forms of economic progress," and "five administrative functions." Life is not so simple; it defies pigeon-holing; and China needs pragmatists who can adjust theory to unpleasant facts. Yet Sun obviously was a prophet with power to stir the Chinese people such as no other thinker of this century has had; the power of his patriotic example has been proved; and it will be interesting to see what the ferment of these confused, Confucio-Marxian ideas will do in the young generation which worships his memory. In him the Occident and Orient seem impossibly blended; but the mixture is no more curious than is the state of Asia in 1928.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Historian of Our Stupidity

Prejudices, Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Selected Prejudices. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is already too late to expect to find a new meaning in Mr. Mencken's significance to his contemporaries; he has been discussed too thoroughly for that. Yet it seems as if the concern of his critics for his immediate importance had made them overlook his true significance—his significance, as we might say in the argot of philosophy, seen under the form of eternity. Grant Mr. Mencken's rank as a stylist; for his eloquence occasionally equals in beauty and rushing euphony even Chapter LI, Book III of Urquhart's translation of Rabelais, and no American writer compares with him in his ability to get a new glitter out of a platitude. Grant also his importance as a crusader; for he has tried in his way to browbeat us into civilization with a laughter that has the abrasiveness of an emery wheel. Yet, important as are these aspects of his work, they can hardly be expected of themselves to enable him to survive. For certainly the fact that he has brought up a generation out of its diapers will not concern the future overmuch. Indications are not lacking already that his importance in this respect is very likely to be underrated, for some significance must be attached to the fact that a good many of his juniors have turned against him and a number of his disciples have repudiated him during the last few years. And exaggerated as this reaction no doubt is, there is in the complaint made of him a measure of reasonableness, for it is difficult to see what purposes he attaches to the freedom he fights for, or what vision guides him that would give a new orientation to the life he is blindly trying to improve. And as to his style, eloquent and mellow as it is—and it gains daily in the qualities that distinguish it, as these volumes attest—its ironic and satiric effects depend too much upon a mechanical formula of extravagant contrasts to remain fresh for long.

There is on the other hand an aspect of his work which must seem of secondary importance to us but which is bound to acquire a gradually increasing importance with time: its historical usefulness. This America which we are all trying to love and to understand—this weltering hodge-podge of sublimity and imbecility whose ugliness and beauty Sandburg and Frost have tried to sing, and Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser have tried to express; whose inevitable imperialistic tendencies our industrial Jeremiahs are in vain trying to arrest—this America has been loved and hated and misunderstood better by Mr. Mencken than by any of his contemporaries. For this reason his expression of it—or misexpression—possesses a partial yet permanent documentary usefulness that other contemporary expressions seem to lack. In this respect he is lightening the

labor of the historians of the future. They will not have to search into the minutes of our chambers of commerce; they will not have to digest the contents of our tabloids; they will not have to read the dull chronicles of Lions and Rotarians. Mr. Mencken is doing all this for them; doing it better, more thoroughly, with a greater regard for form than they could ever do it themselves. Here lies the real meaning and true importance of his work. His "Prejudices," the researches into contemporary buncombe conducted under his editorship, his archives of contemporary imbecility, these are documents which the future historian of our post-war period will not be able to overlook, for the picture will not be complete without them. And here, too, lies Mr. Mencken's true originality and greatness. His labors as a pioneer American philologist cannot be held as important—since they must be soon superseded if they are to bear any fruit—compared with his originality as a historian. For he has invented a new form of history, the realistic history of contemporary stupidity; has carried that form to perfection; and has trained a school of followers who, though of course not as great as the master, aim at the same qualities which mark him off. And this he has done, it seems to me, without any hints from the past. For it would be to overleap common sense to charge him with borrowing his method from his notable predecessors of the fifteenth century, the Italian realists, especially Lorenzo Valla. Consider furthermore what we would give to possess a "Helleniana," or six volumes of Greek "Prejudices," to throw light upon the comedies of Aristophanes.

It is not necessary to point out that Mr. Mencken's competence for the job of historian of contemporary stupidity is due to a great extent to his consanguinity with it, to his innate and secret fondness for the things he satirizes. The coarse earthiness of his prose, its Rabelaisian peal—the very qualities which give it its pungency and its resilience—give him away too clearly. Besides, it is difficult to see how a truly civilized man should make it the object of his life to record the antics of barbarians. Certainly we do not see Havelock Ellis—whom Mr. Mencken has called the most civilized Englishman living—occupying himself with British stupidity. From this point of view Mr. Mencken is then as little civilized as the bible-belters whom he objurgates. And this is one of the reasons why he often seems unable to understand things lifted six inches above the coarse preoccupations of those he scorns: true religious sincerity for instance, poetry, philosophy. These things he often seems less able to understand than the claptrap of our pulpit baboons, the puerilities of revivalists, the idiotic literary criteria of judges turned literary censors. The latter are the things in which he is truly interested, and in which he truly revels, very much as Rabelais reveled, for similar reasons, in the idiocy of his day. And a good thing he does, too, for the ungrateful task he has set himself, to be performed at all, must be performed *con amore;* otherwise it would not have the documentary and archaeological value it now possesses.

ELISEO VIVAS

Procopius of Palestine

The Secret History of Procopius. Translated by Richard Atwater. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $20.

BORN in Caesarea around the end of the fifth century A.D., Procopius fitted himself for the law and in his early twenties emigrated to Byzantium, then the capital of the Holy Roman Empire. Having abandoned his Samaritan faith in the interests of diplomacy, he became just enough of a Christian to flavor his writings with harmlessly edifying sentiments, and to pull a piously long face in the presence of Justinian during those moments when that myriad-minded emperor had ceased the wholesale slaughter of his subjects in order to feast upon the delectable mysteries of Christian metaphysics. During the everlasting wars that the empire waged against innumerable barbarians Procopius accompanied the great general Belisarius in the capacity of secretary and legal adviser. Fortune smiled so benignantly upon him that he was intrusted with even more important duties; and eventually he recorded the history of those wars he had witnessed—recorded them with relative impartiality and in a relatively dignified Greek idiom in an age that took far more interest in parasangs than in paradigms.

That his impartiality had been only relative, however, was soon made painfully clear to him. Justinian, whose countless avocations included a deep dislike of Belisarius, carefully noted that Procopius had lavished more praise upon the genius of that general than upon the virtuous endeavors of the emperor or of his spouse, Theodora, the former actress-courtesan. In some way that is not known but that was certainly very much to the point, Justinian made Procopius understand that his historical works did not please the royal rulers. The frightened fellow needed no further hint, for the mere thought of those dreadful palace dungeons made him shiver in his sandals; he therefore expeditiously undertook to worm himself back into royal favor by penning a sycophantic treatise that expatiated in glowing terms upon the wonders of the public buildings erected by the emperor and upon the unparalleled public and private virtues of Theodora. And Justinian, as susceptible to flattery as to the subtler allurements of mysticism, promptly rewarded his faithful subject by granting him permission to stitch upon the border of his toga the purple band that betokened the rank of a senator.

But a worm, even though a senator, will occasionally turn. Roused to a mighty though carefully concealed wrath on account of the indignities that had forced him to prostitute his talents, Procopius darkly meditated upon a worthy vengeance. Ah! He had it. He would write a Historia Arcana—a "Secret History" in which he would "retract what I have written before about the lives of Justinian and Theodora," and tell the unvarnishd truth about their almost incredible crimes. In odd moments between his rubber-stamp senatorial duties he wrote his book at a white—one might almost say a purple—heat. So virulent was his pen and so lurid his picture of bloody deeds, intrigues, and gaudy scandals within the Byzantine court that some grave historians have questioned the truth of his memoirs; but Gibbon, filled with unholy delight at this scathing portrait of a Christian court, did not doubt its general authenticity, though it is true that he shook his critical head dubiously over the statement that Justinian had achieved the death of a trillion human beings. And today also the work is commonly believed to be genuine, notwithstanding the many embellishments of fact and rhetoric that were added by a mind almost disordered by consuming indignation.

The present sumptuous volume, urbanely translated and edited by Mr. Atwater, is the first adequate as well as unexpurgated edition that has appeared in English. Among other things it makes clear that there never was any good reason why this exotic account of ancient Constantinople should have been subjected to editorial scissors; indeed, hardly a day now passes that does not see the publication of books which present far more explicit details concerning "the facts of life." What particularly strikes the modern reader, in fact, is that the charges levied against Justinian and Theodora are so general; for by far the greater part of the book is occupied with a vague and rather tedious denunciation of the royal couple. The material was doubtless there, but a Dumas rather than a Procopius was needed. Poor Procopius! Inflated with egregious conceit, he visioned future generations reading him with horrified amazement and delight; and yet very few people save some scant dozens of historians have dipped into his livid but rather prolix pages at all. Even this excellent but expensive edition must, unfortunately, remain caviar to the general.

R. F. DIBBLE

Books in Brief

The Unknown Barnum. By Harvey W. Root. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. $4.

If there is anything "unknown" about Barnum, Mr. Root has not supplied the missing information. Instead he makes a serious, sentimental, and occasionally ungrammatical attempt to prove that Barnum was an authentic genius. Some millions of people have already suspected as much.

Gallant Ladies. By Cameron Rogers. With illustrations by Charles O. Naef. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

When Mr. Rogers wishes to convey the simple fact that one of his heroines led an undiscriminatingly lecherous career, he writes that she was "lost in the labyrinthine convolutions of an extremely alien personality." His effort to appear languidly sophisticated after the fashion of Thomas Beer results, in fact, in a style that is merely precious; and thus a book that contains very promising matter—for its subjects are not often gallant and never ladylike—simply fails to come off.

In the Service of the King. By Aimee Semple McPherson. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Mrs. McPherson's "Story of My Life" reads precisely like an unbroken series of tabloid headlines. No matter what she screams about—evolution, Voltaire, the Rock of Ages, faith cure for tuberculosis of the knee joint, or her exotic affair with kidnappers—her language has all the indefinable charm of a well-aimed brick.

Red Rust. By Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

This is a romance of wheat. Matts Swenson, pioneer farmer in the New Sweden of Minnesota, has an Abraham Lincoln disposition and is considered queer because he burns the precious oil at night in order to read. The outlines of knowledge here find at last their most noble destiny: with the aid of a book entitled "Encyclopedia of All Knowledge, Complete in One Volume" and a copy of Darwin, Matts discovers the laws of selection and variation and succeeds in his life passion of breeding a superior crop of wheat which is rust-resistant. The human drama which runs parallel to this agrarian romance is obvious and colorless by comparison. An unpretentious, slow-moving tale, relieved by honest beauty in the description of the million meticulous details of nature by one who knows her Minnesota.

The Bonney Family. By Ruth Suckow. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The slow, very carefully and tenderly told story of twenty years in the life of an Iowa family. Miss Suckow tempers her over-straightforward naturalistic technique with an occasional poetry; but the basis of her art is too sober, too humorless, too vigilant in its attempt to be "sympathetic" and "understanding" ever to be very moving. She succeeds perfectly in achieving the only possible apex of the school of American writers to which she belongs: to describe fully and completely and with an easy competence people who essentially are not worth the energy the artist expends upon them. The Bonney Family in their basic goodness, their slight charming eccentricities, their lack of dynamic power, their decency, and their inherent conventionality remind one disturbingly of the characters of Louisa May Alcott as seen by a mature temperament. Some of the pages indeed might almost have been lifted out of those sweet masterpieces of our childhood, "Jack and Jill," "Little Women," and "Little Men."

The Story of Everest. By Captain John Noel. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

The epic of Mount Everest is once more told, this time by the official photographer of the British expedition.

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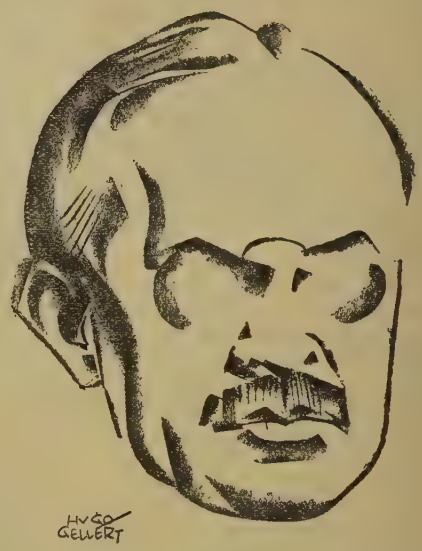

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Music

Mr. Horowitz and Others

CRITICS are often warned against adverse criticism because it is "destructive." But what about the dangers of misused superlatives? Many a career has been nearly wrecked on just such a reef, as Mr. Vladimir Horowitz might testify. For over a year there had been a whispered rhapsody on this young man. He was unique, wonderful, MARVELOUS. He was "the outstanding piano genius of the rising generation." There was no one in the world like him. One could not ever *imagine* what he was like. "Just wait until you hear him," was always the mysterious climax. Well, one can accumulate a good many expectations when one has to wait for a whole year. By the time that Mr. Horowitz finally did arrive he had a mountain of superlatives to rise above and a fabulous reputation to sustain. To increase the handicap his debut with the Philharmonic was coupled with that of Sir Thomas Beecham's. It was not surprising, therefore, that this double responsibility proved too much for the high-strung young pianist, and that his *cheval de bataille*, the Tchaikowsky concerto, became literally a run-away war horse. It was a wild, crazed flight without rhythm or reason, ending in a terrific clash of octaves that brought down the house and saved the performer, but not the concerto. Afterwards Sir Thomas was blamed for not keeping pace. But I doubt if any conductor could have coped any better with such uncontrol. A successful appearance with another orchestra and in another work a few weeks later partially restored the pianist's morale.

Such suffering seemed as unnecessary as it was deplorable. Had Mr. Horowitz's exceptional gift been more frankly proclaimed and perhaps less importunately (for still another orchestral appearance followed the recital the very next night), he need have had no qualms about living up to it. That gift is technique. It is his to a phenomenal degree and it is also his curse. Based on a loud, clear tone obtained from the forearm, it has an extraordinary brilliance and clarity, like a pianola. Unfortunately, however, this method of production, important as it is for certain effects, is anathema to overtones, legato, and tonal variety. It reduces every emotion to black and white, and every intention to technic. One feels the desired feeling breaking through only to be swamped the moment it appears. Undoubtedly there is a great musical talent buried beneath this virtuosity. But one fears that Mr. Horowitz has been following a blind trail.

A less spectacular case of inflated valuation has been that of Béla Bartók, the Hungarian composer and pianist. Mr. Bartók's visit was heralded both before and after his appearances as that of the most "significant" modern composer in Hungary and one of the most "significant" in Europe. In fact, there was a good bit of indignation when his latest work, a piano concerto, was pushed aside by Mr. Mengelberg for an early "Rhapsody." Since then we have had the concerto and a good many others of Mr. Bartók's works. One cannot in all honesty say that they have added much to the cause for which he now stands. This cause, one must explain, is not the one for which he earned the right to be called significant. In fact, it is just the opposite; for Mr. Bartók until late years was laboring to arouse a national musical expression through reviving the national folk-tune. Now he seems to be trying to kill it by disguising these same tunes in modern dress. In his concerto he has abandoned the tunes altogether. The result is not pretty. Broken bits of themes are hammered out angrily on the piano and answered by equally angry blasts of the wind instruments. The only sustained motive is that of bitterness, and the sum total is unmitigated ugliness. Fortunately for Mr. Bartók, no one knows what it is all about. But unfortunately for us we are afraid to say so. HENRIETTA STRAUS

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Drama

The Oldest Profession

IN the symbolic prologue to Simon Gantillon's "Maya" (Comedy Theater) a sailor stands facing a girl in a peignoir. He, it appears, is looking for her—or any woman—and she for him—or any man. Then, after a few minutes, the curtain rises upon a mean chamber and there follow nine scenes from the life of a prostitute of Marseilles to whom come all sorts and conditions of men for comfort, for sympathy, or for forgetfulness. One brings her the night-dress of his beloved in which she is to wrap herself; another leaves to plunge into the ocean; another—a simple Norwegian sailor—to talk of his little sister far away; and still another to recognize in her the girl whom he had loved and lost in youth. But when the procession has passed and the day's work done she takes up her crocheting where she had left it, and she is only half aware that she is in her own poor self the Maya of the Hindus—the object of all desire reduced to its simplest terms, and made accessible to all who seek it.

Now, the idea for the play is one which any youthful playwright or any manager, young or old, would hail with delight, but it is also, I think, one which a little reflection will enable one to recognize as more immediately striking than likely to be genuinely fruitful. There is a class of subjects so simply, universally, and directly interesting that they nearly always defeat the purpose of the artist who would use them, and prostitution is one. Even if we disregard its scandalous piquancy and the fascination which it has for all those who have lived too correctly not to imagine sin as romantically delightful, the subject is at once too tremendous and too simple to lend itself to artistic elaboration. It is in one respect like Birth or Death considered by themselves, for there is nothing to say about it and attempts to say something in any sense adequate lead almost inevitably to bombast, to rhetoric, or to sentimentality. Almost without exception the prostitutes of the stage, unless they appear as persons rather than as types, are too vile or too noble or too something. The woman who happens to be a prostitute may be anything as a person, but The Prostitute as *Ding an sich*—she is too large and too vague. Before her men grow indignant or rhapsodical or maudlin, but they seldom grow clear or articulate. The audience may squirm, or gasp, or titter, and it may even mistake its ambiguous interest in the theme for an aesthetic emotion; but the truth of the matter is that it is merely very easily pleased by so illegitimately fascinating a theme.

M. Gantillon has chosen a method somewhere between realism and symbolism, for his people are rather too much generalized to be individuals, and the incidents which he has selected are obviously intended to represent the essence of what happens everywhere and all the time. Morover, he has idealized his prostitutes until they are something halfway between the common tart and the priestess, and he has treated the subject with a sort of taste which will inevitably lead various commentators upon things theatrical to remark how much more vulgar an American presentation of the subject would be. But though the difference is there, though "Maya," that is to say, is solemnly pretentious where most American attempts to treat such themes are stridently obscene, it may be questioned whether the difference is really important from any artistic standpoint. The one would smell to heaven, but the other, to my nostrils at least, reeks with perfume. "Maya" is not vulgar in our way but vulgar in another and more mincing fashion. It is subduedly melodramatic and tastefully bawdy, but not any the better for that, since, to my mind, it is merely sentimental and feeble.

Some of the performances, especially those by Aline MacMahon as the prostitute, Harold de Becker as the coal trimmer, and Marc Loebell as the gentleman with the nightgown, are extremely good if considered by themselves, but either the problem set by the form of the play is unsolvable or, at least, the direction has not solved it. Ernest Boyd has made the translation, which is very good.

George M. Cohan's domestic farce about nothing in particular called "Whispering Friends" (Hudson Theater) is, like its author's "Baby Cyclone," a very adroit farce written on the strictly American model. The reviewers were not appreciative, but the audience seemed to recognize the verisimilitude of the scenes in which the man and wife quarrel over nothing, and it rocked with laughter. Mr. Cohan is never able to give quite the polish to his dialogue for which he obviously strives, and his fashionable people seem always to speak an idiom which does not quite belong to them, but he has a humorous ingenuity

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which serves him almost as well in polite farce as it did in the days when he was writing his raucously patriotic folk-dramas.

"Hoboken Blues," the new play by Michael Gold, which has just been produced by the New Playwrights Theater, awakens in the breast of the spectator the same despair which he felt in contemplating the earlier offerings of the same group during the present season. That it has possibilities I would be the last to deny, but many of the roles are so hopelessly acted that one cannot even guess whether the author intended his Negro characters to be played realistically or in some style which the actors are powerless even to hint, and the play itself seems, like most of the group's other plays, so carelessly written and so disdainfully unrevised as to do itself a grave injustice. One suspects that the New Playwrights are altogether too easy on one another and that they gaily produce plays that have never in any real sense been written at all.

The week saw also two revivals, "Sherlock Holmes" (Cosmopolitan Theater) and "Our Betters" (Henry Miller's Theater). Neither is exactly a masterpiece, perhaps, but both have stood the test of time far better than most plays. The latter is certainly one of the very best of Maugham's comedies, and it is delightfully acted by Ina Claire.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Polish Election

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

WITH the danger of a conflict with Lithuania eliminated at least for the time being, Poland has now plunged into a much bigger, even if less spectacular problem of its national life, that of the national election. The Polish Sejm has died a natural death, and was dissolved on November 29, after a stormy and checkered career of five years allowed by the constitution. Almost immediately the campaign for the new Sejm was started.

This is the first national election in Poland since the famous Pilsudski revolution of May, 1926, and it is therefore of unusual interest and importance. Whatever the Pilsudski revolution did or did not do it has surely swept away most of the old political parties, and has brought about a completely new alignment of forces in the country. Parties and leaders once the most powerful are now plunged in utter obscurity. Politically the country finds itself as after a real revolution.

To add to the complications, the Pilsudski revolution has introduced into politics a new political principle which no other country has as yet had to face. The revolution of May, 1926, was probably the most unique revolution of post-war times. It has destroyed, and at the same time it is attempting to uphold political democracy. One is not certain at the present moment whether Poland is now being ruled by a democracy or by a dictatorship. If it is the latter, then it is surely a dictatorship of a new kind. The very fact that the last Sejm died a natural death and that the country is now preparing for a quite normal election of a new Sejm shows that the Polish dictatorship is somewhat different in form than the now fashionable Fascist dictatorships in Europe. Whether good or bad, Pilsudski has introduced something original and new into politics. He is not a mere imitator. In certain respects, Poland, like Russia, is now experimenting politically.

The number and diversity of parties in Poland is so great (partly owing to the general European custom of many parties, and even more to the special Polish tendency to multiplicity of political opinions), that it is hardly possible to give an American public an idea of each party. As many as thirty-four parties appear on the list of state ballots at this election. The number of municipal parties is still greater. Warsaw alone has sixty-eight. Polish electors find it difficult to follow the programs and even names of their own parties. For this reason, Polish politicians usually deal, especially at election time, in party blocs rather than in individual parties. At any rate these blocs form the only unit which an American could go by in attempting to grasp the complex political situation of that country. At the present stage, not all the blocs are as yet formed, but all are sufficiently evolved to be classified.

There is, to begin with, the bloc of the Right parties, or as it is called, the National Catholic Bloc. The moving spirit of this bloc is the old, once powerful reactionary Narodowa Democratic Party (Endetzia, for short), which was the leading party of the country before the Pilsudski upheaval. That party is now almost obliterated, although its spirit is not altogether dead. Whatever is left of it is now attempting to form the Catholic bloc which, if it could realize all of its original plans, would have controlled a formidable group in the next Sejm, for the religious appeal is still very strong in Poland

But these plans were spiked from the very beginning by the clever manipulation of the government forces, which, by a stern warning to the clergy and a veiled threat of separation of church from state, succeeded in eliminating the religious appeal from all party platforms. Extreme Polish nationalism, which is the only policy that the bloc has left now, will hardly satisfy the various interests of all the parties concerned, who range from the so-called Polish Monarchists to the "Piast," a party of peasants and small landowners, once regarded as belonging to the moderate Left. In fact, a split in the Catholic bloc already seems unavoidable. Besides the tendency in Poland, as well as in the rest of Eastern and Central Europe, is now more to the Left. One may therefore confidently predict that the country is in no danger of a return of the old reactionary rule of the Right, apart from the fact that, if such an event were to take place, the dictatorship which once swept away such a regime from office by force of arms would almost certainly not permit its return while it has all the power of the government in its possession.

On the Left there is the Polish Socialist Party (P.P.S.) which is still the strongest of the old parties in Poland, but the Communists have made big inroads into the ranks of the city workers. Although the Communists are legally forbidden in Poland, and cannot stand at an election, they will nevertheless appear on the ballots under another name. To counteract this danger, the Socialists are now planning a Left bloc with a number of other smaller parties, chiefly the Left Peasant Party (of which M. Thugut was leader).

The most formidable group is that attached to the Government, the Bartell-Pilsudski Party, or the "Sanatzia," as it is popularly called (after Pilsudski's May slogan, the restoration to health of national affairs in Poland). This group controls the biggest press of the country, is largely in possession of the government machine, and has the strength of a ruling party. Its chief asset is the prestige of Pilsudski towering behind it. It is rather interesting that Pilsudski himself has so far failed to attach himself publicly to any party or to take an active part in the campaign. He either wishes to remain above parties or desires the election to go through without any coercion, even moral, from his side. But it is generally known that the "Sanatzia" expresses his personal wishes, and serves as his political tool. This party has made an alliance with the new Conservative Party of big landowners and manufacturers, also formed under the influence of Pilsudski, and the group correspondents to the German Center. Its program is still that of the May revolution, "the restoration to health and moral cleansing of internal affairs" and efficient administration. It is expected to control the next Sejm.

No political situation is complete in Poland without the national minorities which form political parties and blocs of their own. One-third of the population of Poland consists of non-Poles, chiefly Ukrainians in Galicia, White Russians in White Russia, Jews, Lithuanians, and Germans. They are all known under the general name of minority nationalities, and they form a considerable element in Polish

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politics. At the present writing the various minority nationalities have formed a bloc of their own as they did at the last election, five years ago. But the condition of the minorities in Poland has changed during the last five years, and the aspect of the bloc has changed as well.

Five years ago the minorities were fighting a most reactionary and outspokenly anti-Semitic and nationalistic government. The present regime is probably not less nationalistic than the previous one, but it shows signs of a desire to come to an understanding with the minorities. This is especially true in the case of the Jews. Compared to the persecution of the old Endek regime, the present condition of the Jews in Poland is greatly improved. The marshal himself is probably one of the best friends of the Jews in Poland, and his administration, under his own premiership and that of Professor Bartell, cannot be accused of lack of good-will and friendship toward Jews. The edge has been taken off the Jewish opposition to the government, and consequently the enthusiasm of the Jews for the minorities bloc has diminished. Three of the most important Jewish parties have refused to join the bloc. Similarly the strongest White Russian party, the Harmada, has not joined the bloc, nor have the left Ukrainian parties. So that the minorities bloc has much less chance of success than it did five years ago.

Such is the general outlook of the parties at the present moment. The people seem to exhibit less interest in the election than five years ago. This is partly due to marked disappointment in parliamentary action in general. The previous Sejm was a failure in every respect. The terrible economic crisis in Poland has not been solved, and is still the most important problem of the new nation. Almost every act of national importance in Poland occurred outside of, and often in opposition to the Sejm. Political parties, and especially leaders, are thoroughly discredited. With the exception of Pilsudski there is not a single popular figure in Polish public life. The country seems to be hovering between belief in parliamentary institutions and hero worship. A portion of the more liberal Pilsudski press is attempting to create some sort of union between these two, a fusion of the principles of democracy with those of an enlightened, somewhat liberal dictatorship. But the fusion is so far as vague and indefinite as the entire Pilsudski experiment, and all speculation about it is entirely premature.

Where China Conquers

By D. M. FRASER

Singapore, January 8

THE boarding officer was complaining bitterly. "It's the most filthy job you could imagine. I handle thousands and thousands of coolies coming in from China. Do you realize that Singapore is the greatest immigration station in the world next to Ellis Island? And these hordes pour in—diseased, dirty, and incredibly ignorant—always fighting quarantine rules. They come in herded like cattle on the steamers, but only too glad to get away from crowded China." And the talk went on in the white man's club where the silent-footed servants are the only Asiatics admitted.

The ruling race is becoming vaguely uneasy in the great rubber and tin lands of Malaya. For from the shores of the Gulf of Siam to the remotest corners of Borneo and throughout the vast areas of the Dutch East Indies these newcomers spread. They are the laborers who built Penang's magnificent mountain railway. On their patient shoulders is borne the burden of rubber plantation life. Without them ships could not be unloaded. The English rely on them for house servants and the government offices use the second generation as clerks.

But it is as merchants, traders, and contractors that the Chinese most significantly dominate the lands to the south of their own country. The coolie of yesterday becomes the hawker or small shopkeeper of today. He toils unbelievably long hours and with his family and assistants dwells in one miserable mat-shed. The natives revile him as an extortionist but they insist on having cheap and gaudy European trash and become his needy debtors. The lordly "tuan," the masterful white man, scorns Oriental haggling and receives the servility he desires; but pays the yellow man's prices.

The coolie's son becomes a "towkay," a substantial merchant and capitalist. He uses the telephone and on occasion wears European clothes. He may have an automobile; his children go to school and speak English. He is not a "tuan," but he is one of the wealthy men of his adopted country, he has his finger in every speculation, and he could probably buy and sell half the whites in the place.

In Penang the houses of the Chinese millionaires are among the sights of the city, and a leading Singapore paper recently referred to the fact that among the richest men of the world can be numbered some dozen of the Chinese citizens of that capital. Their enterprise has set up automobile concerns in every town of any size in Malaya. The cinema is another of their favorite investments. Wherever profit can be made they are to be found, energetic and adaptable. There is nothing of the "unchanging East" about them. The younger clerks and towkays drop the religious superstitions of their nation; their womenfolk move about freely and drive in the family car as much as the men do.

What the colonial governments dread most in this vast population of Chinese is their clannishness. They protect one another; they conceal fugitives from the eyes of authority. A "coolie row" is the *bête noire* of every magistrate. In spite of the constant influx, labor is scarce; wages are rising and with them the spirit of independence. It is easy enough to crush a Malay outbreak—a moment's flash and fury; but a Chinese strike or boycott is different. Bullying words may stiffen resistance, and to employ armed force is to face a chain of consequences which may have a remote and terrible ending.

Secret societies are strictly forbidden from Kuala Lampur to Batavia. Men remember the insurrection in Sarawak a century ago which led to a surprise attack and the occupation of the capital. Are these societies extinct in Chinatown? It matters little, since innumerable clubs exist openly. The leading citizens are, of course, "loyal" because prosperous and accept titles and places on councils. But they correspond with their mother country and never fail to help in moments of national disaster. Other peoples have built up empires in these lands; centuries ago the Chinese Empire had power in Borneo.

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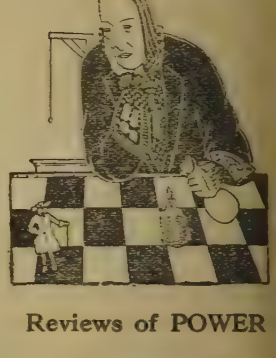

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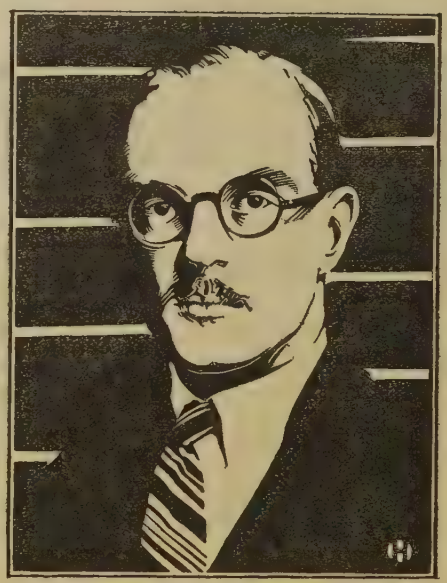

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CARLETON BEALS in this issue of *The Nation* gives an unforgettable picture of Sandino, the man against whom the United States has gone to war. Sandino may be an outlaw but it is quite evident that he is of the breed of George Washington and the other great rebels of the past. His followers repay him with the same religious devotion; his words become proverbs and slogans. Some time he will probably be slain on his own territory by United States marines and his little army will be dispersed. Then he will become a legendary hero to Latin Americans of all lands, and the Gringo will be hated with even more bitter hate. But meantime the war goes on. Towns are bombed and destroyed by the new Huns, and occasionally a few marines go to their death on soil that is not theirs for a cause that they can hardly be expected to understand. The election, which even Mr. Borah seems to regard as an adequate excuse for our occupation of Nicaragua, is again postponed. Senator Dill of Washington has spoken with impressive and unequivocal vigor against the Administration's policy. He read into the record the dispatch telling of the death of five marines, killed in ambush; he demanded that the Foreign Relations Committee report out the resolutions on Nicaragua which "are sleeping the usual sleep that knows no waking." "I want to know," said Mr. Dill directly to Mr. Borah, "if there will be a vote on whether we will continue this war in Nicaragua." Mr. Borah feared that the Senate had no authority in the matter; and Mr. Dill suggested that it might at least make its position known "and see whether or not it would have any effect on the President." The Senate galleries broke into applause as Senator Dill shouted his protest. We need more like him. This is no time for legalism. The time has come to look at the facts of a dirty business and to bring the marines out of Nicaragua.

DEMOCRATS CAN USUALLY BE COUNTED ON to stage a row in a Presidential year, and the Republican politicians are eagerly hoping that Senator Thomas Walsh's entry into the race for the Presidential nomination will bring about a three-cornered dogfight. Senator Walsh is backed by ex-Secretary McAdoo, who never forgets or forgives, and the Republicans count on that. They hope and pray that Jim Reed, who is Wet, and Senator Walsh, who is Catholic, will build up an opposition to Al Smith, who is both, that will destroy all three. It is, however, just possible that the Democrats have learned something after all. Both Reed and Walsh have points of sympathy with the New York Governor: they might carry the McAdoo forces with them into agreement instead of being used as instruments of vengeance. Walsh would be a novelty in candidates. He is modest, to begin with; he lacks all the tricks of the seasoned orator, but he has a habit of interesting his audiences in what he is saying and leaving them with something more than fire and flame to remember. His prosecution of the oil investigation has been a personal triumph—a slow, plodding task of burrowing through mountains of obscuration and opposition. He has little aid from his own party and, of course, none from the Republicans. Jim Reed's speeches today are woven out of Walsh's discoveries. But as a candidate Walsh has this weakness: he is essentially an honest, intelligent conservative. Progressives admire him, but disagree on crucial issues; and conservatives today seem to disapprove of his honesty.

WHEN J. D. GREGORY was dismissed from the British civil service as a result of the resounding scandal of his speculating in francs from his post of privilege in the Foreign Office, England knew that the affair of the Zinoviev letter must at last be probed to the bottom. Gregory was the under secretary whose signature was appended to the note in which the Labor Government trounced the Soviet on account of Zinoviev's alleged under-cover activities in England. In other words, he was the instrument used in October, 1924, for the destruction of the MacDonald Cabinet and when, a few days ago, he was disgraced, the Labor Party insisted upon investigation of the notorious incident. Thomas Marlowe, editor at the time of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, which forced Mr. MacDonald's hand at the crucial moment, now discloses the greater part of the story in a long letter to the London *Observer*. He did not buy the letter from Gregory or from anybody. Several

copies, it appeared, were offered to him, and Mr. Marlowe plainly hints that one of these was offered by somebody in a government department. He takes extreme pride in his own action, and the English press apparently assumes that his statement exonerates Gregory. But how so? Mr. MacDonald, campaigning away from London, did not know that the Foreign Office was releasing the so-called Zinoviev letter for publication. Gregory was the subordinate who sent it to the press, thereby creating the mob frenzy by which the MacDonald Government was swept away. And the scandal of the francs—the only disgrace of the kind that has touched a British public department since the Marconi deals of 1912—reveals the character of the man through whom the knockout blow was delivered to the best of post-war governments in Europe.

PRESIDENT MONROE, as we frequently have occasion to remark, would never have admitted responsibility for the crude imperialism currently cloaked under the name of the "Monroe Doctrine." His doctrine expressed a desire to maintain Latin-American sovereignty, not to supervise elections, police foreign property, and collect customs to pay interest on foreign loans. It is a healthy thing now and then to be reminded of the origin and nature of Monroe's Monroe Doctrine. The Argentine delegate who annoyed our State Department by objecting, at Geneva, to the League's recognition of "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine" was nearer to President Monroe than the gentlemen who misuse his name in Washington today. Señor Cantillo said:

> The Monroe Doctrine was a declaration of political policy by the United States at the time of the European Holy Alliance. It was made to prevent any extension of the Holy Alliance system to the American continent. While it rendered great services to America in the early days of its existence, and honors the United States in its defense of justice and liberty, it should not be referred to as a regional understanding. It is purely an individual declaration of principle. . . . So far as I know the Monroe Doctrine never has been approved explicitly by other American republics.

CHANCELLOR SEIPEL, speaking in the Austrian Diet, announced that he would not protest to the League of Nations or direct to Rome against the oppression of German-speaking citizens of the Tyrol, now part of Italy. He relied, he said, "on something which is higher than international traditions and rights—the conscience of the world." To Mussolini there is no such animal. Americans may be somewhat shocked at his precedent. "A state respecting itself cannot tolerate interference," he said. "Mr. Fuller, the Governor of Massachusetts, has supplied us with a striking example on that subject." He referred, of course, to the bitterness aroused in New England by the international expression of horror when Massachusetts murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. Governor Fuller may still agree with Mussolini that sympathy should stop at the frontier; we do not know. But we do know this, that Mussolini's contemptuous refusal to discuss the facts of oppression in Italy, and his insistence that continued protest in Austria will only lead to suppression of the remaining German-language papers in the old German province of the South Tyrol and "accelerate the turning of the Fascist vise" serve once more to concentrate world attention upon the brutality and danger of his rule.

WE ARE GLAD to learn that the Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a complaint against the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, directing it to show cause on April 2 why it should not be compelled to dispose of all its stock holdings in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas and the St. Louis Southwestern railroads. We commented editorially on this situation in our issue of December 28 [page 725], pointing out an apparently direct violation of the Clayton Act and a policy which if allowed to go on would make our anti-monopoly laws futile in so far as railway consolidation was concerned. Contrary, as we believe, to the intent of the law, the Kansas City Southern acquired a substantial control of the two railways in question, both competing lines, previous to asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to merge them with its own system. This was bad enough, but was aggravated when, after denial by the commission of permission to consolidate, the Kansas City Southern continued in possession of its shares in the rival railways. It is reported that L. F. Loree, head of the Kansas City Southern, may attempt to evade the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission by making a new application for consolidation.

THE BEST THE LAW COULD DO in sentencing Francesco Caruso for stabbing to death a physician who, he believed, had killed his sick child, was to sentence him to from ten to twenty years in the penitentiary. This is admittedly better than the death sentence which Caruso received as a result of his first trial, in which he was convicted of first-degree murder. Half the sentence is the minimum for manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty; and the balance was apparently mandatory under the Baumes law which provides five to ten years for killing with a dangerous weapon—though in this case Caruso was not armed in the literal sense of the word and the weapon was a kitchen knife which happened to be lying to his hand. Under the law which permits time off for good behavior, Caruso will probably serve about seven years. Seven years for ignorance; but the law does not admit of ignorance as an excuse for crime. Seven years because the "land of opportunity" in which he lived had not thought it necessary to inform him about antitoxins, although it provided antitoxins for his use. And during those seven years, in which he will be in Sing Sing prison, his children will grow from infancy through childhood, from childhood to adolescence. How they will be supported is no concern of the law. The prisoner will be furnished with board and lodging. If necessary, perhaps charity can be found for those outside the prison gates. This is the best the law can do for Caruso. It is not sensible, it is not merciful; one doubts if it is just. But there is no question that it is legal.

IF AN UNDERGRADUATE at the University of Minnesota cuts his biology class nothing happens to him, but if he stays away from compulsory military drill he is expelled from the institution. Thus in a State university does the science of killing take precedence over the study of life and over every other university subject. And there are teeth in this ruling, for the university has just dropped thirteen students for failing to drill regularly. This drastic measure for insuring drill attendance has been in force for the past two years, and the college authorities have cooperated most whole-heartedly with the military men in

its enforcement. Last spring thirty-eight students were expelled, although the university later found reason for reinstating twenty-eight of them. At that time the commandant resolved to put an end to evasions of drill duty, but the present expulsions seem to indicate that he was unsuccessful. An apparent attempt to placate the obvious student dissatisfaction is to be seen in the new ruling whereby a slight illness is sufficient ground for excuse from drill, whereas "under the previous ruling, the students who were absent from drill, due to slight colds or other illnesses, were often refused the regulation excuse slips from the Health Service." This is indeed gratifying. The War Department has awakened to the fact that it must respect the physical well-being of its conscript student army. When will the State wake up to the danger of putting the warriors above the scholars in its educational institutions?

AN EVENT TO STIR "tired radicals" to shame recently happened in England. The Neo-Malthusian League has announced the disbanding of its organization in a triumphant hymn of victory. "Our aims have succeeded beyond our wildest dreams," says Dr. Charles Vickery Drysdale of a campaign which during its fifty years of existence was inspired and led by members of his family. The doctrine of overpopulation, enunciated by Malthus in 1798, remained for decades an academic problem discussed only in scientific chambers until the Drysdales projected it into a broader field. Dr. George R. Drysdale's "Elements of Social Science," with its bold challenge of the puritanical attitude in sex matters, and his English publication of the American pamphlet "Fruits of Philosophy," by Dr. Knowlton, led to the world-famous trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in 1876. In the heat of passionate discussion of the Malthusian doctrine the first organized movement for conscious control of fertility was founded. Dr. R. C. Drysdale and his wife, Dr. Alice Vickery, one of the first woman physicians in England, and later their son and daughter as well, led the movement through stormy decades of vilification and abuse to ultimate victory in England and on the Continent. Once abused as obscene, unpatriotic, demoralizing, shunned by respectable people, the campaign has disarmed most of its opposition. The British House of Lords has passed a resolution in favor of birth-control instruction at the public-health centers; the National Council of Public Morals, under religious auspices, has declared that nothing should keep married persons from obtaining birth-control information for medical or economic reasons.

Mussolini's America

ARMANDO BORGHI, author of several works exposing the Fascist reign of terror, on March 23 is to be deported from our shores to Italy for delivery to Mussolini's henchmen. Borghi came to this country as an accredited journalist, possessing an American consular visa valid for twelve months. Prior to the expiration of that visa he was deprived of his Italian passport by the Italian consul at Boston. He is now a man without a country. He cannot return to Canada and France whence he came. In Italy death through assassination, or, at best, a living death in a dungeon is awaiting him.

Arrested under a warrant issued by the Second Assistant Secretary of Labor on June 4, 1927, as a result of a report against him filed by one Maccini, a Fascist informer, during the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation, Borghi was brought to Ellis Island, and finally released on bail. The official records include the following:

Borghi: When I appeared in person at the Italian Consulate, the Consul upbraided me and said I was not qualified to be an Italian citizen, and that not only would he not extend my passport but would take it away from me altogether. . . . I asked him whether he had a right to take away my passport when there was an Italian warrant of arrest standing out against me, and he said, No. I told him that he could be suspicious of me, but that the last word would have to come from the Italian Government, that he should inquire from Rome whether there were legal reasons to refuse me a passport.

Question: What is the reason as to why you should receive such treatment at the hands of the Italian Consul in Boston?

Borghi: The only reason is that I am known as an adversary of the Fascist regime, and the Consul knows it.

Question: Were you persecuted by the Fascist Government before?

Borghi: The Fascisti burned up my home in Milano, in March, 1921.

Question: Do you believe in the overthrow of any organized government by force?

Borghi: I believe in the struggle of humanity towards better destinies. Methods and tactics are relative to the times and regimes. I consider of highest moral value the passive resistance to evil, which is not true resignation, as preached by Tolstoy and now by Gandhi in India. I accept the statement of the Rights of Man of the year 1789, according to which the slave has the right to reject with force the violence of the tyrant. I exclude the employment of the conquest of government for the triumph of my ideas, be it even for exercising the proletarian dictatorship.

Question: Do you believe and advocate the killing of public officials, the President of the United States, heads of foreign governments, because of their position?

Borghi: I don't bother with those things. I don't even think of it, and I find it strange that you ask me that question. . . . If I were Mussolini, to that question I would answer, Yes; because Mussolini, when he was a revolutionist made apologies for assassins of all the heads of governments.

Question: Are you an anarchist?

Borghi: I belong to that philosophical school which places liberty at the basis of individual and social development and which abhors all oppressions and dictatorships. Such school has been and is yet defined with different and various names, according to the times and places. Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoy call it by different names. Garibaldi himself hailed it as the sun of the future, the dawning of the International. Others have called it and still call it socialism. I consider that the word anarchy is being honored if these ideas are called anarchical.

The foregoing questions and answers were propounded through an interpreter at Ellis Island, which accounts for their literary imperfections. The force of Borghi's philosophy did not, however, fail to strike the board of inquisitors. It was obvious that the prisoner was a champion of liberty, a lover of humanity, a passionate rebel against Mussolini's tyranny. That did not help him. For such a man America has no shelter. And unless heroic efforts are made at the last moment, Borghi is to be escorted by our immigration officials to the Fascist guillotine in Rome.

The Case of Will Hays

WILL H. HAYS was Postmaster General in the Harding Cabinet, and chairman of the Republican National Committee in the 1920 Presidential campaign. He is today the "czar" and moral guardian of the motion-picture industry, a member of Hays and Hays of Indianapolis, who for many years have been attorneys for the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company, a leading elder of the Presbyterian church, and one of Herbert Hoover's chief campaign advisers. On March 1, 1928, Mr. Hays went before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, and, under cross-examination, admitted that four years earlier, testifying under oath before the same committee, he had lied about Harry Sinclair's contributions to the Republican party funds. A lie, according to the dictionary, is "something told with intent to deceive." Mr. Hays lied. The Department of Justice, which would be responsible were a charge of perjury justified in the circumstances, Mr. Hoover, the Presbyterian church, and the motion-picture industry would do well to consider the case of Mr. Hays.

On March 24, 1924, Mr. Hays told the Senate Committee that Harry F. Sinclair had contributed a maximum of $75,000 to the Republican fund, and said that the contribution had not been made personally to him; in 1928, before the same committee, he reported Sinclair gifts and loans, made to him personally, oscillating between $75,000 and $260,000, and finally resting at $160,000. Meanwhile some of the missing bonds of the Continental Trading Company, the mysterious fly-by-night concern created by Sinclair and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana to make a profit of $3,000,000 in a day and then die, had been traced to Mr. Hays's campaign committee. Mr. Hays now says that he had never heard of the Continental company at the time that he asked and received. That may be; but the story of Teapot Dome was already public when Hays went to Sinclair, and he knew that he was asking this huge sum of a man accused of bribing his Cabinet colleague, Albert B. Fall. He cannot now recall any other contribution of so much as $100,000; and it is difficult to believe that Mr. Hays was not aware that there was a reason why Sinclair should be willing to contribute so large a sum to the G. O. P.

Sinclair, we now know, gave Fall $258,000 in bonds and $45,000 in cash; and he gave Mr. Hays, for the party, $160,000. In addition he lent the Republican National Committee for two years, without interest, $100,000. Mr. Hays's present story is this: In 1923, he told Sinclair that the party had reduced its campaign-fund deficit of $1,200,000, but still needed big money before embarking on the campaign that was to elect Coolidge. Sinclair said that he would give him $75,000 outright, and would lend him $185,000 in government bonds, which Hays was to repay. The $75,000 was immediately applied to a bank indebtedness; $50,000 was given to John T. Pratt, director of the New Haven, the Delaware and Hudson, and other railroads, of the International Acceptance Bank, the J. G. White Company, and other corporations (his business Hays described as "philanthropic and civic enterprises"), but Mr. Pratt later decided to contribute that amount himself, and returned the bonds to Sinclair; $60,000 was sent to Fred Upham, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, who apparently distributed the sum among his friends so that they could appear to make inconspicuous contributions in smaller sums to the party deficit; $25,000 went to John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, for the same purpose of concealing the Sinclair gift. Mr. Hays asserts that shortly before appearing before the Senate committee in 1924 he returned $85,000 to Mr. Sinclair, but that soon after his testimony Mr. Sinclair, aware that Hays had suffered heavy financial losses, returned the bonds to him. (As Will Rogers remarked, "Bad as I felt, I had to laugh at that one.") Incidentally, Mr. Hays's losses were in Sinclair stock.

The story of Sinclair's huge contribution, long suspected, almost came out in 1924. The New York *Times*, just before Hays appeared on the witness-stand, printed a rumor that Hays would admit receiving "75,000 shares of Sinclair stock." Hays, however, swore to Senator Walsh that

> I saw this *Times* story and was as surprised and shocked as you were, and I say that that statement and that story and that rumor is as false in content as it is libelous in purpose. . . . Nothing like this story that appeared in the paper, nothing at all like that story, ever happened.

In 1928, faced with that, Mr. Hays crawled thus: "I did not volunteer about these bonds. I was not asked about that." He forgot that in 1924 he had added: "There is not anything I know about this matter of campaign contributions that I want to conceal." He forgot that in 1924 he had sworn that "the total amount . . . that could possibly have been given by Mr. Sinclair was not over $75,000," and had repeated: "That was the maximum amount, $75,000."

In 1924, too, Mr. Hays answered Senator Walsh's question with a flat statement that "it was not paid to me." That was only four months after the payment. Four years later his memory had returned. In 1928 he recalled that Sinclair had handed the bonds to him in New York City, in a package, at the same time that he turned over the $75,000 in cash. If this is not perjury, what is it?

Mr. Hays did not come forward voluntarily to set the record straight, and his testimony was drawn out of a wriggling, evasive, scared witness. His deportment, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* puts it, "was that of a slippery Ohio gangster, rather than that of a Presbyterian elder." Yet the Department of Justice has taken no steps to consider whether he committed perjury in 1924, the Treasury is not investigating the income-tax returns of Upham and Pratt, or of Blackmer and Stewart and the oil refugees, and Mr. Hays himself remains on the good books of the picture industry, of Mr. Hoover, and of the Presbyterian church.

One would think that the time had come for the Republican Party to begin to worry about its reputation. The Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Navy in its 1920 Cabinet have been called by the Supreme Court betrayers of a public trust; the Attorney General has been even worse branded; the Postmaster General and the Secretary of War are now exposed as conniving to circumvent the law about campaign contributions; and in Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts party leaders have been caught in corruption. Can the Hugheses, Hoovers, Coolidges afford to continue in a state of moral mumness?

The Curse of the Coal Towns

SOPHIA DULLES and Edith Coale, of the American Friends Service Committee, sought, in Barnesboro, Pennsylvania, to find people who would handle and distribute clothes for the barefoot children of striking miners. It was difficult, because they were two, and when they spoke to a third person they violated a regulation prohibiting three people from meeting on a street leading to a mine.

The coal towns, the Senate investigating committee headed by Senator Gooding says, are "a blotch upon American civilization." The curse of the coal towns is that they do not seem even to be a part of American civilization. They are outlawed and forgotten. The "swinish" conditions which appal the Senators did not grow up in the winter of 1927-1928. They have existed since the coal towns were born. They were brought before the public in the harsh days of the 1919 strike, when the United Mine Workers hopefully brought their Plumb Plan for reorganization of the industry to public attention; they were thrust into our consciousness again in 1922-1923 when a coal strike which succeeded in causing a coal shortage stirred an apathetic President to appoint a Federal Coal Commission, which made a good but long-since-forgotten report. The coal miners have a right to think of themselves as something less than Americans. They live as serfs, denied the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, harnessed to a broken-down industrial machine.

America cannot afford to permit these enclaves of feudalism to continue. The issues are not local. The fight to destroy the miners' union, which has been their only bulwark, is part of a national industrial policy. Samuel Untermyer testified before a Senate Committee in 1921 that the industrial policy which keeps the coal-fields unorganized—and, one may add today, which has been disorganizing fields that had been organized—is dictated primarily by the United States Steel Corporation and its allied interests, backed by banking groups centering in J. P. Morgan and Company. Resistance to trade unionism is the essence of their industrial policy, as reflected in the Steel Corporation and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their subsidiary companies dominate the non-union districts, and, one and all, they fight every hint of union organization.

Winthrop D. Lane drew a graphic picture of these citadels of industrial despotism in 1923. In the coal towns

> everything is owned by the company that is extracting the coal. They stand on company land; they were built by the company; the store, the movie theater, the amusement hall, the little bank if there is one, the cafe, the ice-cream parlor—all are run by the company. The school is often a company-built project, and so is the church; sometimes the company supplements the salary of the teacher and helps to maintain the minister. Roads leading through the town are private property. Not infrequently the post office is a corner of the company store and the man who sells crackers and meat is the postmaster. These towns are not incorporated. The company is responsible for whatever exists in the nature of a public utility—the supply of water, the lighting, the sanitation, and so forth.

Company houses are often mere prisons. Employees of a Somerset County, Pennsylvania, coal company sign leases which forbid them to harbor anyone objectionable to the coal company. A Fayette County lease provides that the tenant may not receive at his home anyone except physicians attending his sick family, draymen moving him to or from the house, or undertakers! Traveling salesmen entering these prison villages have to obtain written permission from the coal-company overlords. Even on such terms the miners are not safe in residence. Their leases often force them to contract out from the protection of State laws which give them the right to appear in court before being evicted from their homes. Company-ridden courts have even enjoined miners from establishing tent colonies or barracks near the homes from which they have been evicted.

There is no government in these kingdoms of coal except that of the coal companies. Officials, police, courts are instruments of coal-company policy. Sheriff Don Chafin of Logan County, West Virginia, told a Senate commission in 1923 that the coal companies had been supplying the county with its police force for eleven years; and company officials boldly asserted that they kept union organizers out of their bailiwicks just as the New York police kept known criminals above the "dead line." One sheriff during the 1922-1923 strike supplied the companies with 6,180 deputies—a little army paid by the companies but sworn in as officials of government. Today, in 1928, United States Senators have been discovering that this system still goes on undisturbed.

In fact the miners are worse off now than when the Federal Coal Commission issued its report in 1923. The shortage past, the public went to sleep again. Coal has been overproduced; new mines have been opened; and the union has lost territory; whereas in 1919 three-quarters of the soft-coal production of the country was union-mined, today less than one-third is mined under union conditions. This means, of course, that several hundred thousand more miners have fallen prey to industrial serfdom. In some districts, where the old tradition of working-class solidarity has kept the miners together, the strikers are shivering in tent colonies and barracks; their underfed children go barefoot to school. That proud organization, the American Red Cross, declares that this is not a national emergency. It refuses to aid children who are as helpless victims of an industrial policy as the "Cajuns" of Louisiana were of a godless flood. Even some members of the American Friends Service Committee, faced with Miss Dulles's and Miss Coale's report, talked of "neutrality."

Relief is something; and relief should pour in to the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, or to the other organizations which are struggling to help these victims of industry. But relief is at best little more than a sedative.

Suffering and oppression in the coal-fields will continue as long as a state of chaotic competition continues and men are driven from periods of desperate underemployment into equally desperate strikes. If private operation cannot produce a living wage for the men who cut coal—and apparently it cannot—then it is time for the government to step in and assume control. The bituminous industry is a disgrace to America.

Out of Work

AFTER many denials and evasions, even the prophets of prosperity now admit that the United States is faced with serious unemployment, and the Senate has voted an inquiry into it. Of course it will be minimized by big business and the Republicans, for this is the year of a Presidential election, a time when politicians in office cannot afford to let any cry of hard times be heard in the land if it can be prevented. Thus in Cleveland the other day the leaders of a parade carrying signs asking aid for the unemployed were arrested and fined for begging!

No adequate statistics on unemployment are kept for the country as a whole, but there are plenty of figures to show the general tendency. The most valuable are those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on employment in manufacturing industries. These show that, taking the year 1923 as 100, employment in 1927 was 88.5, less than any year since 1922, when it was 88.4, lower by only a trifling fraction. Moreover, for January of this year employment in manufacturing industries fell to 84.2, less than the average for the bad year of 1921.

The figures of the federal bureau on unemployment in manufacturing industries run closely parallel to the situation revealed by an inquiry just made in New York State by the Industrial Commissioner, James A. Hamilton. From reports received from 1,650 manufacturers, employing 500,000 workers, employment has been falling off since the spring of 1926. "In December, 1927, the index of such employment was below that of December, 1921. In January, 1928, there was a further decline of 2 per cent, bringing the index below that of January, 1921."

What has perhaps most tended to obscure decreasing employment in the country is the fact that industry as a whole still appears to be prosperous. Except for long-standing weak spots like coal mining and textile manufacturing, and a recent slowing down in the automobile field, factory wheels are humming and company directors are declaring dividends as usual. We encounter the paradox that although employment has been decreasing gradually since 1923 the manufacturing output has been increasing. As Evans Clark puts it in the New York *Times:*

> One would expect to find a slump in factory output last year that would roughly correspond to the decrease in jobs. But precisely the reverse has occurred. The factories and workshops of the United States produced more goods and services in 1927 than at any time in history, with the exception of the previous year, which was only 2 per cent higher. In fact, the month of May last year saw the apex of American manufacturing output. The year's total was lower only because of a falling off in the last three months, which has offset the high record of the other months. During those thirty days of May American industry turned out 70 per cent more than it did in the average month of 1914. But the process required a working force greater by only 15 per cent. . . . While the output of the American factory has grown, the number of workers required to produce it has actually decreased since 1919.

In other words, machines have been ousting men faster than new industries have been absorbing them. We have a new kind of unemployment—unusually inequitable in that the misery of the employees is less than ever shared by their employers.

Censorship by Fear

DURING the week of February 19 the Actor-Managers (formerly of the Neighborhood Playhouse) produced in New York City a play from the French called "Maya." The dramatic critic of *The Nation* was inclined to rank it less high as drama than did most of his fellows of the daily press, but though it dealt with the life of a prostitute it was certainly not an immoral performance and it was in far better taste than many of the plays which have enjoyed long runs on Broadway. A few days after it opened vague rumbles emanated from the District Attorney's office: the play, against which no protest had been received, would be "investigated." Another day or two passed, and then Mr. Lee Shubert, one of the owners of the Comedy Theater which housed the play, visited the performance. "Beautiful, very beautiful," he is reported to have said; "your lease will terminate next Saturday night."

Such is the manner in which the so-called padlock law of New York State is made to operate. According to its provisions the Commissioner of Licenses is empowered to close for one year any theater in which a play adjudged immoral by the courts has been playing, and the magnitude of the financial interests involved makes it impossible for the real-estate owner to take the slightest risk. However much the producer may believe in the play, and however likely he thinks it that the courts would sustain him, he is deprived of all opportunity even to defend himself. The District Attorney does not need to prove his case; there is not even a censor who has to pronounce an official judgment, since the padlock law is a weapon of intimidation which need only to be flourished to close any play instanter, without the need of any other process whatsoever. As long as he is armed with it, the power of the District Attorney is, for all practical purposes, both absolute and completely irresponsible. He does not even have to say that he believes any play to be objectionable, and he escapes all necessity for even standing behind his decisions. All he has to do is to frown slightly—and everybody knows how easily a District Attorney, whose business it is to take everybody seriously, can frown—to remove any play from the boards. A mere whisper in the ear of a real-estate owner, a mere whisper which no one else need hear, and the offending drama is kicked into the street.

All forms of censorship are bad, but none is so arbitrary or so completely indefensible as this. It may easily be used not only to enforce the whim of a puritanical morality, but in the interest of any political or religious group, and the general public need not even know how or when it is being so used. Even a censor is to some extent responsible to public opinion, but under the existing law the District Attorney is not subject even to that, for he can close a play without saying that he has closed it, and he has, in effect, power to convict merely by suggesting that he might possibly bring to trial. He passes the buck to the real-estate interests, and the real-estate interests cannot afford to do otherwise than obey his slightest whim.

Last year *The Nation* expressed its surprise that Governor Smith, whose policies are generally so liberal, signed the padlock bill. It still wonders that he has shown no sign of recognizing its monstrous unfairness.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"GIFTS of gold and jewels for the cover of the 'Golden Book' of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine were asked by Bishop William T. Manning at the luncheon of the women's division. . . . The gold will be melted down and used for the cover of the huge book which is to preserve forever the name of every person who has contributed to the building fund. The precious stones will be used to decorate the cover."

If I said that this marked once again the exceeding vulgarity of the little bishop I might be misunderstood since popular usage has done so much to limit "vulgarity" to something said in a burlesque show. Possibly it would be better and kinder to speak of the man's immaturity. Throughout the campaign the drive for Cathedral moneys has been conducted with all the dignity and decorum of a children's pageant. I can see no earthly reason why the names of donors should be preserved. The Bishop cannot find scriptural sanction for that. According to the accounts in the newspapers Dr. Manning "suggested that many women possessed precious heirlooms, wedding rings, and jewels, which they would not share with another human being, but would gladly give to the Cathedral."

But it would seem to me that if a ring were to be stripped from some left finger not so much as a digit of the right hand should be aware of this; much less should that hand grip a pen to celebrate the deed in a golden book. Also I am somewhat scandalized to learn that the good Bishop can speak so casually of the removal of wedding rings. It was my former impression that he wanted them fastened into the bone by iron rivets.

However, the whole problem goes a little deeper than mere criticism of certain mummeries and shows which have attended the building of St. John the Divine. There is no indication that Dr. Manning has ever paused for so much as a moment to ponder whether or not there was any reasonable and decent need whatsoever for a huge and costly church building. Like a child with blocks he rears up a structure for the sake of the game and takes no count of the purpose. If there lived today some great architect, skilled in Gothic intricacies, the building might serve an aesthetic purpose no matter how reckless the waste of treasure. But there is no arresting beauty in this building. Nothing of the new liveliness and pace of modern architecture is in it. At the very best it is no more than a competent echo of an age which has gone by. Surely no travelers will come from the edges of the world to view the pile on Morningside. The same thing has been done too often in the past and with more genius and gusto.

Probably it is only just to admit the entire sincerity of Bishop Manning's purpose. His is a medieval mind and nothing has happened through the centuries to move him from the old belief that God is served and pleased by treats and parties. Do not blame me for the blasphemy if I suggest that in our own day the custom of currying favor by spendthriftiness has passed into other relations than those which exist between God and man. There is nothing agnostical or even modernistic in holding that in the eyes of a cosmic Creator the completed cathedral will seem no more than a broken bit of shell upon the sand. Even with the best intentions in the world Bishop Manning cannot raise any towers as high as the Andes. It is doubtful if he can even build extensively enough to call down a confusion of tongues upon himself and his followers.

But most of all I am puzzled about the great book with its binding of gold and jewels. Is this, by any chance, intended somewhat to lighten the burdens of St. Peter and his clerks? By some coincidence, which may be Satan's doing, this latest call for treasure to ornament an eternal address book comes at the moment when the bread-line in New York grows longer and begins to curl around the corners on the cold nights. Down in Second Avenue a hospital must close because the trustees no longer feel competent to shoulder an annual deficit of $30,000. The poor cry out for bread, and gravely Bishop Manning lays another stone upon the house of God.

It is an essential article of faith that man should love his God and love his neighbor, but surely there is no implication that the manifestation of devotion should take the self-same form. God would not be mocked if William Manning melted down gold to make a hospital rather than a belated Gothic edifice. Cool reason must suggest that in the completed structure there will be rather more elbow room for Episcopalians than they can conveniently utilize. Of course, it was said in the beginning that this was to be a house of faith for all people but that notion seemed loosely rooted when Dr. Manning found it necessary to refuse a contribution sent by Dr. Guthrie. To be sure the money came from an Episcopal clergyman but it is only fair to admit that he saw many things not precisely eye to eye with Bishop Manning.

Still, I think Dr. Guthrie might have been irritated with some little reason, for the Bishop had no trouble at all in accepting funds raised by Tex Rickard. If there was any gap between the philosophy of the promoter and the preacher it was bridged without great difficulty. Indeed at the moment Dr. Manning seems almost as enthusiastic about sports as is the matchmaker of Madison Square Garden. And that shows a generous spirit, for Mr. Rickard has drawn down much more in dividends earned by his fighters. Still a few of the jabs and uppercuts have landed for the glory of the Cathedral.

There is to be a sports bay in the edifice of St. John the Divine. Horsemen, golfers, boxers have all been recruited to pay tithes so that one window may display man drawing closer to the infinite through muscular prowess. And in the "Golden Book" it is not too much to hope that we may find some such entry as "Benny Leonard vs. Kid Mulligan—Leonard the winner by a knockout in the third round."

Unfortunately, the professional baseball people have done very little. At last accounts the big leagues had contributed no more than $100 to the fund for the bay. Unless something is done about this quickly the stained-glass sporting section will be less than adequate. Surely there is need of a panel showing an umpire with upraised finger and Babe Ruth half turned about scowling and caught by the artist at the very moment his lips frame the phrase "You robber!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

IV

Sandino Himself

By CARLETON BEALS

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 4

(Via Tropical Radio Telegraph Company)

THOUGH the wind howled over Remango [since the beginning of hostilities one of Sandino's key outposts] we spent the night snugly in the long barracks. The soldiers were as free and easy as if the enemy were a thousand miles away instead of on the next ridge. The barracks were made of huge driven poles with a high thatched roof. At one end were kitchen tables made of tree trunks split in half or slabs of stone set on wooden posts. The walls were lined with bunks of rawhide stretching over poles pegged against the wall as a protection from the wind. The *Juanas* or camp women had erected a little shrine presided over by Saint Anthony and decorated with colored tissue paper, against which burned a carbide lamp. A baby squalled from a sisal hammock. Soldiers, each with his rifle by his side, clustered in groups, some telling stories—the attack on Ocotal, the surprise assault against the Machos in Las Cruces, the burning of the hacienda El Hule, and the violation of women by the hated Gringos—and here was I in their midst, a Macho Yankee Gringo, yet treated with all consideration and the greatest deference. Other soldiers, seated on sawed-off stumps, were reading, by the light of *ocote* torches, novels, the latest numbers of *Ariel*, or stray newspapers. A man of Negroid type was making love to a *Juana* with a high, red comb set with sparkling glass diamonds. Another, in white "pyjamas" grimy with use, roasted meat, using his ramrod as a spit. A guitar thrums a Sandino song with a simple, Whitmanesque flavor and a Mexican tune, "La Casita." To the sound of such music we danced most of the night away—a crowded confusion of babel and song, smoke and smell, flame and color.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The fifth instalment, Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

Sandino had taken most of the horses and mules with him from Remango, but Captain Altamirano managed to scare up three mounts for Sequiera, Colindres, and myself. Mine was a huge white horse with asthma and a mangy nose. He proved to be clumsier than a cow, and paid no attention to spur or quirt. The beast fell twice on the steep, muddy trail from Remango, almost hurling me into the valley. After the second time I gave up the struggle and proceeded on foot through mud ankle deep.

Gradually we worked down the precipitous, mud-soaked trail to the lower valleys—tributaries of the Coco River—where the cold climate of the mountains was definitely left behind. We toiled through the still, heated air over bare hills, making a great circle in order to avoid Quilali, where the American marines were razing the town—it has since disappeared from the map.

On the first night we stopped, several miles before we reached the Coco River, at the home of a woman whose son, a civilian, had been killed by an airplane bomb. "We made a very tiny coffin," she remarked, without visible emotion, "because both his legs were blown off."

On the following morning we ascended the Coco River, breakfasted at the river settlement, and then forded directly into the *reten* of Colonel Guadalupe Rivera, a grizzled soldier and wealthy *hacendado* who had turned his place, Santa Cruze, into a Sandino outpost.

More jungle then—humid, reeking. A soldier plucks twenty dollars' worth of purple orchids (New York quotation) and sticks them in the band of his sombrero. Troops of screaming monkeys swing past, stopping occasionally to grimace at us. From the depths of the forest, mountain lions roar. Huge macaws wing across the sky, crying hoarsely and flashing crimson. We ford and reford the north-flowing tributary, for endless hours we toil across the Yali range, and finally drop down near Jinotega in another night of driving rain over a road where the horses roll pitifully, up to their bellies in mud.

A few miles from Jinotega, where a hundred marines were stationed, our little group of thirty men swung boldly, in broad daylight, out through the smiling open country of farms and meadows filled with cattle and wild horses; but occasionally the men scanned the sky apprehensively for airplanes. Here the soldiers singled out the farms of *Cachurecos* (Conservatives) and confiscated horses and saddles. This was the only instance of forced requisitioning I observed on the entire trip. At a ranch-house riddled with the bullets of innumerable conflicts where, during his earlier struggles, Sandino had his headquarters, we learn that he has just arrived in San Rafael del Norte. We dispatch a courier.

At eight o'clock a courier from Sandino, Colonel R, galloped to our camp with a message wrapped around his battery flashlight. Two hours of hard riding, he said, would put us in San Rafael.

In a trice we saddled our horses, and Colindres, Sequiera, Colonel R, and I set out against a racing icy wind. With bent head Colonel R shouts to me the story of the Quaker reconciliation mission that had come to San Rafael some weeks earlier, headed by Sayre and Jones, desirous of seeing Sandino but unable to get through the lines. "Sandino will absolutely not receive anyone coming from the American side," declared the Colonel.

As we swung around a bend, the red eye of a charcoal furnace appeared on the side of the mountain. Soon we were at the first sentry outpost.

"Quien viva?"

"Viva Nicaragua!"

"Give the countersign."

"Don't sell out the fatherland."

"Advance one by one to be recognized."

A short, youngish soldier with a dark-green uniform and smoked glasses took me in tow, saying in perfect English, "You are the American," and "A warm welcome, sir."

Soon we were passing down the main street. Block after block the same peremptory challenge rang through dark guns which barred our passage till the final summons: "Stick close to the wall; advance one by one."

At the main sentry barracks the entire company was lined up at attention; rifles snapped from the ground to the shoulder as we passed. After sundry haltings we arrived at the main barracks, the sound of bugles splitting the night. Sandino's troops are evidently excellently disciplined. Colonel Estrada of General Sandino's personal staff informed us that Sandino would not see us till morning. We were escorted to the home of Colonel R for the night. In a high, bare parlor we sat down in a circle of Sandino's staff and others of his command. At my side was General Giron, ex-commandant of the Department of Peten in Guatemala, a man of fifty with a chubby, mobile face and lively gray eyes. Beside Sequiera sat General Montoyo, a scarf wrapped tight about his throat, for he was shaking from ague.

Shortly two soldiers came in to search us for arms. They removed Sequiera's pistol and my kodak—an inexplicable object. Colonel Estrada immediately ordered it returned with apologies.

After the customary formalities we were taken off at eleven-thirty to dine. The Colonel suggested that we send a note to Sandino declaring that we were at his disposal; if it seemed more convenient to receive us this same night, he should not imagine us too fatigued. The General sent back word that he was suffering with a cold on his chest and requested that we see him at—4 a. m.!

Finally the officers withdrew, whereupon Colonel R and his beautiful wife pulled out the family album. Yawning, we duly admired the contents. A more interesting series of photographs showed the bombing of Chinandega by American pilots. Horrible scenes, indeed! An entire street laid in ruins and sprinkled with mangled bodies. A hospital with tumbled walls and broken bodies of patients. A bank building with a smashed safe.

After too few hours of sleep the blast of the bugler brought me to, fumbling for matches and shoes at the grim hour of four, according to schedule. In less than half an hour, Sandino received me in his office in the rear main barracks by the light of a lantern.

Sandino was born on May 19, 1893, in the village of Niquinohomo. He is short, not more than five feet five. When I saw him he was dressed in a uniform of dark brown with almost black puttees, immaculately polished; a silk red-and-black handkerchief knotted about his throat; and a broad-brimmed Texas Stetson hat, pulled low over his forehead and pinched shovel-shaped. Occasionally, as we conversed, he shoved his sombrero to the back of his head and hitched his chair forward. This gesture revealed straight black hair and a full forehead. His face makes a straight line from the temple to the jaw-bone. His jaw-bone makes a sharp angle with the rest of his face, slanting to an even, firm jaw. His regular, curved eyebrows are arched high above liquid black eyes without visible pupils. His eyes are of remarkable mobility and refraction to light—quick, intense eyes. He is utterly without vices, has an unequivocal sense of personal justice and a keen eye for the welfare of the humblest soldier. "Many battles have made our hearts hard, but our souls strong" is one of his pet sayings. I am not sure of the first part of the epigram, for in all the soldiers and all of the officers I talked to he has stimulated a fierce affection and a blind loyalty and has instilled his own burning hatred of the invader.

"Death is but a tiny moment of discomfort not to be taken seriously," he repeats over and over to his soldiers. Or he will say: "Death most quickly singles out him who fears death."

There is a religious note in his thinking. He frequently mentions God—"God the ultimate arbiter of our battles;" or "God willing, we go on to victory;" or "God and our mountains fight for us." His sayings run from tongue to tongue through his little army.

In our interview with Sandino he first mentioned some battles fought near Chipote. He claimed that all told nearly four hundred marines had lost their lives. This, of course, was an obvious exaggeration. General Feland insisted that only seventeen have died, but I am convinced after talking with many marine officers that the American casualties total between forty and sixty.

After describing the manner in which several American airplanes were brought down, Sandino in rapid fire gave me the basis of his demands in the present struggle: first, evacuation of Nicaraguan territory by the marines; second, the appointment of an impartial civilian President chosen by the notables of the three parties—one who has never been President and never a candidate for the Presidency; third, supervision of the elections by Latin America.

"The day these conditions are carried out," declared Sandino, "I will immediately cease all hostilities and disband my forces. In addition I shall never accept a government position, elective or otherwise. I shall not accept any government salary or pension. No position, no salary—this I swear. I will not accept any personal reward either today or tomorrow, or at any time in the future."

He left his chair and paced to and fro to emphasize this point. He stated vehemently: "Never, never will I accept public office. I am fully capable of gaining a livelihood for myself and my wife in some humble, happy pursuit. By trade I am a mechanic and if necessary I will return to my trade. Nor will I ever take up arms again in any struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives, nor, indeed, in any other domestic struggle—only in case of a new foreign invasion. We have taken up arms from the love of our country because all other leaders have betrayed it and have sold themselves out to the foreigner or have bent the neck in cowardice. We, in our own house, are fighting for our inalienable rights. What right have foreign troops to call us outlaws and bandits and to say that we are the aggressors? I repeat that we are in our own house. We declare that we will never live in cowardly peace under a government installed by a foreign Power. Is this patriotism or is it not? And when the invader is vanquished, as some day he must be, my men will be content with their plots of ground, their tools, their mules, and their families."

Presidential Possibilities
V
William E. Borah

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The fifth in a series of studies of the candidates

IF any man in public life has been more often pictured and dissected and journalistically psychoanalyzed than Senator Borah of Idaho it would be interesting to know who he is. Mr. Coolidge, perhaps, but that is only because he happens to be in the White House. Senator Borah is a puzzle, an enigma, who daily challenges the newspapermen to explain him and his motives and the fact that he is not the very greatest figure in Washington, which they think he ought to be. His early history has been rehearsed so often as to be known by all interested. His fearless prosecution as district attorney of Moyer, Pettibone, and Haywood, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners in the Idaho mining troubles in 1904 when even the Governor of Idaho was killed, drew attention to him as a man of extraordinary tenacity, resource, courage, and relentless determination. The tale has often been told of the train which, with blinds drawn, Mr. Borah successfully used at a grave crisis as a bluff, pretending that it contained troops. But this was only one dramatic moment in a tragic episode which shook his State to its foundations, launched Mr. Borah upon his national career, and brought him in 1907 to the Senate to make him often the despair of his associates and of the daily press. The large city dailies, particularly the writers on finance, have railed at him as if he were the devil's image. There have been periods when these same men applauded him with fervor for standing firm against some dangerous fad or radicalism. He is often the *bête noire* of those conservatives who think he ought to be "good" and pray that he soon will be, while liberals and radicals have for years seen their hopes rise and fall that here was the predestined one who was to lead the country out of the wilderness of special privilege, corruption, and black reaction back to progress and our abandoned personal liberties. Each group in our public life has turned to him only to be repelled and disillusioned. Yet there he stands, a great figure, a demonstration of how a single powerful personality can achieve a position of great influence without that passionate following which, in this country, helps one so effectively to climb to the highest political peak. Mr. Borah remains a lone fighter and not the leader of an army.

He is admittedly the greatest constitutional authority in Congress and probably its ablest debater—certainly he is one of the few in the Senate who measures up to the pre-Civil War giants. Other men are "dinner bells" who empty seats whenever they arise. When it is known that Borah is going to speak the cloakrooms begin to empty and the Senate Chamber and galleries to fill. He does not waste himself by speaking often, which is frequently a vexation to friends who wish him to declare himself on the particular question which is exciting them, especially when they know him to be in sympathy with their views. When he does take a position he prepares for it weeks in advance and goes into action so heavily laden with ammunition that it is extremely dangerous to engage him at close range.

A man of most determined and most impressive exterior, William E. Borah looks like a leader of men and of ideas, and a born fighter. His Western habit of wearing his thick, dark hair long does not produce the impression of eccentricity, but rather adds to the leonine aspect of his face, which bears every appearance of courage and of ability, yet is singularly free from the deep lines one might expect to find in one who has long been in public life. He is cast in so large a physical mold that one has a right to expect big things of him, and he keeps himself in such excellent physical condition that one senses at once his ability to undertake any kind of a parliamentary struggle. More than that, his industry is tireless, his life remarkably regulated. His daily horseback ride in Rock Creek Park is as much an institution in the Capital as the Washington Monument itself. Few other men in the Senate have as good a record for attendance and for roll-call. Sought as a speaker all over the United States, he speaks outside the Senate only on rare occasions, and wins the first pages of the newspapers when he does so. He has the rare ability to make converts as he stands and speaks, and that is an achievement when one addresses men who usually have made up their minds, or have had them made up for them, long before the debate begins. He towers in debate above most of his contemporaries like a battleship in a fleet of light cruisers.

And still Mr. Borah does not fill the place to which his powers entitle him. There can be no doubt whatever that, if the Republican Party at its coming convention should choose the intellectually ablest among the Presidential candidates, it would have to select William E. Borah. There is only the remotest chance that this will happen; that revolves about the possibility of Mr. Borah's coming to the front in a deadlock and making a sudden tremendous impression on, let us say, the subject of prohibition and the enforcement of the Constitution, a sort of prohibition cross-of-gold and crown-of-thorns speech, to sweep the delegates from their seats. The possibility of this is so remote that an English journalist has chided me for even including Mr. Borah in this series of Presidential Possibilities. His old and extremely rotten party will surely decline to bestow its highest honor upon its ablest Senator, who would seem to have earned it by years of arduous labor.

What is the explanation? Is it that he merits the designation of the Lone Wolf who usually leaves the pack to hunt by himself? Is it true that his hand is against all

men? That he is so individualistic that he will never pull in the traces? That he is erratic, peculiar, unstable, incapable of sustained loyalty? That he is without a carefully thought-out program? That he is thinking constantly of Mr. Borah? That he has lost his power to fight any fight to the end? That he can no longer see a thing through without counting the cost to himself? In all friendliness the truth must be written—it is not easy to pen when one so likes and admires a man and is proud to call him friend—that it is William E. Borah who is himself his worst enemy. He alone presents the great and as yet impassable obstacle which has prevented him from either leading his party in unquestioned primacy, or from being the great champion of those masses who, thoroughly disillusioned and discontented, will have nothing to do with either party.

These dissenters long for nothing so much as for a brave, outspoken leader willing to cast his all into the scales, caring not what happens to him or to his own reputation. This the five-million vote for Mr. La Follette showed. What could not Mr. Borah do today if he were to say "a plague o' both your houses" and decide to head a new party as Mr. La Follette did in 1924? Borah voted for the war; he did not bolt in 1912 when Roosevelt split his party and declared it to be utterly bankrupt in character and morals. He did not vote or speak for Robert La Follette in 1924, though he asked and received a letter of indorsement from that great American to use in his own campaign for reelection. He has been entirely regular whenever it has come to a crisis.

Yet the threat of revolt is always there, and reliable reports have it that before the death of President Harding Mr. Borah was ready to do precisely what Senator La Follette did—if only the sinews of war were forthcoming. There seems to be foundation for this belief; at about that time, that is, in July, 1923, Senator Borah made a speech attacking vigorously both of the old parties, a speech that met with an amazing response from press and public at the time. But Harding died; the scene changed. The obscure, unpopular, and distrusted Vice-President became President and subsequently succeeded himself.

It may have been the absence of large means which kept Mr. Borah from crossing the Rubicon—though this is hardly likely, for there is one Senator who for several years, until quite recently in fact, was ready to invest millions and do his utmost to place Mr. Borah in the Presidency. It may have been the extraordinarily sudden change in the White House and Mr. Borah's own rise to the headship of the Foreign Relations Committee, with the veto power this gives him over the President's foreign policies, which brought about a different attitude. The fact is that, if it is true that in 1923 he was ready to go it alone he now appears to have lost his zeal. A writer in the *Independent* declares that the Senator's stock as a possible Presidential candidate has never been so low. I do not think this is true, and I insist that Mr. Borah himself could change this overnight if he would only cut loose and talk the real truth as he knows it with such sincerity and vigor as, for example, mark Senator James A. Reed. It would need only a declaration on Borah's part that he proposed to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth to start things. If he were then to say only what he as an honest man, and one of brains, must think of the Coolidge Administration, it would electrify the country. Should he then speak out about the Republican Party, as did Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, he would make his nomination on a third ticket inevitable. I am not saying that such a course would land Senator Borah in the White House, but I do maintain that it would give him the moral political leadership of the country. Yet, as in 1923, he lets I dare not wait upon I would.

Obviously this man is not a Lone Wolf, for he has returned to the pack at crucial times. He has pulled in the traces on innumerable occasions—as during the war days. He is not incapable of loyalty because he is still loyal to some brands of Republicanism which his party today stands for. He has also been loyal to the timid little man in the White House. He is certainly not thinking all the time of William E. Borah, for in that case he would not have fought for numerous unpopular causes such as the recognition of Russia, the return of German enemy property, the restoration of civil liberties, the overhauling of the Alien Property Custodian's office, the recodification of international law, and numerous other things, to say nothing of his constant antagonizing of the powers that be in Wall Street. Mr. Borah still does battle against injustice without counting the cost to himself. His mind, when determinedly set to a course, holds to it as truly as a Sperry automatic electric helmsman steers a transatlantic liner. But the courses upon which he sets it are fewer, lead through smoother waters, and are less dramatic. When it appears to him that there is, after all, not as much at stake as he thought, the course may be abandoned, or the ship allowed to zigzag or turn about for another port. Take this very question of the Alien Property Custodian. Mr. Borah himself pushed through the Senate the resolution appointing a committee, of which he became the chairman, to overhaul the records of that office, which is a mass of graft and favoritism. Something changed the situation in his opinion; with the weapon given to his hand, he has never used it. Similarly, he has now dropped his proposed investigation of the situation in Nicaragua.

When Jane Addams and others appealed to him for his aid in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and referred to the extraordinary outburst of opinion the world over against the execution of these men, Senator Borah replied most mistakenly that "It would be a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage to pay the slightest attention to foreign protests, or mob protests at home." Foreign interference he declared "to be an impudent and wilful challenge to our sense of decency and dignity and ought to be dealt with accordingly." Two days later he swung around to the other side, and, when it was too late, offered his services freely to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee to aid in getting things done. Curiously enough, there is not another man in the Senate who has so often touched England and Europe on the raw by expressing his opinions as to what they should do to set their own houses in order and how they should behave in international affairs.

Speaking of foreign affairs, Mr. Borah declared in 1914 with much truth that America's unpopularity among the nations is caused by her "incapacity" for minding her own affairs, but he later joined those who wished the United States to enter the war—the frontiersman's readiness to resort to violence coming to the front. He declared that it was "the crucial hour for American liberty"; that the war was "for American honor and American lives." He went with the mob at first only to wake up quickly to a realization of the fearful consequences to the United States of allowing Mr. Wilson to subordinate all constitutional safeguards to the waging of war; and he has done penance ever

since. He now realizes the incredible folly of trying to right any human wrong by the crime of using force, and he states this in these words:

> I am opposed to the recognition of the right to employ force against a sovereign nation in any contemplated plan of peace. After 2,000 years of this worship of force, after 2,000 years of this teaching what are the results; what are the fruits? If anyone is familiar with the vernacular of Hell, let him undertake to paint the picture. Human tongue is inadequate to the task.

Which is precisely, of course, what those who opposed the United States going into the war said at the time when Senator Borah was being swept off his feet by his belief that American honor demanded our plunging into hell.

The enemies of the people, namely, the business powers that control our government through the medium of the Republican Party which they own, are too often right in saying that Senator Borah can be counted on to draw back just before the irrevocable step. The Washington correspondents have in their files the record of too many causes which Mr. Borah once embarked upon and did not carry through. Yet there is no man in Washington whom they go to more quickly and eagerly when he has a statement to give out; none whom they more gladly quote on any vital question concerning events and policies at home or abroad. Whatever people think of him in Europe—they are especially hurt that he never comes over to study European conditions for himself—anything that he says is immediately cabled abroad.

Let us, however, not forget. However much he may vacillate now and then, William E. Borah has done more than enough to win him the lasting gratitude of the American people. He has determinedly opposed monopoly. He has opposed our Caribbean imperialism, especially our treatment of Nicaragua, and though at one time in 1916 he favored using the armed force of the United States to protect our people in Mexico, precisely as he was in favor of going to war with Germany, he has in these latter years followed a much wiser and more humane course. Speaking at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 20, 1927, he rightly declared that "there is a higher and better, and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends." Those were thrilling and unanswerable speeches he made against the vicious peace treaty and its injustices. It was he who later pointed out the indefensible character of the Shantung awards and rammed home the fact that nearly one-third of the population of the world protested against the territorial maladjustments of the peace treaty. In fact, his fight against ratification and against the League of Nations gives a full measure of his farsighted statesmanship—it is inconceivable that if he had been in Wilson's place at Paris any such abortion, such a mass of disgraceful compromises, could have come into existence and been offered to the American people as the fruit of their victory. He is often too much of an isolationist for me. But I recall his persistent statement that while opposed, in the spirit of George Washington, to any entangling alliances, he favors anything "that will bring nations closer together, promote friendliness, and remove causes of friction." It must also not be forgotten that it was Senator Borah who originally proposed the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments which took place in Washington.

Everyone owes him gratitude for his straightforward decency to our late enemies in all matters since the war, and for his advocacy of peace, notably his championship of the outlawry of war. Not the least of his services is his attitude toward Soviet Russia, his demand that we recognize the stablest government in Europe, and that we refuse to allow ourselves to be blinded in our relations with that great country because we do not like the form of its government or its social ideals.

As for his attitude on domestic issues, he remains blind like so many of the other progressive Senators to the evils of the protective tariff and fails to realize its direct connection with the wholesale corruption which has so often disgraced the Republican Party. So far as our race problem is concerned, while he has pleased the South by declaring that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments cannot be enforced because of inherent defects in those amendments, I am sure that our colored citizens will never forget that while still an attorney in Idaho he was ready to risk his life to rescue a Negro whom a mob was preparing to lynch; that he sent a ringing notice in 1921 to certain North Carolina Republicans who were trying to drive the Negroes out of the Republican Party in that State, that he would rather leave it himself than lift one finger to aid them in so undemocratic and un-American a purpose. He was early for amnesty for political prisoners. It was the same Senator Borah of Idaho who sought to place upon the statute books a law making automatic the dismissal of any official who violated the right of public assembly, or contravened the personal rights of any individual as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. "The most vital provision of the Constitution of the United States is the First Amendment." This is his deliberate opinion in an article which he contributed to *The Nation*, and he added: "There is no subject of deeper concern in these days than that of preserving the civil rights of the citizen. . . . We cannot afford to barter these rights or sacrifice them for any purpose or under any circumstances."

So there we have William E. Borah, leader of the Senate, still somewhat youthful in effect as he takes the floor, quiet, poised, speaking frankly and directly, with clear enunciation and a musical voice. A tremendous believer in oratory, he is none the less free from the mannerisms of the ordinary spellbinder. He is never theatrical and rarely stops for an effect or tries for applause. If the Drys decide to bolt both parties next summer, here is their natural leader, their chief. None could be so effective as Borah if he should burn his bridges behind him and throw his fortunes into the scale. But if this does not come to pass, we should continue to see him a great, baffling personality; in the Senate he often seems a lion fighting as if at bay, justifying, as has been said, his every act and every position by Constitutional precedents, and continuing to worship at the shrine of the Founders of the Republic. Behind his slightly smiling lips, his kindly, searching, amused eyes, his keenness of mien, will continue to be the threat of a sudden glacier-like response overwhelming his adversaries whom he often goads into fury, trapping them by seemingly innocent and simple questions. Men will continue to admire the powers in him. Reformers will still feel that he is one of the few men in public life who can be stirred by a principle to battle fiercely for that principle. The public will, somehow, sense his greatness. But the marvel will remain that he whom nature plainly destined for a foremost place in our political life is by himself kept from occupying it.

Murdered Miners

By POWERS HAPGOOD and MARY DONOVAN

Wilkes-Barre, February 27

IN the little anthracite coal town of Pittston, Pennsylvania, the contract mining system and the struggle between the progressives and conservatives in the miners' union have taken a toll of two lives in the past few weeks. The life of another man hangs by a thread, while three miners of the insurgent group are now in the Luzerne County jail charged with murder.

Thomas Lillis was shot in the back and killed from ambush just after midnight of January 19 as he was returning home from a union meeting. He was one of an insurgent group in Local 1703, United Mine Workers of America, composed of employees of Number 6 Colliery of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. A week previous the entire insurgent slate of local officers had been elected over the old officials composed of contractors and followers of Rinaldo Cappellini, president of the 60,000 union miners of District 1. At this time Alex Campbell, a progressive leader and opponent of Cappellini, whose house had been dynamited a year previous, was elected check-weighman of Colliery Number 6. The company refused to recognize him and shut the mine down rather than allow him to serve in the position to which he was elected. This lockout of the Number 6 miners resulted in plans of the insurgents to bring on strike the employees of other mines operated by the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

Several unsuccessful conferences were held between the newly elected local union officers and the officials of the coal company. The local men urged the district officers to act in bringing about a settlement, but with no results. Number 6 worked only two days in January—not at all in February.

On February 16 Sam Bonita, president of Local 1703, with Adam Moleski and Steve Mendola of the Grievance Committee, came to Wilkes-Barre to the district office of the miners' union to speak with the district officials about the lockout at Number 6. Cappellini was not in, but the men talked with three other district officials, including Organizer Frank Agati, referred to in the press as "Cappellini's personal bodyguard." In the course of a few second's conversation Agati questioned Bonita's honesty and then, according to Moleski, hit the local union president in the nose. Shooting then began. Agati fell, mortally wounded, and the three local union officers fled.

There were six bullet holes in the office walls and window, one in the wall against which Bonita stood. Bonita's gun, which he had been given a permit to carry after the murder of Lillis, held five shots. When found it was empty. After making his escape Bonita returned twenty-four hours later and gave himself up, saying he shot in self-defense. Moleski had immediately gone to the district attorney's office to state the facts of the shooting and Mendola had been arrested.

Eight miners to whom I talked the week-end after the shooting said Agati was always armed and often carried two guns conspicuously in his hip-pockets for the purpose of intimidation. The police of Pittston in investigating the death of Lillis found that two criminals had been staying in town for the two days previous to Lillis's murder. One was from Buffalo and the other from Philadelphia, both wanted for murder in their respective cities. The morning following the murder one of these men sent several hundred dollars home to his family. Both had disappeared from town the day after the murder and have not been found. Their landlord admitted to the police that Agati had been their visitor during their stay in Pittston.

Agati was also a contractor in the mines. The system of contract mining has been bitterly fought, especially in Pittston by the insurgent group. The contractors, who are members of the union, take over an entire section of the mine and employ from two to a hundred or more other union men to work for them. The majority of them do not stay more than an hour a day in the mine, but appear at the pay window the first and fifteenth of the month for wages for coal dug by their employees. Many of them have other jobs. The most vicious feature of this system is that it lends itself to graft, and the men say that those contractors who are willing to pay a substantial "throw back" to the various mine bosses are given good places in the mines. It is also said that the district officials receive a "throw back" from the contractors. In 1920 Cappellini, at that time a rank-and-file miner in Pittston and friend of Campbell, led the fight against the contract system which resulted in its abolishment. As a result of this he was swept into office by an overwhelming vote in 1923. Hardly had he become district president, however, before the contractors again were allowed to return to the mines in Pittston.

Even though the contractors make tremendous wages, the advantages to the company are many. Under the agreement between the coal companies and the United Mine Workers, the companies themselves cannot reduce wages. If they let their mines out on special contracts, however, the contractors can employ their fellow-union men to work for them, pay them the regular day wages as laborers, and force them to produce from 50 to 100 per cent more coal than the men would have to produce for the same wages if working directly for the company. This system makes it possible for the companies to under-cut the scale agreement without repudiating their agreement as they did in the bituminous region. All the old officers of Local 1703 were contractors. None of the new ones are. Alex Campbell, Sam Bonita, and other insurgent leaders have very definite plans again to abolish the contract system, this time permanently.

Three days after the fight resulting in Agati's death, Sam Greco, an insurgent leader, was shot three times in the head and probably fatally wounded as he was going home with his wife in the evening. It is generally believed in Pittston that this was a direct reprisal for the killing of Agati. Greco is a member of the Grievance Committee at the Number 6 Colliery. A few hours after he was shot he sent for Alex Campbell, told him "they had got" him and would "get" Campbell next. The doctors say Greco's recovery is doubtful and that, if he lives, he will be blind.

Local Union 1703 has elected a group to work for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. Though it is quite evident that Bonita shot in self-defense, the district officials are anxious to discipline in every way the insurgent groups, the most active of which is in Pittston. All three have been formally charged with murder and the district officials of the United Mine Workers are the chief witnesses against them. Moleski was out on bail as a material witness for several days until the preliminary hearing against Bonita. When he insisted in his testimony that Bonita was attacked by Agati before he fired, he was remanded to jail without bail and on February 25 was charged with murder. The administration in the miners' union is determined that the three men shall die in the electric chair, the opposition just as determined that they shall be freed.

Wilkes-Barre, February 29

Yesterday the bodies of Alex Campbell and Peter Reilly, also one of the progressive union leaders, were found in Reilly's car less than 100 yards from Campbell's house. The bodies were riddled with shotgun bullets, Reilly's head having been completely severed from his body.

[Powers Hapgood and Mary Donovan were arrested on March 4, when a group of miners attempted to hold a meeting to raise funds for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. The charge on which the prisoners were held was "inciting, encouraging, and provoking a riot" and with "having been unlawfully concerned in a riot and unlawful assembly."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE following letter, which has been trying to catch up with the Drifter for several weeks, rebukes the Drifter for his uncomplimentary remarks about an Innsbruck hotel-keeper.

I received your issue of October 19 in Innsbruck, and up to that reading had been inclined to look upon the Drifter as a worldly and knowing person. Your story about the tram conductor in Verona who let his passengers wait while he earned a fee is good, and characteristic of Italy, in the old days before Mussolini had begun his regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder. But why should it be prefaced by the story of a surly hotel-keeper charging an outrageous price for a cheerless room in Innsbruck?

A really wise and wordly Drifter would have walked further from the station and the neighborhood of tourist hotels on wide clean streets and tried his luck in the old town of crooked byways, arcaded sidewalks, and native hostelries. Here, under a huge swinging golden rose he could have turned into a spotless white-washed entrance —an "altes Haus, renoviert"—where he would have found the most heavenly combination of modern conveniences (adequate heat and plumbing), local Old World atmosphere, and pleasant service for the modest sum of five Austrian schillings, or eighty-five cents a night.

Here, in the low-ceiled raftered dining-room, sitting on an oaken settle running under the pewter and majolica plates and landscapes of the Tyrolean Mountains hung on the walls, he could have consumed an excellent dinner, including a generous portion of the best sweet wine in the world, known as muscatela, for another seventy-five cents.

And here he could have watched the life of the village pass before him in review. The courteous spade-bearded host is never far away, and later his wife comes in to join a game of checkers and make sure her guests are comfortable and well served.

No, to be exploited in Innsbruck—or, for that matter, anywhere else in Austria—is, like side whiskers, a man's own fault.

* * * * *

THE Drifter feels properly humble, but he offers an amendment and an excuse. The incident in Verona took place in 1924 in spite of Mussolini's "regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder." The Innsbruck unpleasantness can be blamed partly upon the fact that by the time the Drifter arrived there his adventurous spirit had been emaciated by a severe head-cold and he flopped into the nearest hotel that had a room left. The next day he did penetrate into the real Innsbruck and found it pleasant, tobacco smoke and all. But here he must perpetrate another heresy. Spoiled as he is by the rich warm color of the Rockies, he found the gray mountains around Innsbruck depressing. He tried to overcome it and went a cold day's carriage ride into them, to the tiny village of Sölden. He stayed—and shivered—for a week. The snow peaks thrilled him, the inn was pleasant and cheap, the beer was delicious, but the August sun seemed to give no heat and, worst of all, the rivers and streams of that section are filled, not with the clear green glacial water that makes a joy of thirst, but with a murky liquid, gray like the mountains. If he had felt like scaling peaks he might have been warm and happy—but there was that head-cold. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Pan-American Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sandino was kept out of the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, but the Woman's Party of the United States got in. The conference had a definite program to work from, and a definite plan for dealing with it. The question of equal rights for women was not in that plan. When the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Santiago de Chile in 1923 recommended on vote of Maximo Soto Hall, delegate from Guatemala, the inclusion in the agenda for the succeeding conference of a study of methods for obtaining equal rights before the law for the women of the twenty-one American countries, no one—probably not even Sr. Soto Hall himself—expected much.

The Sixth Conference, assembling in Havana this January, certainly did not dream of a feminine invasion. Women never had disturbed the Pan-American delegates by so much as a petition, and it would have seemed highly unreasonable to expect such disturbance in Cuba of all places. In Cuba the new constitution grants women the vote, then automatically nullifies it by a joker in another Article, but the women had it protested. When the delegates arrived, they found with some amusement that two members of the National Woman's Party—Doris Stevens, chairman of the Committee on International Action, and Mrs. Clarence Smith, chairman of the National Council—had been in Havana for a week, and had established headquarters in the Hotel Sevilla Biltmore, where the purple, white, and gold Woman's Party flag fluttered from the balcony along with the flags of the twenty-one sovereign American states, and a few days later Mrs. Valentine Winters arrived from Ohio and Muna Lee from Porto Rico.

Little by little the delegates became aware of an activity and a controlled excitement, a constant concentrated challenge.

Miss Stevens and Mrs. Winters, on the day after their arrival, called upon Dr. Bustamante, head of the Cuban delegation and soon-to-be-elected president of the Sixth Conference. They told him what they wanted: that the conference recommended the negotiation of a treaty which when ratified would give equal rights to men and women before the law in all the countries of America. Dr. Bustamante, although friendly and interested, pointed out the difficulties of such a course.

"And we want a chance to present the case for equal rights to the Pan-American Congress in plenary session," flashed Doris Stevens, waving difficulties to one side.

Dr. Bustamante murmured something about "the rules." Miss Stevens and Mrs. Smith had the rules with them and turned to the paragraph stating that the congress might invite whom it pleased to speak on any subject about which the members wished to hear.

Mr. Hughes, likewise, assured the women that so far as he was concerned there would be no objection to having the women appear before the conference. Obviously, the thing to do was to get invited! People began to drop in at the Sevilla headquarters, invitations to speak began to come too, and none of them was ever refused. Organization after organization of Cuban women heard and eagerly responded to the plan for a treaty granting equal rights to the women of the Americas. Detailed press stories were sent out daily in Spanish and in English. An increasing army of women lobbied every delegate. The poor men opened any one of the five leading Havana dailies to find an equal-rights story staring at them from the Spanish headlines. They drove up to the university where the conference was in session and were amazed to meet women coming to them with the same quiet demand. They went out to dinner in the evening and sat next to a woman who asked pleasantly in Spanish or English or Portuguese or French: "How soon will women have their hearing?" There was no escape—not at the Yacht Club or the Jockey Club, not by the roulette wheel at the Casino or on the golf course, not even when presumably safe in their offices or at their hotels. Wherever there were women there was that insistent question: "When shall we have our hearing?" In the Law Building —the *Edificio de Derecho*—which was the center of the conference, a table draped with the Woman's Party's purple, white, and gold was a center from which radiated many currents of activity. These women received lobby assignments, discussed methods of getting the treaty before the congress, distributed literature, and answered questions about "the first treaty, in the history of the world," as Doris Stevens explained through the columns of a hundred papers in half a dozen languages, "proposed by women on behalf of women."

The enthusiasm and energy of the Cuban women was unequivocal answer to all who had ever said (and how many they have been!) that the Latin woman does not want her rights; that the Latin woman will not speak in public; that the Latin woman is bound by customs which she cannot break.

Help began to come from within. Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, Colombian Minister in Washington, Dr. Bustamante, Dr. Ferrara of Cuba, Dr. Amézaga of Uruguay, Dr. Alfaro of Panama, Dr. Guerrero of Salvador, Dr. Garcia of Mexico, all declared themselves heartily in favor of an open hearing. Then entire delegations fell into line—Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Cuba, Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Paraguay. The day when Dr. Varela Acevedo, president of the Uruguayan delegation and ex-Minister of Uruguay in Washington, proposed in the Committee on Initiatives that the open hearing be granted, Dr. Pueyrredon of Argentina seconded the motion, and it was carried without dissent. The open hearing which "could not be granted" became an accomplished fact, at the cordial invitation of the Pan-American Conference itself.

The women presented their case briefly and urgently. For the United States, Doris Stevens and Mrs. Clarence Smith spoke; for Cuba, Dr. Julia Martinez, Sra. Maria Montalvo de Soto Navarro, Sra. Angela Zaldivar and Sra. Pilar Jorge de Tella; for the Dominican Republic, Sra. Plintha Wos y Gil; for Porto Rico, Muna Lee. That was Porto Rico's only appearance at the conference. Fifteen hundred women who had crowded into the Aula Magna of the university and had been standing, waiting, an articulate, swaying mass, for more than three hours, burst repeatedly into joyous applause which was echoed here and there from the places where the delegates listened with divided emotions but unified attention. Outside, thousands were crowding up the splendid flight of white stairs, while the radio amplifiers carried the speeches through the bright Cuban air. It was a larger and far more responsive crowd than that which had heard Presidents Machado and Coolidge some weeks earlier.

"We are glad the conference granted the women that hearing," *El Pais* remarked editorially that afternoon, "else we should likely have seen something comparable to the storming of the Bastille!"

The result was immediate. The conference unanimously voted to have the report on equal rights received and discussed in plenary session rather than in one committee. When that report was made, a resolution was voted declaring that an Inter-American Committee of Women be constituted, to prepare information to enable the next Pan-American Conference to study constructively the civil and political equality of women. This committee is to consist of seven women, appointed by the Pan-American Union, the number to be increased by the committee itself until each republic is represented thereon.

At least in this hemisphere no more international codes are to be written concerning women without consulting women. The struggle for equal rights has become an inter-American movement. The women of no country will look upon the cause as won until it is won for all. Here at last is a unity of ideal and effort which establishes a real, a spontaneous, a spiritual commonwealth of Pan-America.

MUNA LEE DE MUNOZ MARIN

San Juan, Porto Rico, March 1

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, France, Wales, Germany, and Russia; MARY DONOVAN was secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

GEORGE STERLING, who died last year, was a famous California poet.

R. F. DIBBLE'S latest biography is "Mohammed."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the College of the City of New York.

WILBERT SNOW is a New England poet, author of "Maine Coast."

ABBE NILES has made a special study of popular music and poetry.

SOLOMON BLUHM is associate editor of the *Reflex*.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly" and "The Ethics of Opium."

Books and Plays

Two Sonnets[1]

By GEORGE STERLING

The Unavailing

Alas! these mad monotonies I cry,
  Seeking for love a music and a speech,
  Striving in untranslated pain to teach
My soul a tongue that, living, could not die!
How mute the clouds and stars upon the sky,
  And yet how great their anthem! On the beach
  Toward hills that cannot hear the billows reach,
And hearing, changeless were the hills' reply.

Earth and her voices babble or are still:
  So must it be forever. If it be
    That Heaven awaits, and all the harps thereof,
In strains angelic half our thoughts must thrill,
  In songs celestial half our ecstasy,
    In that eternal music half our love!

Glen Ellen.

Hesperia

What spoils of perfectness from far and wide
  Were gathered for thy full perfectitude!
  What blossoms delicate and subtly-hued,
And nacre from the moon's unsullied side,
Upon thy maiden countenance abide!
  And on thy mouth lost roses are renewed
  And in thine eyes celestial light is dewed.
Ah! that thy voice might live what music died!

Thou art the sum of all, and final sweet
Of all fair things made hopelessly complete.
  Thy feet on deathless asphodels are led;
    Thou waitest where the gates of vision are,
  With Heaven a golden mist beyond thy head,
    As lies the sunset round the evening star.

Carmel.

First Glance

IN 1921 a group of young men in Nashville, Tennessee, most of them connected, I believe, with Vanderbilt University, became interested in the writing of poetry. They had formed the habit of meeting one another regularly to discuss a variety of intellectual matters; now they discussed poetry—not poetry in general, or poetry as it ought to be written, but poetry as they might write it if they tried. The experiment prospered; manuscripts piled up; and soon they were publishing a magazine called the *Fugitive,* which ran under a kind of cooperative editorship for three years and a half. Then it stopped, having become famous far beyond the confines of Tennessee and having, perhaps, run its due course and performed all the service of which it was capable. But the poets did not stop. John Crowe Ransom has found a public in England and America for two volumes of distinguished verse; Donald Davidson has followed with two more; Laura Riding (a later addition to the group) has published two of her own; while Allen Tate and others, removed to new sections of the country, have continued to represent American poetry in one of its most advanced and interesting aspects.

Eleven of the lot have recently combined to exhibit in an anthology called "Fugitives" (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50) a number of specimens expressive of the group. That it is an important anthology no one abreast of the times will deny. But there is more to say about it than simply that. To me it is an intensely interesting document bearing upon the whole question of how vital poetry gets written. I suppose there is no one formula with which the question can be answered, any more than there is a set of directions which a beginning writer can memorize in order to succeed. But I am convinced at any rate that the way taken by the Fugitives toward poetry is one of the best ways—it was the way, incidentally, of the thirteenth-century Italian poets, of the symbolists in France, and of certain late nineteenth-century English and Irish poets. It is the way of friendship and discussion; it is the way of the amateur society. The Fugitives, as they tell us in the preface to their anthology, issued no manifestos because they had no ideas as to how poetry ought to be written. Perhaps they agreed upon the kinds of poetry which should be avoided—hence the name of their society. But no dogmas were imposed upon the members, and in particular there was a fine lack of theorizing about life. They were true amateurs, meeting for a purely practical purpose and giving one another purely practical help. It is not surprising, then, that they stumbled upon the real thing or that they made a permanent contribution to American poetry.

A reader who comes upon the volume without preparation may find it difficult going at first. Mr. Ransom, Mr. Tate, and Miss Riding are not for those who read and run; nor for that matter are the other eight, though Mr. Davidson, whose poems commence the collection, is reasonably "clear." But such a reader will find it worth his while to give all of the poems his careful attention. Intricate both in form and in content, they will produce a kind of pleasure he has not known if his contact has been only with the widely advertised schools of American poetry. The Fugitives, dispersed though they now are, were together long enough to discover how poetry can be created, and their anthology is valuable if only as evidence of that fact.

MARK VAN DOREN

Stage Design

Stage Decoration. By Sheldon Cheney. The John Day Company. $10.

IN recent years stage designing has all but rivaled interior decoration in the favor of the dilettante. Armed with no more than a box of water colors and a few sheets of paper, innumerable enthusiasts have swept the vested real-estate interests of New York into the discard with a wave of the brush, and there have been more theaters than castles built in Spain. Meanwhile, of course, the conventional structures on Broadway have stubbornly refused to transform themselves into amphitheaters, circuses, spectatoria, or what not, and yet they have,

[1] From "Sonnets to Craig," soon to be published by A. and C. Boni.

evertheless, slowly made one concession after another to the conoclasts. Mr. Belasco may still cling more or less to the ıe established in the days when even he was an awe-inspiring in-ıovator, but he has few now to follow him in his faith in the mpressiveness of "real tubs"; and there is hardly to be found ımong the most conventional productions of the most conven-ional dramas a single drawing-room which does not, at least by :he tendencies which it reveals in the direction of simplification, show some influence exerted by the theorists. Simonson, Jones, ınd their followers pretty nearly rule the Broadway which they ɔnce startled; even the Burlesque show displays to complacent patrons riotous back drops which still remind us of the invasion of Bakst and Urban; and the weird wheels of the constructivist's machine-ridden imagination may be seen revolving upon some of the smaller, more daring stages. Only the Metropolitan Opera House is still—or at least was the last time I saw the opera—reminding us of what used to be done back in the pre-Belasco era by setting "Manon Lescaut" with a gigantic easel-picture hung back stage, and this Opera House, indeed, remains, with all due respect to the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University, our most valuable Museum of Theatrical Antiquities.

Books of design have been almost as numerous and varied as designers, but Mr. Cheney's handsomely printed volume is perhaps the most comprehensive and informing conspectus which we have of the history of the *mise en scène* with special reference to recent events. It begins with a descriptive account of the general development of stage settings and a brief exposition of the various prevailing theories, but it is essentially a picture book with 256 illustrations (mostly page or half-page plates) very admirably selected from the immense number of pictures which the recent widespread interest in the subject has caused to be assembled. Through them one gets a very direct and vivid conception of the primitive conditions amidst which theatrical presentation was born, of the gradual rise of that naturalistic passion which culminated in such things as the hideously cluttered room reconstructed by Belasco for "The Return of Peter Grimm," and of the results of the contemporary restless experimentations. As long as the not-quite-realized ideal of "imitation" dominated stage design it served, exactly as it served in the plastic arts, to give a certain unity of direction to all effort, but as soon as a near-perfection of naturalism was reached pioneers started off upon each discoverable road which would lead away from it. Like the painters they agreed upon nothing except that "representation" was not what they wanted, and the conflicting schools which arose in the theater—the simplificationists, the symbolists, the expressionists, the constructivists, and the advocates of the bare Elizabethan platform or the Greek amphitheater—were merely the analogues of all the mutually contradictory theorists whose babble resounded through the studios.

Mr. Cheney takes no sides and presents the theories and the accomplishments of the various schools with complete impartiality. He agrees, moreover, that the setting must always be subordinate to the play to the extent, at least, that its purpose must always be to aid in getting the play acted, in revealing its mood, or in somehow furthering the playwright's intention; and if I disagree in any way with his presentation of the subject the disagreement goes only so far as the wish that he had more explicitly used this principle to explain the fact that there is at present so little agreement as to just where the future of staging lies. The real reason that we do not know what sort of theatrical presentations we want to have is simply that we do not know what kind of plays we want to write. As long as a predominantly realistic drama of contemporary life remains our chief dramatic form the stage designer must remain for the most part content with settings which represent no more than a tastefully simplified realism, and if our drama should develop in another direction it will be his business to take his cue from that direction.

The best unconventional settings which our theater has achieved have been—like Simonson's scenes for "Marco Millions"—efforts to solve the problem of a particular play rather than expressions of a theory on the part of the designer, and this is the only satisfactory method to follow. Some of our poorest plays have, on the contrary, been the result of an effort on the part of experimenters to write something suitable for presentation in this or that manner and have given the impression, not that the playwright wanted to say anything in particular but rather that he wanted to say something—no matter what—in a particular theatrical form. The result of this putting the cart before the horse is to spoil the drama without developing stage-craft, and it illustrates the danger of too keen an interest in the theater considered apart from the needs of the dramatist. Experiment can prepare the designer to be ready for the opportunity when it comes, but ultimately he must not lead but follow.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Ph.D., LL.D.

A Man of Learning. By Nelson Antrim Crawford. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

MR. CRAWFORD certainly knows a great deal about college presidents, but he knows even more about the "Americana" department of the *American Mercury*. The character of Arthur Patrick Redfield is a compound formed of approximately one part average college president and two parts Rotarian spirit, with a dash of deviltry and a pinch of sycophancy added to make the mixture more palatable. There are doubtless some university heads in this country who are considerably more intelligent and dignified than this burlesque representative of the type, but, just as certainly, there are many others who are even more commonplace and banal. In other words, Redfield, though a deliberate and detailed caricature, frequently gives one the uncomfortable feeling that some hundreds of American colleges would gleefully swap their present incumbents in the presidential chair for this composite specimen of the species—and throw in a half-dozen professors to boot. For Redfield is the twentieth-century go-getter par excellence; the magic of his preposterous oratory, with its myriads of cliches about service, altruism, optimism, consecrated salesmanship, and red-blooded democracy, wins the hearts of everyone who hears it. Boards of education, governors, bishops, millionaires, and even—as he learns to his eventual sorrow—his pretty librarian are so thoroughly hypnotized by his Himalayan eloquence that they promptly do his every bidding. The unfortunate experience already hinted at does not, however, disturb his magnificent self-confidence a single jot. After he decides to resign from the presidency of Thompson Walker University rather than face a committee appointed to inquire into his private life, he emigrates to Florida, becomes a booster for real estate, and makes more than a million before the crash comes. And there, with a fat flask in his hip-pocket and a copy of his "Be Loyal to Florida" in his hand, he is still Carrying On and doing ever Bigger and Better Things.

This brief outline gives some idea of the quality of Mr. Crawford's performance. Perhaps the chief fault to be found with his book is that it is not quite of a piece; its satire often lapses into farce, and its buffoonery into sheer horse-play. Like Elmer Gantry, Redfield does some things that even a triple-plated jackass would know enough to avoid doing; but Mr. Crawford, inventive and amusing though he is, lacks the epic gusto that somehow manages to redeem the inequalities of the work of Sinclair Lewis. He does not, like Lewis, create a character that is even more alive than those dreadfully realistic persons who appear monthly in the "Americana"; his realism lacks the imagination—one might almost say the high romance—that the best work of Lewis shows. He works more like a photographer than a painter, for—as Dr. Redfield himself might say—he is an artisan rather than an artist. For example, the episode in which President Atwood of Clark University made

a fervid speech, turned out the lights, and summarily dismissed an audience that was listening to Scott Nearing appears verbatim in "A Man of Learning." But Mr. Crawford has nevertheless written a book that is going to make many sides ache and many ribs sore during the coming months.

R. F. DIBBLE

An Ironical Notation

Iron and Smoke. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

RATHER more of our English masterpieces have been written in a good solid roast-beef style than in a savory mushroom one; so let no reader who, like myself, prefers the latter turn rashly away from this unusual book.

It is not chiefly, as one reviewer has said, "the story of two women and a man who has never given himself to either, though he has taken from them what he wanted," because, as another suggests, no truly great man ever does give all of himself to his woman. It is not the story of a great friendship, as most of them agree. It cannot be compressed into any one sentence. If it could, I should say that it is an ironical notation of commonplaceness, seeking to mitigate its dulness by breaking through occasionally into the great stream of life, and then scurrying quickly back to land. I should say that it is an ironical setting of the eighteenth-century ideal of moderation in the midst of one of the most immoderate tempests history has seen. The story is not stripped to a skeleton so that its meaning can be seen by all who run. Only when the tempest subsides for a time, when the great post-war strike that follows it is over, and people tell themselves that life can again be calm and orderly, does Miss Kaye-Smith permit her ironical intention to show its head for one tremendous moment.

The two heroines hear over the radio of the ending of the strike. The announcer's voice "flowed on like cream. Suddenly she [Jenny] noticed that it had abandoned prose. Mere prose could not do justice to the corporate sense of deliverance that the voice expressed. It was the voice of sixty million British subjects, who, whatever their politics or whatever their sympathies, had suffered untold alarm and inconvenience from this threat of the world's to turn upside down." But the poetry which the announcer chose to express the relief of these sixty million creatures that the smooth surfaces of life would not again break up and dismay them was that of Blake, the seer of visions, the man who was forever breaking through surfaces to the fiery core within!

> And did the Countenance Divine
> Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
> And was Jerusalem builded here
> Among these dark Satanic mills?
>
> Bring me my bow of burning gold!
> Bring me my arrows of desire!
> Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my chariot of fire!

And so, having shown the hissing head of her intention, the author reverts to quietness. At one time the pleasant heroines of her book called on love; at another they called on the great prophet-poet; and both times, although they were gallant women in their separate ways, they were uneasy when the "dark wings had been spread over them." And, since they were uneasy, they went thankfully back to their habits and their routines.

The title does not bear me out in this interpretation. It has to do with the change from an agricultural to an industrial economy, the rape of Demeter, the beginning of modern war. Other things do not bear me out. It is, in fact, too complex and too suggestive a book to be compressed into a sentence.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Since Pushkin

Russian Poetry. An Anthology. Chosen and Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. International Publishers. $2.25.

IT is difficult for a lover of poetry to be absolutely detached in his criticism of translations from his favorite poets. He is inclined to be unreasonably jealous of every word, every image, every subtlety. Refusing to accept "limitations of linguistic media" as an extenuating circumstance, he demands that the translated version be as great as the original. He brooks no makeshifts. Indignantly he rejects a translation that presents a dimmed, reduced, or distorted image of the thing he loves.

To a critic of such sensibilities, the present volume will bring little joy. Indeed, even one unacquainted with the beauty of the original would be shocked by the utter inadequacy of lines like the following:

> Then my troubled spirit is fulfilled with quiet.
> Then no more with wrinkled brow I mope and plod.
> Then I can conceive of happiness on earth here,
> And I can believe that in heaven I see God.

These lines purport to come from Lermontov—"a poetic genius," say the translators, "such as rarely graces any language." These lines purport to be a translation of one of the most beautiful stanzas in one of the most cherished lyrics in Russian literature. Needless to say that in the original the poet is not "fulfilled with quiet," that he does not "mope and plod," that he does not "conceive of happiness on earth *here*," and that instead of merely believing that he can see, he actually does see God in heaven.

But if in this anthology giants are occasionally made to look like pigmies, pigmies are often made to look like giants. Thus, Igor Severianin, a mere rhymester, a literary nonentity, appears in translation superior to Lermontov or Pushkin. And while incomparably greater poets (Gumilev, Pasternak, Mandelstamm) are completely omitted, Igor Severianin is allotted three pages. One wonders what literary criteria the translators used in their selection.

Still, certain translations in the book are excellent. Kazin's The Carpenter's Plane is really delightful. Blok's great poem Twelve retains a good deal of its original distinction. The introductory essay and the biographical sketches are very good. And, since this collection is something in the nature of a pioneer work, it is more than praiseworthy.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Refined Balladry

Minstrelsy of Maine. Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and Coast. Collected by Fannie Hardy Eckstrom and Mary Winslow Smyth. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

BALLADS and folk-songs which have been sung on the Maine coast or in the Maine woods, local verses showing how mute the "inglorious Miltons" of America really are, and studies in balladry such as one finds in folk-lore magazines and Ph.D. theses make up this, the third book of its kind to come out of Maine in recent years. The ballads and songs lose three-fourths of their value because none of the airs are printed. There ought to be a law forbidding anyone to publish folk-songs and ballads without the tunes. It takes the flesh and blood of music to make these dry bones live. In this book not more than a dozen have poetic interest enough to warrant their standing alone.

Moreover, the words here are too proper. The editors themselves realize this and say quaintly enough that it should have been a man's job. No men came forward; the ballads and

Come to the Birthday Party

Hotel Pennsylvania
March 13th

Paul Robeson will sing during dinner, and short talks will follow, by

Karl A. Bickel
Heywood Broun
Florence Kelley
Fannie Hurst
Julian W. Mack
John Haynes Holmes
James Weldon Johnson
Roger N. Baldwin
Carl Van Doren
Freda Kirchwey
Sidney Hillman

The Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers invite you to attend a dinner in honor of

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,

celebrating his fifty-sixth birthday and his tenth Anniversary as Editor of The Nation. It will be held at the Hotel Pennsylvania Tuesday, March 13th, at 6:30 P. M. If you cannot eat with us, we hope you will come and listen to the program.

Tickets $3.50

Admission to Speaking (at 8 P. M.) $1.00, payable at the door.

¶ At eight o'clock Mr. Villard will cut his birthday cake.

¶ At eight fifteen he will receive his Birthday Present.

¶ At eight thirty the program will commence.

¶ At ten thirty it will be over and then we are invited to stay and talk as long as we like.

¶ The entire program will be broadcast over Station WEVD, New York City (by the Debs Memorial Radio Fund, which operates on a 245.8 meters wave-length).

Late News of the Birthday Present

No more announcements will be made about the birthday present until March 13, when the first copy of The Nation Book, inscribed with the names of all those who have helped to make the Tenth Anniversary a success, will be presented to Mr. Villard. At the same time all the new subscriptions which constitute our fast-growing birthday gift will actually be put into his hands. The total will be announced at that time. Remember, the list does not close until Saturday noon, March 10.

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"poems" were dying out; and they did what they could to collect and preserve the more decent portions.

The village Miltons did their work so poorly that it would seem a charity to push this part of the book into oblivion. Local pride (and we Maine-iacs, being provincial, possess more than our share) should not blind us to the fact that doggerel is doggerel. Such stanzas, for example, as

> The weather was tremendous cold,
> All mixed with snow and hail;
> It was cold enough to take our lives,
> Exclusive of the gale

have about as much poetry in them as "The Sweet Singer of Michigan" has. By the same token, the parodies and imitations of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Kipling, and Drummond are scarcely worth preserving. Now and then a local effort, such as "The Life of Nicholas Thomas" in 130 stanzas, is worth retaining because of its forthright sincerity, its naive simplicity, and its epic content, even though most of its stanzas are doggerel. It takes rare discrimination to know what to throw away; and, like most ballad enthusiasts, these editors have erred on the side of including too much.

To ballad collectors the most interesting part of the book is the portion telling of their ballad quests. One whole chapter is devoted to a search for the locale of the famous song The Jam on Gerry's Rock; another tells the bare facts about the return of the schooner A. E. Horton, a return which gave James B. Connolly his material for "The Echo of the Morn." It is a stirring tale well told. Other excursions yielded new versions of such noble songs as The Falling of the Pine and Peter Amberley. For salvaging this lore of the woods and coast the editors have put us in their debt.

To people not especially interested in ballad lore the joy of the book will be found in such unforgettable stanzas as

> And every pitch the Nancy made
> She soused her jibboom under;
> Her halyards clue came from the flue,
> And snapped with a crack like thunder.

WILBERT SNOW

Seventeen Negro Songs

My Spirituals. By Eva A. Jessye. Edited by Gordon Whyte and Hugo Frey. Illustrated by Millar. Robbins-Engel, Inc. $2.50.

THE compiler of this gaily appareled collection of seventeen spirituals is a colored woman, a qualified musician and the leader of the well and favorably known Dixieland Jubilee Singers, and she has had to go no farther for her material than to her own memories of a childhood spent at Coffeyville in southern Kansas, a one-time refuge of runaway slaves. Such a combination as hers of race, talent, and early associations is represented by few if any of the names attached to other works in this field, and it may well be assumed that the functions of the "editors" of the present volume have been largely advisory in spite of the fact that one of them, Mr. Frey, is himself to be credited with fifty of the best arrangements of spirituals in print.

Miss Jessye's work in these pages is superlatively good. Stripped of her sparkling accompaniments, which without sacrificing anything of the spirit of the songs themselves exploit their possibilities to the utmost, this would be only an average group of Negro folk-tunes, though yet a contribution to knowledge in that almost every one is here published for the first time. (Miss Jessye's "John Saw De Holy Numbah" is wholly different from the air in Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals"; her "Tall Angel at de Bar," from the song of that name in Kennedy's "Mellows"; but "I'm a Po' Little Orphan" is a variant arranged by Manney of "Sin-

BORZOI BOOKS

To be published March 16th

MR. HODGE and MR. HAZARD

By ELINOR WYLIE

This delicate idyll of nineteenth-century England differs markedly from *The Orphan Angel*, yet proves even more engaging. It chronicles the brief romance of a noble and appealing figure, a poet who has spent himself in the cause of liberty. $2.50

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"A story of thirteenth century Norway, cold, dark, brooding as the northern winter, briefly and fiercely passionate as its hot, sudden summers. . . . A fine book, deeply moving in content, icy in detachment, fiery in emotional quality."—*The Outlook.* $3.00

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By ISA GLENN

A striking study of two types of women. "Some readers will find *Southern Charm* shocking; others will find it amusing. All will find it remarkably shrewd in its psychology. Miss Glenn knows feminine character. And she knows Southern women."
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.* $2.50

THE BONNEY FAMILY

By RUTH SUCKOW

This arresting story of an American family confirms the important place which Ruth Suckow has gained in the national letters as one of the most sure and perfect craftsmen of the day. "Sarah Bonney is one of the loveliest figures in recent fiction."
—*The New York American.* $2.50

TO YOUTH

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

"*The Table* might serve as the family history of say twenty million and one families in this diverse country. Imaginative, simple, brief, it seems to me an outstanding example of a poet's picking out the essential high lights of life to illustrate a whole philosophy and a whole scheme of existence."
—*Bruce Gould in The N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.50

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York

In Canada, from The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

er, Don't Let Dis Harvest Pass," in Fisher's "70 Negro Spirituals.") Her brief introductions to the various songs, interspersed through the pages with black and white drawings s in "Mellows" (the obvious model for the format) accomplish nore than the evocation of a vague propitious "atmosphere." Each credits its subject to a remembered singer in Coffeyville; further, contrives without theorizing actually to facilitate an appreciation of one spiritual's merits and an understanding of its function among, and relation to, the unnumbered others. Miss Jessye, it appears, not only can look backward but can tell what she sees so that the reader also sees it; one should write more, who can command the color, rhythm, and humor with which Miss Jessye tells, for instance, of three Coffeyville ladies:

> They were typical devotees of the old order and considered it a sacred obligation omitted if they failed to shout when the preacher delivered a stirring sermon. All three often shouted at once, and then there was excitement a plenty. It was then that Aunt Lizzie, weighing three hundred pounds, would give way to the Spirit in a manner purely fistic, while Fanny Watts strode sedately around the church with tears rolling down her cheeks.
>
> Aunt Charlotte carried on a rapid-fire conversation with the preacher during the sermon corroborating, admonishing, "Yes, suh,"—"Preach it, elduh," and shaking her fist in his face, "You'd better preach it, suh!" As the sermon would draw to a close, someone would start up the rhythmic shout, "Tall Angel at de Bar," and unable to control herself any longer, Aunt Charlotte would shout and preach, stopping at intervals to exclaim, "God tole Charlotte to shout steady." When the emotion spell was spent she would sink back in her corner breathing heavily, "Strong God."

ABBE NILES

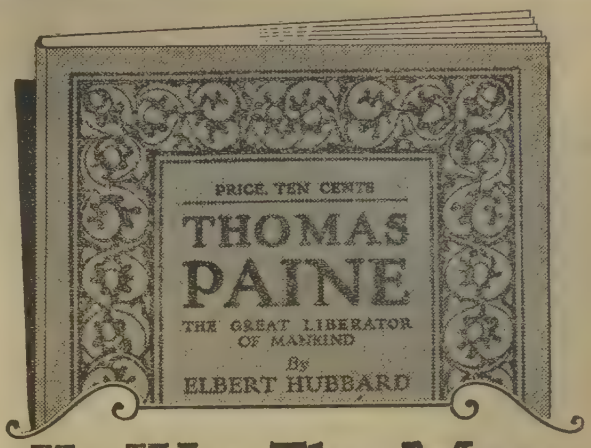
A Notable Reprint

The Polish Peasant in Europe and America. By William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

"THE POLISH PEASANT" is not a new or even a recent work. For a decade it has been known to sociologists as a classic example of painstaking and scholarly research into the very texture of a national grouping, and as a model for the type of constructive investigation requisite to any sane and sympathetic understanding of that congeries known as America. Published originally in five large volumes, with the imprint of Richard Badger and the University of Chicago, it was, in the very nature of things, confined to a limited circle of the initiate.

Within ten years the esoteric has become common property, sociological concepts and methods have attained respectability, and even technical vocabulary has been absorbed into popular currency. And yet not by the widest stretch of the imagination could this book be accounted a good investment for any publisher. Accordingly more than a passing grateful acknowledgment is due the zeal that now makes this study available to a larger group of readers at a reasonable price and in a text presented without emendation or abridgment.

In pursuit of their purpose the authors utilized the best type of sociological materials available—personal life records, wherever possible, such as letters and other vehicles of personal expression and confession; and out of these was constructed a fascinating and authoritative picturization of that social evolution which results from a continual interaction of individual consciousness and objective social reality. The Polish peasant is studied in his home environment, and we glimpse almost at first hand the psychology and organization of the isolated peasant communities in Poland and their evolution into integral



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parts of the Polish national body. The progressive complication of the problems of a pure society under the inevitable disintegrating forces of a modern world is graphically portrayed. And finally the critical problems inherent in the process of Americanization are analyzed with sedulous care for social truths rather than preconceived doctrine.

> . . . "assimilation" is not an individual but a group phenomenon. . . . The individual does not stand isolated in the midst of a culturally different group. He is part of a homogeneous group in contact with a civilization which influences in various degrees all of its members. And the striking phenomenon, the central object of our investigation, is the formation of this coherent group out of originally incoherent elements, the creation of a society which in structure and prevalent attitudes is neither Polish nor American, but constitutes a specific new product whose raw materials have been partly drawn from Polish traditions, partly from the new conditions in which the immigrants live and from American social values as the immigrant sees and interprets them.

Unfortunately the studies of other national groupings, of which the authors hoped "The Polish Peasant" would be only a forerunner, have not materialized. However, the incisive methods and deductions of this pioneer study remain unchallenged and, in general, universally applicable. That it can be reprinted after a decade with its validity unimpugned is rare testimony of a work planned and executed in terms of ultimate values.

"The Polish Peasant" does not merely bear rereading. It is a source of perennial refreshment because of the diverse sources of interest it supplies. The ungarnished materials—letters, etc.—would alone justify the book. The various sectional introductions and annotations transcend in scholarship and readability the vast mass of sociological verbiage that clutters our libraries; while the general Introduction, and more especially the famous Methodological Note, seem the *sine qua non* of basic sociological procedure. No longer can any student of social affairs be condoned for his failure to own and to be thoroughly conversant with this classic. SOLOMON BLUHM

Books in Brief

Meat. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

This is a puzzling novel. Not because, as the jacket pretends, it will make people tear their hair over the problem of whether the world should be made safe for the weak at the expense of the strong—anyone with half a mind can see that the sacrifice involved is fruitless and wicked—but because of the book's unequal literary merit. Mr. Steele tells his story in a style which is finely simple, stripped of all unessentials. But if at times he writes with a poetic incisiveness which is wholly admirable, at others, and in the very same paragraph, he resorts to deliberately unexpected twists which are cheap rather than original. It becomes particularly unfortunate when he tries o combine whimsical fantasy or sentimentality with journalese slang. One can only hope for a purer and more successful amalgamation in his next book.

Dragon Lizards of Komodo. By W. Douglas Burden. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ten-foot pig-eating lizards, Bali dancing girls, and the author's wife, served with a delicate sauce of science.

Julius Caesar and the Grandeur That Was Rome. By Victor Thaddeus. Brentano's. $5.

The trouble with this book is that it has too much of everything: too much color, inflated diction, melodrama, fiction, and "sex appeal," and decidedly too much use of the present historical tense. If a proper sense of proportion had induced Mr. Thaddeus to omit one-half of each item in this excess baggage, his book might have compared not unfavorably with Klabund's powerful sketch of Peter the Great; as it stands, however, this biography is quite as gaudy as the flamboyant purple covers and end-papers that encase it.

History of the American Working Class. By Anthony Bimba. International Publishers. $2.75.

This is a proper Communist book, taken up chiefly with a chronicle of strikes and other labor upheavals, with denunciation of the bourgeois oppressors of the honest American toilers and with scarification of the "treason" of their non-Communist leaders—that is, all the leaders they have ever had. Mr. Bimba declares that his book does not claim to be impartial. It realizes this ambition.

Drama

Tepid Romanticism

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER has written and David Belasco produced a rather old-fashioned and very ponderously named comedy entitled "The Bachelor Father" (Belasco Theater). It deals in a sufficiently decorous fashion with the adventures of an aging and irascible English gentleman who decides to gather in from the ends of the earth three illegitimate children—the fruit of his youthful indiscretions—and who (it need hardly be added) is not only softened but made a better man all around by this tardy resurgence of paternal emotions. Just the sort of play which no critic making the slightest pretense at taking the theater seriously will treat with anything more flattering than condescension, it is also just the sort which will go on quietly filling the Belasco month after month with contented customers—with people who find the "Chicagos" vulgar and the "Strange Interludes" incomprehensible, but discover in such plays as this the same sort of tepid romanticism which delights them in the fiction of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Pictorial Review.* William Winter would have found its comfortable unreality more "wholesome" than Ibsen, and Mr. Belasco knows, to his profit, that the style which is naively supposed to have gone out with Winter is still vastly popular with his particular public.

It would be easy to point out various incidents which illustrate how flagrantly the play violates all probability even in the simple externalities of its action—to remark, for example, that one of the girl children sets out for Florence on (literally) two minutes' notice when she gets an engagement with an opera company and that the other, having been wounded in an airplane accident, is not taken to a hospital but brought back home in another airplane. It would seem, moreover, that even the least sensitive ear would recognize that the synthetic argot spoken by the American girl is far more like the laborious lingo of a second-rate sports writer than like any language ever spoken by a living person. Yet these absurdities are significant only as furnishing tangible examples of the all-pervading unreality which is as conspicuous, though less tangible, in every stroke of the characterization and every element of the atmosphere. Not one of the dramatis personae ever thinks, speaks, or acts like a human being, one touch of nature would disrupt the entire production, and we can never forget for one moment that it *is* a play.

Actually, however, to say that it is artificial is by no means to say enough. Doubtless "Hamlet" is artificial in its own way, and certainly some of the best comedies ever written have been completely artificial. The real and depressing emptiness of such plays as this results not from the fact that they are artificial but from the fact that the artifice adopted is so much duller, shallower, and more monotonous than reality. Even real people talk better and behave in more surprisingly interesting

ays than these regularized puppets; truth is most certainly ranger than these timid fictions. In the presence of success- il artifice we wish, for the moment at least, that life were se that, but in the presence of most examples of popular art e thank God that it is not.

Some years ago the critics left off praising Mr. Belasco and egan to rail at him with distressing regularity. Though oubtless he does not mind, it seems hardly worth while to do again, and yet the fact remains that he does seem to have genuine and persistent preference for this sort of thing. He ongratulates Mr. O'Neill and regrets that a "misunderstand- ig" resulted in his failure to produce "Marco Millions," but omehow or other no misunderstandings seem to arise when a lay like "The Bachelor Father" comes along. Incidentally, une Walker plays the slangy American as well as the role ermits.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's latest undertaking, "Improvisa- ions in June" (Fourteenth Street Theater), is modern enough n intention, but though occasionally amusing it is on the whole a rather thin and feeble satire which goes through a number of fantastic antics to prove that money can't buy everything. There are an American millionaire, his melancholy son, and a charlatan who represents, I suppose, the vices of modern art. Though the son is not amused by the latter he recovers his faith in life when he learns that the charlatan's daughter can't be bought. The play is said to have run two thousand nights on the Continent, but I suspect that its popularity was in some part due to the fact that it blames things in general on the American. T. S. Stribling's novel "Teeftallow" has been made into a play called "Rope" (Biltmore Theater). It is excellent melodrama with an unusually exciting mob scene and an effectively drawn background of life in a small Southern village.

"Sh! The Octopus" (Royale Theater) is, as its title suggests, a completely unrestrained mystery play; "The Wrecker" (Cort Theater) is a railroad melodrama which is pretty good so far as its mechanical thrills are concerned and rather unusually bad in its serious moments.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Italy Fights Opium

By ELLEN LA MOTTE

A MEETING of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations (known to the ribald as the Smugglers' Reunion) took place in Geneva from September 26 to October 8, 1927. This was a special or extraordinary session called because Cavazzoni, the Italian delegate, has been insisting that the opium and drug situation is rapidly getting worse and that, apart from pious wishes, earnest hopes, and vague resolutions, nothing has been accomplished. He wanted this special session to consider smuggling as due to the over-manufacture of drugs and their subsequent escape into illicit channels. The published documents of the League show a vast contraband traffic, proved by the great numbers of seizures of contraband all over the world. Year by year this evidence has been piling up, and the Opium Committee has solemnly discussed the situation, yet the thing goes on. Nothing has been done to curtail production of the raw material, or to lessen the amount of manufactured drugs, or to ration the factories. The Opium Committee has noted, regretfully, the scale on which the illicit traffic continues, but has done nothing fundamental—no blow has ever been struck at the source.

Well, here comes Cavazzoni, the new member of the committee, and he attends a meeting or two, and decides that something is amiss—he hates to be suspicious and all that, but it looks queer. He notes that there are only forty factories in the world, in eight countries—America, England, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and India. And that America, the only country not in the League, is the only one that has limited manufacture and adopted advanced restrictive legislation. In all the other countries an incessant stream of drugs flows out of their factories, hundreds of times in excess of the world's medical needs. He assumes that this excess output is intentionally designed for the illicit trade, and the League documents amply confirm his assumption. How comes it, asks Cavazzoni, with the evidence before him, that the gentlemen on the Opium Committee, representing these manufacturing countries, have not been able to stop the outflow?

This extraordinary session, therefore, was called to humor Cavazzoni, a potential trouble-maker, a refractory member of a heretofore united committee, a man who does not see eye to eye with his colleagues, but looks at the drug trade as a measure of human waste and suffering, not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. A unique point of view.

For the first few days after the meetings began, things droned along as usual. Seizures of contraband were reported from this or that country and a few new details were added. Many of the cases had been discussed last January, and it would have been well, said the committee, if these various details could have been sent in at that time. Would some one please write to the country in question and ask it to be more prompt? For a moment it seemed as if the agenda would be so packed that there would be no room for Cavazzoni.

But his moment finally came on the fourth day. And it was an epoch-marking day in the history of the opium trade. He presented the committee with a "Memorandum," a document of some thirty pages, outlining a scheme by which the illicit traffic might be stopped. He avoided the controversial issues, such as over-production of the raw material, nor did he advocate reduction of the manufactured drugs. He would have gone on the rocks if he had, knowing the committee's powerful opposition to those two fundamental questions. Instead, he mapped out a plan of control or supervision whereby manufactured drugs could be watched all the way to their ultimate destination. The committee has constantly spoken of the necessity for "control," but its suggestions have always been vague. Now they were suddenly offered a scheme for absolute and complete control, worked out painstakingly to the most minute detail. It well-nigh took the committee's breath away. Nothing like it had ever been known before. And this document, making provision for every leak, served to call attention to these leaks, and to show how numerous they are. In a speech in the Assembly two weeks before, Lord Lytton had said that every factory should be surrounded by a "ring fence," and here was Cavazzoni presenting the committee with a blue-print showing how to build it. For example, the internal trade must be controlled by certificates, issued each time a purchase is made from a factory or from dealer to dealer. And these certificates must be on banknote paper, to make forgery difficult; and numbered, so that each one corresponds with its proper stub; and the books of all dealers must be open to inspection, so that every consignment may be traced. Furthermore, these dealers must be bonded, just as bank tellers are bonded, or others who handle large sums of money. For in the last analysis, a ton of heroin is a ton of money—and tainted at that. There was also strict supervision for bonded warehouses, those hotbeds of smuggling, wherein tons of drugs are deposited to lie fallow till the transaction is forgotten and they can be slipped out. This amazing document makes provision for the closing of every leak, every avenue of escape into the illicit trade. It sets a standard for narcotic control by which other regulations may be measured to see if they rise or fall short. The day on which the scheme was presented was an historic occasion in the fight against drugs—the first time a concrete proposal was ever laid before the committee.

The committee delayed a few days before discussing this document—doubtless planning how best to dispose of it. When the debate finally took place, all the delegates said much the same thing. They thanked Cavazzoni for his zeal, well meant but perhaps excessive. They all said they had laws covering many of Cavazzoni's points but, said the Swiss, perhaps not quite so severe. The British delegate said he did not think Cavazzoni had gone far enough; why had he not urged the speedy ratification of the Geneva Convention, which provided for a Central Board of Narcotic Control? This would bring about the millennium. Each delegate ended with the same plea—the Central Board as a panacea. The unanimity of these appeals for the Central Board was significant. The upshot of the debate was the appointment of a small committee to study the Cavazzoni plan in detail, the study to take place shortly before the next meeting of the Opium Commitee.

Cavazzoni is a vigorous opponent of this Central Board. The drug-profiting nations are wild to get it established, and are making intensive efforts to railroad it through. Every

atter under discussion is somehow twisted into a plea to t it up quickly, and Cavazzoni fights it at every turn. He ys the League has no right to delegate its authority over e opium question to a body completely independent of and tside the League. This the Central Board would be. Nor uld it by any stretch of ingenuity be regarded as the hild" or "organ" of the League. It would be appointed by e Council and financed by the League, but the connection ould end there. It would sit in secret and issue or with-ld whatever information it chose. Composed of the manu-acturing and producing nations—the same ones that have ocked all progress on the Opium Committee—it would em a highly dangerous body to set up. The world would e at the mercy of the drug interests, and there would be no rther publicity such as the League has been staging at eneva.

A small subcommittee was given the task of defining he duties of this Central Board (if established) and those f the Opium Committee. Cavazzoni protested that these wo bodies would either conflict with or duplicate each ther's work, but the small subcommittee brought in its eport, saying there was no fear of either. To the Central oard was assigned every important task, particularly that f relieving the Opium Committee of the burden of collect-ng statistics, the most valuable work the League has done. n fact, the Opium Committee was to be disemboweled. No urther publicity for these damning figures which show up he illicit trade! This subcommittee composed of India chairman), Great Britain, France, Holland, and Serbia, ompletely showed its hand. Cavazzoni flatly refused to ccept its report, and in consequence he was added to the ommittee and it was sent out to try again.

The last day of the session saw the climax of the fight. t the end of each session the committee makes a short eport, nine or ten pages, a summary of its work to be pre-ented to the Council. This draft report is always drawn up y the chairman (on this occasion Sir John Campbell, Brit-sh India) and on the last day it is gone over page by page, ach delegate making any corrections he thinks fit. Each oint must be accepted by a majority of the committee, be-ore going on to the next. On this last day, October 8, the raft report was presented and was gone through carefully nder the guidance of the chairman. All went well till they truck page 15. That contained a paragraph saying that Cavazzoni had presented an interesting and elaborate plan or the control of illicit traffic, and concluded: "The scheme vill be annexed to this report."

At once the chairman said: "We will cut out this last entence. The scheme will *not* be attached to this report, ut will appear in the minutes."

Cavazzoni was up in arms. This special session was alled on purpose to deal with smuggling and methods to heck it. He had presented a plan for checking it and this *must* go to the Council.

At once the meeting was in a tumult. Everyone wanted o protest, but the chairman said there must be no debate—he question must be voted on—yes or no. Should the Memorandum be annexed to the report, or left out? Vari-us members tried to speak but were ruled out by the chair-man. The British delegate said if that Memorandum were annexed it would establish a precedent. Cavazzoni said he welcomed a precedent; if any member had a better plan, let that also be sent to the Council.

"Vote on the question," angrily exclaimed the chairman.

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At once various delegates began to offer amendments. The chairman lost his head and his temper. "Will Cavazzoni not interrupt!" he exclaimed. As a rule, the delegates are invariably referred to as the honorable delegate from this country or that, but Cavazzoni was just Cavazzoni in that heated atmosphere. Amendments came pouring in; the chairman tried to speak, to shut them up, to stop the debate. No time for translations—French and English being spoken indiscriminately, at the same moment, and the steam-roller trying to crush the opposition.

Finally a vote was taken on the Japanese amendment; the Japanese tried to explain what he meant, but was shut off. In the confusion the French delegate said: "We have now three amendments before us—will the chairman please read them?" "I will NOT," said the chairman. "Vote on the Japanese amendment." The vote was taken; the British, Indian, and Dutch delegates voted not to attach the Memorandum to the Report, while five others voted to do so—Italy, France, Portugal, Serbia, and Japan. It was a jolt, the first time the British have been defeated. Cavazzoni's wit, good humor, ability, and magnificent courage won him the support of four delegates. A wedge had been driven into the heretofore solid ranks of the opium bloc.

The reading of the report continued but struck another snag. A document was placed before the committee, and the chairman said: "This question must be discussed in private. Will the audience leave the room?"

"Why?" drawled the French delegate.

"If you look at that document, you will see why," snapped the British delegate. "It concerns the Central Board."

"I still see no reason for secrecy," replied the Frenchman. "Let us vote." Again a vote was taken, and Great Britain, India, and Holland voted for secrecy, while the Italian, French, Serbian, Portugese, and Japanese stood for publicity. Another jolt.

The question seemed harmless enough. It was a request to the Council, asking the Council to instruct the Opium Committee to make an exhaustive study of the Central Board and its duties. Instantly the British delegate said: "I want this wiped out. It is impertinent of us to ask the Council to instruct us to study the Central Board."

"We are a committee of experts," said Cavazzoni; "what other body is so competent to study this question?"

"I want this deleted," exclaimed the British delegate, and instantly there was pandemonium again. Finally, after a stubborn and hot debate, a vote was taken and again Cavazzoni won. For the third time the drug interests lost.

The published proceedings of this extraordinary session fail to give one an adequate idea of what took place on that final hectic day. Indeed, the thing seems tame. As a member of the audience, one got a vastly different impression from the impression obtained by reading the printed minutes. But this may be accounted for by a remark which appears at the end of page 83*; "The Chairman said that certain consequential alterations in the report might be necessary; these the Secretariat should be asked to make."

It seems a pity that there are no verbatim minutes of these meetings. Verbatim minutes, which if not published, might at least be accessible in typewritten form, so that one could compare them with any "consequential alterations" it had been found desirable to make.

* Minutes of the Tenth Session of the Opium Advisory Committee.

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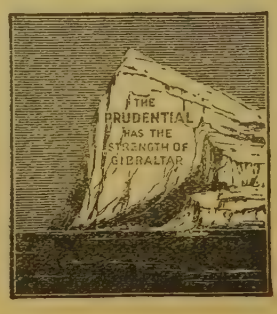

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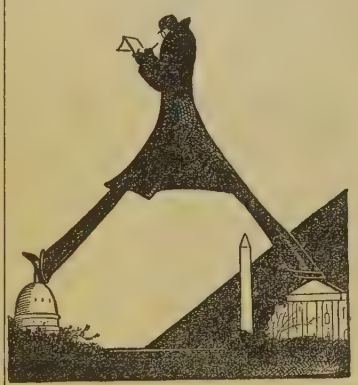

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There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York

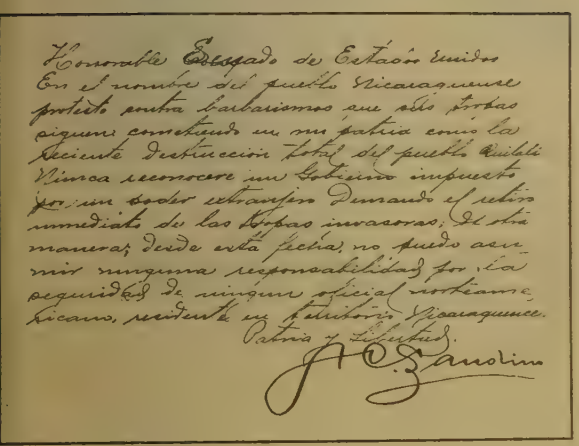
Mellon—"Silent in the Presence of Sin"

The Nation

Vol. CXXVI, No. 3272 FOUNDED 1865 Wednesday, March 21, 1928

War in Nicaragua

Sandino's Message to the Senate



(*Translation*)

HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

In the name of the Nicaraguan people I protest against the continued barbarism of your forces in my country, such as the recent total destruction of the town of Quilali. I shall never recognize a government imposed by a foreign Power. I demand the immediate withdrawal of the invading troops. Otherwise from this date on I cannot be responsible for the safety of any North American official resident in Nicaraguan territory.

For Fatherland and Liberty,
[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

Admiral Sellers's Demands

The Ultimatum Dropped Behind Sandino's Lines

Sandino's Reply

Signed and Handed to the Nation's Correspondent

To the U. S. Senate

A Message from Sandino

Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge

by Carleton Beals

Fifteen Cents a Copy Five Dollars a Year

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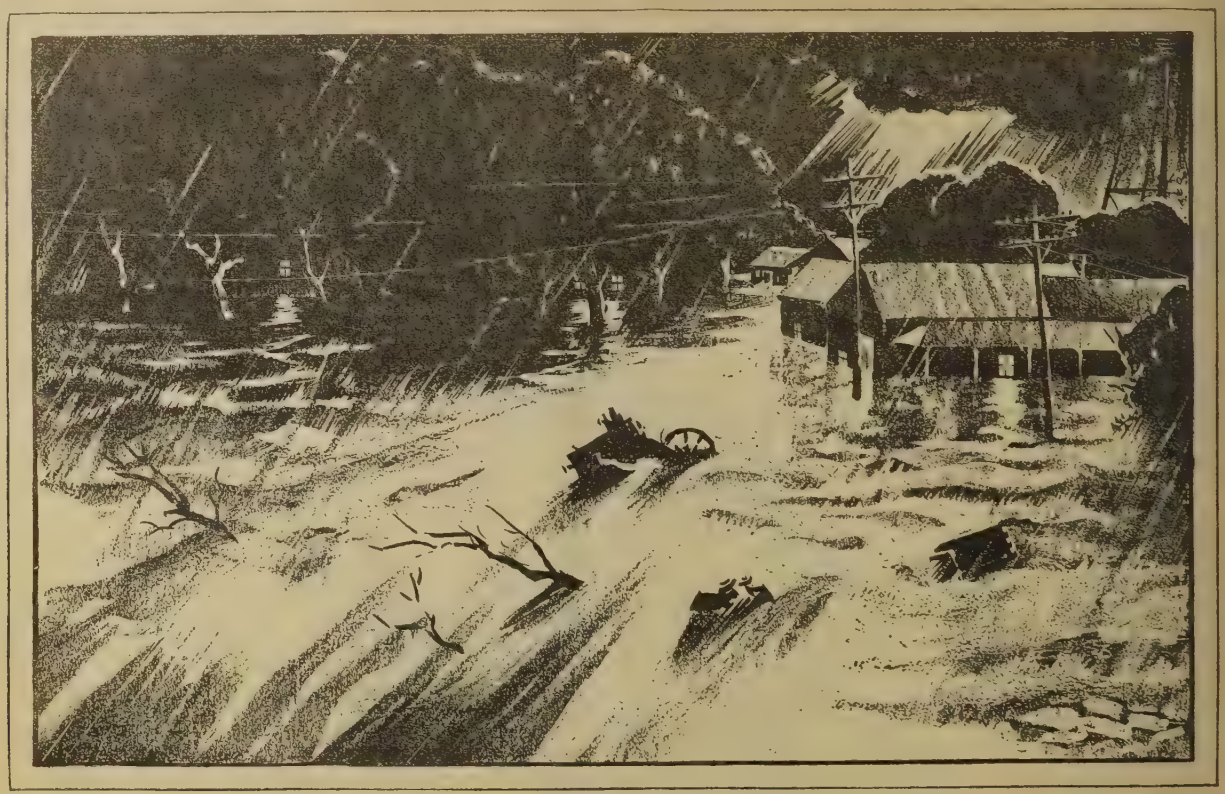

In the Day's Work

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Mississippi was rising sullenly —ripping jagged crevasses in even the most stoutly built levees, inundating wide areas of farm lands, making thousands homeless.

At one of the many towns facing the crisis, a break came spreading ruin through the streets. A government steamer rescued 900 refugees, but the four telephone operators refused to forsake their posts. The telephone company notified the operators that they were not expected to stay. Friends warned them to leave at once. They decided to remain on duty, and the exchange was the only thing in town that continued to carry on.

The world hears little of "the spirit of service" until times of emergency and disaster . . . when a flood on the Mississippi or in New England, a storm in Florida or St. Louis commands the attention of the whole nation. But behind the scenes this spirit is always present. Each hour of every day, telephone calls of life or death importance speed over the wires of the nation-wide system, and telephone users confidently rely upon the loyalty and devotion to duty of the men and women who make this service possible.

"Get the message through." That is the daily work of the more than 310,000 Bell System employees.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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THE SANDINO-SELLERS CORRESPONDENCE and the other messages from Sandino which appear on later pages of this issue have more than passing documentary interest. They were handed to Carleton Beals, *The Nation's* correspondent in Nicaragua, by General Sandino himself in his camp at San Rafael. The letter from Admiral Sellers was picked up behind the Sandino lines, where it had been dropped by a Marine Corps airplane. Carleton Beals asked General Sandino if he had sent a reply. Sandino said No, and promptly called in one of his soldiers, to whom he dictated the letter addressed "To the Representative of Imperialism in Nicaragua." At the same time he dictated and signed the messages to the United States Senate and to the Sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana. These he handed to Carleton Beals, who sent them by mail direct to *The Nation.* They are published in this issue for the first time anywhere. As the issue appears they will be submitted by the Editor of *The Nation* to Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

WHY IS IT that no politician seems to be able to take and hold a strong position against prohibition? It is now even rumored that Al Smith is considering a statement which will help to win him Dry support. We cannot believe it; but on the other hand, as we have already pointed out, Senator James A. Reed has weakened on his full-fledged opposition to prohibition, and has discovered that it is less a political question than a moral one. This is the more surprising because in September, 1926, he gave an interview to Mr. Charles G. Ross of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in which he said:

> One of the great issues of the day is the need of decentralization of the government and the return to the States of the control of their local affairs. A great deal of that can be accomplished by the repeal of federal statutes that ought never to have been passed, but it cannot be fully accomplished without an amendment to the Constitution repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, and permitting each State once more to establish and maintain its own police regulations.

He then added: "I am unqualifiedly in favor of permitting the people of the United States to have the opportunity of voting on the Eighteenth Amendment." He also stated his belief that "each State can handle the liquor question for itself better than it can be handled in Washington." Now this is an honest and straightforward position, whether one agrees with it or not. Why should the mere fact that he has become a Presidential candidate incline the Senator to run away from it?

SENATOR NORRIS CROWNED his years of fighting against the proposal to turn over Muscle Shoals to private interests by a magnificent review of the case in the Senate during parts of four days—days of speaking that taxed his strength to the uttermost. There never has been a finer example of the attitude that a high-minded statesman should take toward a question of this kind than Senator Norris has given. For months upon months he buried himself in the details of this case to the exclusion of almost everything else, and made himself a master of the subject. Fortified by his detailed knowledge, he then hewed to the line, fighting steadily for the principle involved in the matter. We do not know at this writing what the outcome of this battle will be, but it looks as if a final decision would again be delayed. This is better than to have the project turned over to private interests, although, as Will Rogers put it: "When you see a $150,000,000 plant lying idle it gives you an idea of the pull in legislation that the power trust exerts. They say, 'If we don't get it nobody else will.'" There is coming, largely as a result of Senator Norris's efforts, a clearer understanding among the public of what the fight is about. Among the organizations that have upheld the Senator in his stand and report an awakening and increasing interest among their members is the League of Women Voters.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME the reactionary Republican leaders in the House of Representatives have succeeded in postponing the adoption of the Norris amendment to the federal Constitution, by which the "lame-duck" session of

Congress would be abolished and the filibuster rendered impossible. Speaker Longworth, Floor Leader Tilson, and Chairman Snell of the Rules Committee are responsible. Nothing could better demonstrate the utter stupidity of their leadership. Not one tenable argument existed for the rejection of the resolution to submit this resolution to the States. In the Senate, where reaction is penetrated by occasional gleams of intelligence, the resolution has been adopted four times by overwhelming votes. The only intelligible point made during the debate against the amendment was the cynical one that Congressmen would profit by allowing their constituents thirteen months in which to forget their campaign promises. And this is "government by the people"!

COMMANDER SPAFFORD of the American Legion is openly engaged in defying the Constitution of the United States. Other Legion commanders have denied that the Legion is opposed to the constitutional guaranty of free speech and have insisted that the Legion did not mix in politics. Spafford acts openly and flagrantly. On December 20, last, for instance, he wrote to Albert L. Cox, commander of the Legion in North Carolina, giving the dates of Sherwood Eddy's proposed speeches in that State, inclosing a copy of a false and libelous history of the Y. M. C. A. leader prepared by Colonel Ralph Royal Bush, of the reserve officers' fraternity Scabbard and Blade, stating that "proper pressure" had prevented Mr. Eddy's speech in Fayetteville, and suggesting that his other speeches be prevented. Commander Cox took the hint. On January 4 he wrote to local post commanders stating that

> Sherwood Eddy is not the sort of man that can do North Carolinians any good. . . . I suggest that you get in touch with the proper people and either have the engagement canceled or arrange for some good legionnaire to speak after him.

To which the alert local commander in Kannapolis, N. C., replied: "This is the first time I have heard of you being so far behind on anything. I have already stopped Eddy's engagements in Kan. and Canton and received a letter of congratulations from Gen. Bowley for same."

TODAY, AS ALWAYS, the American Indian is shamelessly exploited by his white "protectors," but no longer, thanks to the fine work of the Indian Defense Association, can he be exploited quietly or in the dark. The latest fight of this organization, supported by a few progressive Senators, has been against a bit of special legislation of a particularly insidious sort. Disguised as a measure to improve the lands cultivated by several tribes of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, a bill has been passed which saddles those tribes with a burden of debt which may in the end dispossess them of the very lands in question. Through the Indian Defense Association and Senator La Follette, who made a splendid speech in opposition, the facts have become known. The bill in question originally called for the appropriation of more than a million dollars for irrigating 15,000 acres of land occupied by various Pueblo tribes. The tribes themselves supported the measure and agreed to shoulder the financial burden of repaying the money involved to the federal government. Unfortunately a further appropriation of $563,455 was tacked to the original bill in spite of explicit assurances to the Indians that no additional sums would be charged against them. This extra half million will benefit a large area only part of which is held by the tribes but under the law it can be appropriated only in the name of the Indians. Thus, as the result of a legal technicality, or out of sheer malice, a total indebtedness is saddled on each Indian acre of $109.50; while the neighboring white lands which will also benefit carry a debt of only about $77 an acre.

"YOU-UNS ASKED ME why my children had no shoes and I answered": thus Mrs. C. E. Barr, wife of a coal miner, testifying before the Senate Committee investigating conditions in the coal industry. Mrs. Barr told the Senators that her eight children had to do without shoes and stockings because the storekeeper threatened to "stop the eats" on her if she bought them; and because Mrs. Barr had told her troubles to the committee her husband was discharged from his job. The Senators heard of the coal-and-iron police, of heads bearing scars from police blackjacks, of the filthy conditions under which strike-breakers are forced to live, of the unhealthy life in the mine barracks where dwell strikers and their families, of credit no longer extended at company stores, of shots fired into miners' homes and into schools where sat miners' children. They learned that the Pennsylvania Railroad has forced small mine-owners to shut out the union or shut down entirely. The Senators heard John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers describe the straits to which some of the miners not on strike are reduced. According to Mr. Lewis, the wives stand around the pithead; when a load of coal comes up the foreman shouts "Load for No. 46." Whereupon Mrs. 46 goes to the store and charges as many provisions as are covered by the wages due her husband for the load. What is the country going to do about this sick industry?

IBN SAUD, chief of the Wahabis, is one of the heroes of the Moslem world, and if he has in fact taken the warpath against the British on the outskirts of Arabia there is trouble ahead. A raid by Ibn Saud is more than a raid; it is an appeal to a hundred million Moslems to throw off the British yoke. Time was when a gift of $300,000 yearly made by the British Government kept Ibn safe in the heart of Arabia Deserta; but three years ago he emerged to drive Britain's puppet out of the Hejaz and set up his own capital in Mecca. Nor is he merely a desert sheik and leader of a Puritan sect. His tribe bans silk clothes and forbids smoking; but Ibn Saud has installed a telephone system in Mecca and travels in a limousine. Furthermore, Britain's relations with the Moslem world are peculiarly delicate today. The Egyptian Parliament has just refused to accept a treaty which seemed to legalize the British military occupation of Egypt and control of the Sudan; and in India the all-British Simon Commission is facing daily storms. Yet there are those who think that this desert war was provoked by Britain as an excuse for occupation of the strategically important principality of Koweit, which is close to the mouth of the Euphrates. If so, it was a dangerous gamble.

AMONG RECENT RUMPUSES take the one raised last spring at the University of Louisville. None shows more clearly, as is made plain by the report of the American Association of University Professors, how much academic damage can be done in a single year through the misapplication of executive energy. The report takes pains to say

at President George Colvin is an able man; but the story unfolds is of a faculty turned upside down within a few nths after his accession in 1926. The feeling seems to ve run among the professors that their jobs were in dan- r; threats of removal were made and in a few cases en- rced; announcements of new policies took departments wares; petitions and letters flew back and forth; there ere special meetings of the faculty, during one of which irty-nine out of forty-seven professors asked for the resig- ation of the president; a committee of Louisville citizens as formed to investigate and make recommendation; the cal press printed communications from and about profes- rs; and certain quite evidently unjustifiable acts of Mr. lvin came into the light. Nothing much "happened," ex- pt that the university lost Professor Louis Gottschalk om the department of history. But the morale of a uni- rsity was ruined by a president who, as the report plies, thought of himself as a "sovereign" with "subjects."

PORTO RICO'S UNIVERSITY is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. There is nothing in the history of colonial ventures of which the United States has more ght to be proud. In Rio Piedras is a North American iversity in a Latin environment which, while it brings the sugar island the best of Anglo-Saxon culture, teaches imarily in Spanish, and respects Spanish culture. Latin udents who want to learn English flock there, and North merican students who want an easy bridge to Spanish. he University of Porto Rico has become a laboratory of e finest type of Pan-Americanism, and one of its chemical oducts is a new kind of human inter-American under- anding. Every State university in the United States, any of the old private universities, and most of the great stitutions of learning south of the Rio Grande are send- g delegates to this anniversary celebration, and *The ation* adds its mite of appreciation.

bsen—History or Fame?

THE little man from Skien who had so much of the village parson in his makeup but who nevertheless succeeded in setting the world by the ears was born st a hundred years ago this month. In 1891 Clement cott was calling Ibsen's most famous play "a loathsome re unbandaged, a dirty act done publicly," and as late as 13 William Winter was using him as a mere foil against hich the genius of Henry Arthur Jones could be made to ine more perfectly, but his centenary finds him included the lists of Freshman Readings and not seldom produced ith something of that same air of complacency which gen- ally marks a Shakespearean revival. He exists today in form more substantial than any of his dramatic contem- oraries, and if only one name should ultimately be left by hich men will remember the theatrical revolution of the neteenth century it will indubitably be his.

But, in literature at least, fame and history are not the me thing, for, as Rémy de Gourmont once remarked in an horism recently quoted in a little book about him by Rich- rd Aldington: "Posterity is like a schoolboy condemned to arn a hundred lines of verse by heart. He remembers ten, nd stammers a few syllables of the rest. The ten lines are me; the rest is literary history." Ibsen's name cannot be erased from the records and his place in history is secure; but there are probably many men today less sure than they were ten years ago that he belongs so indisputably to fame —that he will be acted and read as often in the future as he will be remembered. Half, at least, of his writing belongs to polemical journalism, and as such had a temporary importance not commensurate with its permanent value. Certainly "A Doll's House" is almost as dead as the debate which it provoked and has become no more than a tepid pamphlet written in defense of a very elementary feminism. Nor can it be denied that much of the writing in many of the plays is of the sort once tremendously exciting, now laboriously obvious. Ibsen bridged a mighty gulf but the scaffolding is all too visible. He had not only to write drama upon new premises but he had to defend those premises at the same time, and the defense, once so important, is now otiose. To read his arguments in dialogue is to be reminded of his historical importance, but to be reminded also that it is not by historical importance that works of literature survive outside of the textbooks.

In spirit Ibsen never entirely escaped from his parish. With all his genius he remained in part the parson which nature seemed to intend him to be, and his plays have often the stuffiness of a rectory parlor. Vine leaves never adorned a solemner head, and no Dionysus before or since has ever worn such mutton-chop whiskers as those which, forgetting for the moment to clash his sacred cymbals, Ibsen not infrequently paused to stroke. And yet if it is indeed to history and not to fame that he must ultimately be resigned, the fault is less his than that of his age, which was changing too fast not to need argument more than it needed art. He himself certainly realized far better than most of his disciples that the two are not the same. He was ready enough to rebuke those who went to him chiefly for the solution of moral or sociological problems, and his deepest desire was to write plays rather than sermons. Yet the subjects which he wished to choose and the point of view from which he wished to treat them were such as inevitably involved him in polemic. He could not hope that his audience would begin where he wished to begin; two or three decades lay between his intellectual position and that of his audience; and he was compelled to argue or educate it to a state of mind which would make it possible for it to understand his drama. Wagner did not write his pamphlets into his scores but Ibsen did something very much like that. In the eyes of posterity they suffer much from the fact. Even "Ghosts," which undoubtedly has a dramatic force almost completely lacking in "A Doll's House," labors points which we take for granted and defends premises which we would never think of questioning. That the audiences for which it was intended needed all the explanation they could possibly get is sufficiently demonstrated by the metaphors which Clement Scott used to describe the play, but time has made of them mere incumbrances which may very well consign "Ghosts" also to history.

On the first centenary of his birth Fame has already made up her mind to reject at least two-thirds of Ibsen's work but she is still wondering whether she will be able to remember the third that is left—including "Hedda Gabler," "The Wild Duck," and one or two others. But Fame does not make up her mind with conspicuous haste. Upon this centenary she knows what she thinks about certain of the plays; she will be ready to decide about the others when the next centenary comes around.

"Silent in the Presence of Sin"

THAT is the situation of Calvin Coolidge. It was that of Andrew Mellon until a chance penciled memorandum in the papers of the late John T. Pratt, bearing the hardly legible name "Andy," led to the smoking-out of the Secretary of the Treasury—not the first time that a man has been betrayed by a single word. Then, in reply to an inquiry from Senator Walsh, Mr. Mellon suddenly remembered that late in the fall—perhaps November—of 1923 the Honorable Will Hays, former chairman of the Republican National Committee and former Postmaster General of the United States, had sent to him a package of $50,000 in Liberty bonds. A few days later Mr. Hays called on him, Mr. Mellon reports, remarked that these were Sinclair bonds, and suggested that he, Mellon, keep them, and contribute an equal amount to the deficit of the Republican campaign fund. This the virtuous Mr. Mellon rightly refused to do. What Mr. Hays was asking of him was that he accept $50,000 of tainted money and for the deliberate purpose of concealment contribute $50,000 of his own funds to the deficit. He returned the bonds and sent $50,000 of his own money. Besides being asked to receive bribe-money—Senator Borah calls it money contributed with "an ulterior and sinister purpose"—Mr. Mellon was asked to take part in a transaction intended to deceive the committee which was delving into the oil scandals and the stealing of the naval-oil lands. But it was in an effort to prevent the public itself from learning the truth that the patriotic Mr. Hays, a Presbyterian elder as he proudly describes himself in "Who's Who," was primarily engaged.

This was in 1923, a year and a half after Fall had accepted the $100,000 Doheny bribe for alienating the naval-oil lands and turning them over to private interests, and had also taken nearly $300,000 from Sinclair. If Secretary Mellon was unaware then of Fall's corruption he knew it two months later, for it was in January, 1924, that Mr. Doheny revealed the incident of the $100,000. Soon the front pages of the dailies were teeming with the Sinclair story as well. The mills of justice began grinding, and eventually the Supreme Court denounced Sinclair, Doheny, and Fall and declared that they had been guilty of corruption and fraud in shamelessly robbing the public of its heritage. Slowly the criminal proceedings took their devious way. During all of this time the virtuous Andrew Mellon kept silent. The committee struggled to obtain the facts about the Sinclair bonds—Mr. Mellon's lips remained sealed. Month after month its agents hunted all available records in the effort to reveal the whole story of this unparalleled corruption. They obtained no help from the Treasury; some even suspected that obstacles were being placed in their way; Andrew Mellon did not speak. He knew that Hays had received Sinclair money in bulk and that he was trying to cover up his tracks. Mr. Mellon had neither the courage nor the decency, not sufficient love of his country or regard for the purity of its political and national life to offer one hint to Senator Walsh. Even when, in January of this year, Senator Walsh asked and obtained the aid of the Treasury Secret Service in tracing Sinclair bonds, Mr. Mellon gave no hint of what he knew. Calmly and deliberately he placed loyalty to his party and to his crooked associates, in and out of the Cabinet, above loyalty to his country and its institutions.

Early in 1924 Hays went on the stand and swore that $75,000 was all the money that Sinclair had ever given to him. Secretary Mellon knew that this was not true, but Secretary Mellon kept silent. On March 1 of this year Hays again went on the stand to admit that he had received $260,000 from Sinclair. Under oath he told of certain of the Sinclair bonds going to Frederic Upham, to Secretary Weeks, to John T. Pratt, but not one word did he breathe of his visit to "Andy" Mellon for the purpose of getting him to conceal part of the transaction in which he was engaged, which he knew could not bear the light of day. Did Andrew Mellon remind him of his visit? Apparently not. Did he call the attention of Senator Walsh to it? He did not. And he would be silent at this moment in the presence of that sin and wrongdoing if it had not been for the accident of that one penciled word found by an honest secretary of John T. Pratt among the memoranda left by his late employer.

Senator Norris demands that Mellon be asked to resign. The Supreme Court has branded ex-Secretary Denby as a "faithless public officer"; we cannot see why the designation does not apply with equal justice to Secretary Mellon. It is idle to say that his hands are clean, or to compliment him, as does the New York *Times*, because his "prompt reply" to Senator Walsh "made a complete explanation." The very fact that Mr. Mellon was ready to engage in this conspiracy of silence although he had sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws of the land makes it difficult to believe anything he says hereafter without the most complete proof. As the Baltimore *Sun* points out, less than two years ago he explained that he saw no difference between his contribution to the slush fund raised to reelect Senator Pepper and his contributions to a church. It is he who owns the Western Pennsylvania Republican machine with all its rottenness, which has apparently just struck a bargain to reelect Vare to the Senate. This is hardly the type of man to be in the Cabinet of the United States.

But where does this leave the President of the United States? Where does it leave Herbert Hoover, and Charles E. Hughes, all preachers of political and social morality, who also sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, Weeks, and Mellon? Not one of them has opened his lips as to these oil scandals from beginning to end—not one word of regret that their party is so befouled that it reeks with filth, that it is in a quagmire of corruption and crookedness of which they have been the political beneficiaries. The Sinclair bonds were used to pay the deficits incurred in electing Calvin Coolidge Vice-President of the United States. With any man of fine sensibilities that fact would be enough, we repeat, to make him speak out. Instead, he too, compresses his lips and leaves to Senator Borah not only the proper characterization of these sinister funds but a demand that every cent be returned to Mr. Sinclair even if the money has to be raised by one-dollar contributions. It is time that Calvin Coolidge in common decency refuse to remain silent any longer in the presence of sin, that he remember the words of Galsworthy—"Keep faith! We've all done that. It's not enough."

War in Nicaragua

[F the American people had that sense of humor upon which they so pride themselves, the nation would have rocked with laughter when the Senate Committee on oreign Relations announced that the Marine Corps would ave to stay in Nicaragua in order to insure a "fair" elec- on! The Senate had just refused to seat Frank L. Smith, ected by the people of Illinois, and William S. Vare, elected y the people of Pennsylvania, because of gross misuse of oney in their campaigns; the Supreme Court had just randed a Secretary of the Navy and a Secretary of the nterior who had been Mr. Coolidge's honored Cabinet asso- iates as guilty of collusion and corruption; the former hairman of our ruling party, also a former Cabinet mem- er, had just admitted that he had lied about his campaign xpenditures, and he and his associates are at this moment eing exposed in deliberate and deceitful circumvention of he law. The State of Indiana has been struggling to get id of its corrupt Ku Klux Klan officials. And at such a oment the venerable Senators, led by Senator Borah, stand p and with straight faces announce that the marines must tay in Nicaragua to teach the benighted Latins all about onest voting. That ought to be enough to make even Calvin oolidge relax into a hearty guffaw.

Of course the marines are not engaged in preaching emocracy to the peons on the coffee plantations. Instead, hey are up in the sparsely populated hill-country, killing andinistas. As the incomparable Will Rogers puts it, hey "are doing all they can to see that there are fewer otes to supervise and Sandino is doing all he can to see hat there are fewer marines to supervise." Statistics pre- ented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations by aval officials tell another part of the story. Up to Febru- ry 1 the United States had sent 4,609 marines to Nica- agua. Sandino believes he has killed five hundred Ameri- ans; the Navy Department admits that 21 have been killed, 5 wounded, and 1,410 returned to the United States as casuals"—some suffering from tropical fever. The United tates has—or had—six De Haviland bombing planes, wo amphibians, six observation planes, six Vought cor- airs, three Fokker transports, and six Curtiss Falcon lanes in Nicaragua; at least three of these have been orced to the ground, and ten others have been hit by San- ino marksmen. No one knows how many Nicaraguans we ave succeeded in shipping into the great democracy of the lead.

This is not an election; it is war. The Constitution leclares that only Congress has the power to declare war, ut the State Department and the marines are as con- emptuous of the United States Constitution as of the Nica- aguan. The Navy Department and the Treasury admit hat this is war. The Comptroller General ruled on Sep- ember 15, 1927, that officers without dependents were not ntitled to rental allowances "since they were serving in the ield in the face of an enemy," which, according to the *Army nd Navy Register*, means that the United States is in a tate of war with Nicaragua. More recently the Comptroller General has stated that the Secretary of the Navy has recog- nized the situation in his citations for the award of the navy ross, stating that "in the case of individual officers on duty in Nicaragua there have been actions, battles, and an enemy."

These, to be sure, are technicalities; to the parents of the boys killed in action the meaning of this war goes deeper than any bureaucrat's ruling. We quoted some weeks ago the comment of John S. Hemphill, father of a Missouri boy killed in action; Emil Pump, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, whose son John was killed in Nicaragua, made similar com- ment to the Des Moines *Tribune:*

> It's only a rich man's war [he said]. And not a single one of us will be hurt or benefited no matter how the fight turns out. Coolidge just pulled a fast one on Congress and, as a result, they have sacrificed my boy and others to pro- tect the big bankers' interests. But I hope they will send John back home here now. The rich men will not want him dead, but we do.

Emil Pump came closer to the truth than Senator Borah. The marines did not go into Nicaragua to reform the electoral system; they went there because American in- vestors had preceded them and because the criminally stupid young men in the State Department recognized an impo- tent down-and-out as President of Nicaragua and called upon the marines to make good their folly. Half the coun- try, including Senator Borah and the New York *World,* now seems to think that because we made that ghastly mistake we must stand by it, no matter how many lives it costs. There are even Senators who, forgetting their scorn for treaties negotiated by a mere Woodrow Wilson, plead that the marines must stay until a Henry Stimson's agreement for a marine-controlled "fair" election is fulfilled.

We will never get out until we divest ourselves of that murderous sense of superiority which deludes men like Sen- ator Borah into believing that we have a moral obligation to kill Nicaraguan patriots who object to marine control of their elections. Consider the hypocrisy of it! In order to maintain the military control which General McCoy believes essential to an "honest," Yankee-controlled election, we have demanded that the Nicaraguan Congress tear up as a scrap of paper the electoral provisions of their national constitu- tion. In the name of marine-enforced democracy we have attacked constitutionalism, declaring that the United States would, "by means which it does not feel called upon to out- line in advance," see that its will was done. Suppose, under such circumstances, a President is finally elected. The very fact that he has been elected under Yankee auspices dooms him to unpopularity from the start. He will be as unable to retain his seat without Marine Corps aid as was the un- fortunate Diaz. What then? Will not the young men in the State Department still feel that their prestige and the nation's are at stake and that the marines must keep their President in power?

The way to get out is to get out. Sooner or later—and for the honor of the country we wish it might be sooner— the United States, more and more unpopular, will have to appeal to the other Powers of Latin America to help us out of this mess, as they helped us out of the Mexican mess in 1916. That would go far to meet Sandino's suggestion made to Carleton Beals. It would be common sense. It would head toward peace. Our present course does not.

When Ships Are Wrecked

"THE customer is always right" is an old rule of merchandising, and "The passenger must be saved" is an equally ancient law of the sea. Not only must the passenger's life be saved, but so must his comfort and peace of mind when possible. And often, even in shipwrecks, it is possible—even to the extent that the passenger does not realize his danger or the peril others have risked.

When the Robert E. Lee of the Eastern Steamship Company, feeling her way in a dense snowstorm from Boston to the Cape Cod Canal, hit a projecting reef near Plymouth, none of the passengers seems to have been much disturbed and three of them slept through the night without knowing that anything out of the way had happened. When they were taken ashore at Plymouth the next day by rescue vessels of the Coast Guard, some of the passengers said that shipwrecks were not bad except for a slight irregularity in the meals, while probably many did not know until they read the newspapers the next day that it had not been so simple for all concerned and that three men of the Manomet Point life-saving station had given their lives not merely that the passengers' lives should be saved but that their comfort and peace of mind might not be disturbed either. For it does not seem to have been strictly necessary that the lifeboat should have put out at all. Vessels from the Coast Guard were standing by the wrecked steamship ready to take the passengers off as soon as it was possible. But the life-saving crew of Manomet Point had tried again and again during the night to launch a boat, only to have it tossed back on the beach like a cork. So when the sea moderated slightly in the morning, their unwillingness to be beaten and their wish that the life-saving station should do its full duty led the men to try again—this time successfully—to launch their boat. They rowed out to the Robert E. Lee to find out if there was anything they could do, and then back—or almost so. A giant wave pitched the lifeboat into the air—and it landed bottom side upward. Somehow the hardy men of the crew, one of whom was a volunteer, managed to get hold of the boat and cling to it in the icy water. All except one, Frank Griswold, who was not seen again.

Driven by a furious wind, the lifeboat drifted toward Stage Point while the crowd on shore sought somehow to rescue the rescuers on the upturned boat. Two airplanes descended to within a few feet of the boat but could do nothing. Finally, as the boat reached slightly calmer water, a power boat and a dory, manned by volunteer crews, put out and dragged the half-frozen men of the life-saving station aboard. William H. Cashman, who had been in charge of the lifeboat, died a few minutes after he was brought ashore, and Edward P. Stark died on the way to a hospital in Boston.

Much credit goes to many persons in connection with the wreck of the Robert E. Lee. Officers and crew, according to passengers' accounts, behaved well, and the Coast Guard, as usual, rendered heroic and effective aid. But, above all, stands the life-saving crew of Manomet Point, which lost three of its members in upholding the great traditions of the service and in carrying out the rule of the sea that the passenger must be saved—even his comfort and his peace of mind.

The Loeb Library

THE recent announcement that the Loeb Classical Library had reached its two-hundredth volume was not the occasion, so far as we know, for public jubilation throughout the English-speaking world. But the satisfaction it gave was none the less solid, and for that matter none the less widespread. Scholars and lovers of literature on all the continents are interested in this series of books which when completed will give them practically the whole of extant Greek and Roman literature in critical text and English translation. Though James Loeb, the donor of the funds which made the library possible, has made other gifts to the world of learning, he has made none which is more important, and in our opinion none could have been more important. The library is something to be profoundly grateful for; and it is something in which Mr. Loeb, once a student of Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard, later a banker, and now in retirement in Germany, may well find satisfaction.

The Nation, reviewing the earliest volumes of the library when they appeared some years ago, took exception to their physical form. Outwardly graceful and compact, they revealed certain mechanical weaknesses inside, the type being often overcrowded, the inner margin disappearing sometimes from sight, and the whole book being too difficult to open and keep open. These faults have been mended as the library has grown, so that now the only criticism to be made is of the contents. Of such criticism there is little that would concern the general reader, or even the general scholar. Specialists in Fronto, Eusebius, or Galen may quarrel here and there with the text, the bibliography, or the translation. For the most part, however, specialists have hailed the volumes as they came along. And the general reader who has within his reach Polybius in six volumes, Plato in eight, Xenophon in three, Quintilian in four, Apollodorus in two, and Plutarch in twenty-four (as will be the case when the Plutarch is done) has no cause to do anything but congratulate himself. For this is only the beginning. The Livy will run to thirteen volumes, the Plato is only well under way, the Cicero apparently is endless; and out on the classical fringe there will be authors of whom the reader barely knows the names—Asclepiodotus, Eunapius, Frontinus, Manetho, Tryphiodorus, Colluthus, and Oppian. Of eight new volumes just received from the American publishers of the library (Putnam's) one completes the edition of Aulius Gellius, one begins the Athenaeus, four continue the Josephus, the Plato, the Dio, and the Cicero, one offers the whole of Isaeus, and one is the eighth of a remarkable group furnishing forth the entire feast of miscellaneous Greek lyric poetry. Mr. Edmond's "Lyra Graeca" is a unique contribution to critical and historical as well as textual scholarship.

We have heard rumors from an American university press of a plan to do something on this scale for master pieces in the modern languages of Europe, and we hope that the plan will be carried out, though to be useful it will have to be conceived in terms of many hundreds of volumes. There are still other libraries—Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Arabian, Amerindian—which other patrons might be encouraged to endow. But there would need to be many James Loebs before all this took place, and we do not know how many there are.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

To the world America seems vast, hard, and efficient. And Americans foster the idea. Well, we are pretty big, but how about the rest of it? Certainly efficiency es not smite the citizen of the United States on every le. Consider the City of New York and the way in which is run. No larger municipal enterprise is anywhere main- ned and as president of the corporation we have selected drummer boy.

It is easy to like Jimmy Walker. Of all current mayors is the best turned out, although admittedly a little flashy. s manners, save in the matter of promptitude, are thor- ghly engaging. He makes a nice speech and he has a etty turn of wit. All visiting celebrities have been ndled with tact and gay discretion. Of course the spot ere Jimmy plays has helped him mightily. Coming hard on the heels of the gloomy Hylan, Mr. Walker could rcely fail to gain popular approval. Although no mighty inker he is palpably more agile in his mental processes an his ill-tempered predecessor.

To be sure, he has not altogether dispensed with the lan tradition. The accepted procedure for handling mu- cipal problems is to let them lie and grow more pressing. t there is a difference. John F. Hylan had no gift for axation. Even in slumber he tossed and turned and mum- d of "the interests." And when awake he ran around in cles. Nothing came of the vast commotion which at- nded the entire career of the Bushwick dervish; Jimmy alker has been equally successful in managing to respect e local political adage "Don't cross a subway even when u come to it."

No, the word "equally" is inadequate. Candor com- ls the admission that Jimmy has been far more successful. though no great corporation, save a political one, would nsider Walker for a moment as its chief executive there e many business concerns which might well bid eagerly r his services. No manufacturer could possibly get a man ore fitted to meet and entertain the out-of-town buyers. there stood in all the city a single night-club doortender no knew not Jimmy that would not matter. His is a gift nich draws the bolts from fast-barred portals. If you ould know the town let Jimmy show you.

And in this firm of my fantasy in which I see Walker a valued member, there would be many other services for nich our Mayor is fitted. Let us suppose the big boss anted two good seats for one of the most difficult of the ccessful plays; where could he find a better wheedler for o in the first row than Jimmy Walker? If there were wers to be sent to someone, a little gift for an aunt or ife or even a more delicate negotiation, I still feel that mmy would be precisely the person to execute the mission.

Many of the big concerns have an annual banquet and this Walker would also be invaluable. They could put m on just after the president of the company. Heads of rporations almost invariably bore the audience. They ad their speeches from manuscript and get all bogged ith figures. The dinner is dying and people in the back e yawning. At this moment up jumps Jimmy. If any rt of the company's business requires contacts with the ess Walker would naturally be just the one to handle the reporters. He could jolly them along and talk them out of any questions which were in the least embarrassing. And on the road, of course, he would be a supersalesman.

I have no intention of being scornful about the excel- lent qualities possessed by the Mayor of New York. Many of the services which I have outlined he has performed for his city in an admirable manner. To some extent he has lightened the vast amount of hate which the rest of Amer- ica feels for the metropolis. Even in the sunny Southland, where neither Tammany nor the town is much beloved, people hang out of windows and toss roses as they call him "Jimmy." It is not an insignificant thing that foreign visitors should receive their keys and scrolls and what-not at the City Hall from an engaging playboy rather than from a dull and boorish person. Also, it is worth noting the fine effect Walker has had as a national symbol. The common and just reproach against us Americans is that we do not know how to play. Too many of our business leaders have some insurmountable inhibition against ever taking a vacation, and even when they go away they have no skill at being entertained or entertaining. Jimmy Wal- ker knows better.

Nor can the charge be made that the Mayor fails to take full advantage of any journey, since he has returned from each fresh junket refreshed in heart and with im- paired digestion. One of our best-loved poets said that the man worth while was the one who could smile when every- thing went dead wrong. This has become a national cus- tom, but it is not a pretty sight. Indeed, it is necessary to make a very close examination of the countenance of the man with whom everything is going dead wrong before anybody can say with certainty whether he is smiling or gritting his teeth. Jimmy Walker does it much better. And he can smile when nothing whatever is going on either right or wrong. Nor would I suggest that his geniality is a sham. It seems to me that he is a genuinely gay and friendly person. Among our national heroes Walker is practically the only one who can by no manner of means be crowded into the Puritan tradition.

Just what Jimmy's philosophy of life and politics may be it would be hard to say. These incidental matters have never been well defined. At times he is an ardent disciple of the utmost amount of personal liberty, but he is also the author of the three-o'clock-closing law which compels the citizen to leave the cabaret in which he is disporting him- self and go to a speakeasy or a hotel restaurant, since hotels are not affected by the provisions of the ordinance. The carousing which one may do in a hotel is seemingly less harmful than that which takes place in resorts where only food and drink may be sold. Again Jimmy Walker was active and effective in fighting a censorship bill be- fore he left Albany for larger service. Nevertheless during his administration a play of some artistic merit and entire sincerity was forced off the stage by Walker's district at- torney and police commissioner. Yes, judged by almost any standard, Jimmy Walker is an amusing little man. But sometimes I wonder whether the entire audience which nightly gives the subway packed houses can always see the joke.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

V

Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 20

SAN RAFAEL DEL NORTE, General August C. Sandino's headquarters when I saw him, is a small town of adobe walls and red tiles situated just over the Nueva Segovia line in the Department of Jinotega on the high flank of the Yali Range. It lies in a narrow pass, through which flows a sparkling mountain stream. On the other side of the watershed, past the high crown of Mount Yucapuca and a smiling populous valley, lies Jinotega, capital of the department. To the southwest the range stretches toward the departments of Esteli and Leon; and all of this region is suitable for effective guerrilla warfare and is fanatically Liberal. With the slightest show of success on Sandino's part, it would flame into open revolt. Here and there through all of this country are isolated Sandino bands, and further toward the Honduras frontier, near Chinandega, the local unit of the National Constabulary a month ago suddenly took to the hills for Sandino. Thus San Rafael is a point of departure west into this region or south toward Jinotega, Matagalpa, and the much-disputed Muymuy, where the combined Diaz forces and resident American marines were—before the Stimson-Moncada agreement—unable to stay the Liberal arms. Sandino has chosen the latter route. And this is all known country to him—the third time his course has led over this ground. Near San Rafael are still signs of the rifle-pits his forces dug for previous combats, and near Yucapuca are the stone bulwarks along the ridge. San Rafael itself is strongly pro-Sandino and has known him of yore. Here it was that a year ago in the little white church on the main plaza he married Blanca Arauz, the local telegraph operator.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The sixth instalment, This Is War, Gentlemen, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

As I told in last week's dispatch, I was finally brought in to see Sandino at 4 a.m., after an exhausting ride to the camp. While we talked his most frequent gesture was the shaking of his forefinger with a full-armed movement; he invariably leaned forward as he spoke; and once or twice he took to his feet, emphasizing a point with his whole body.

His utterance is remarkably fluid, precise, evenly modulated; his enunciation is absolutely clear, his voice rarely changes pitch, even when he is visibly intent upon the subject matter. Not once during the four and a half hours, during which he talked almost continuously without prompting from me, did he fumble for the form of expression or indicate any hesitancy regarding the themes he intended to discuss. His ideas are precisely, epigrammatically ordered. There was not a major problem in the whole Nicaraguan question that he dodged or that I even needed to raise. In military matters I found him most assured; a bit flamboyant and boastful and with a tendency to exaggerate his successes. However, he is exceedingly astute, knows the country well, and, with luck breaking even, can remain in the field indefinitely. By keeping the mountainous country north and east at his back, he cannot be cut off by 2,500 marines or 5,000; and he can shuttle back and forth along the line where these mountains meet with more settled areas, from Muymuy clear to the Honduras frontier, or more than half way across Nicaragua, enjoying a fairly adequate food supply, tapping rich agricultural sectors, and passing rapidly from point to point; whereas the American troops, to cover this same region, and maintain intact their line of communications with Managua and Leon, must swing over an arc half again as long. Sandino's soldiers, inured to hardship and a hit-or-miss food supply, as my previous articles demonstrated, will have a still greater advantage this rainy season. The American troops, operating in an unfavorable climate, will then be completely isolated from Managua, Leon, and the coast cities, for the roads become two feet deep with mud—utterly impassable; even ox-carts are blocked. The marine mobilization route, the long arc from Matagalpa around through Esteli to Ocotal, will become even more difficult and roundabout than now, whereas Sandino will be comfortably enjoying what is, contrarily, the dry season in the mountains, every inch of which he and his men know perfectly. As he put it to me, "I waited in Chipote. The marines concentrated, shipped up supplies, laid month-long plans to oust me, crept gradually up and around my position. They are still there. I am here near Jinotega, half way into the heart of the country. I shall go further into the heart of the country. When they have remobilized here and shipped in troops and more troops and get all set to come out and catch me, I shall be north again —or somewhere else."

And, indeed, it must be admitted that while the marines were massed in Nueva Segovia, to have Sandino calmly march into more-thickly populated regions of the center of the republic, through coffee finca after coffee finca, across two departments, has made the marines a bit ridiculous with all their machinery of war, their science, and their airplanes.

The espionage system of Sandino is excellent. When we neared Jinotega Colonel Colindres ordered two soldiers to take off their red and black hat-bands, remove their leggings, tie bundles over their shoulders, and report on the

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ctivities of the marines in the town of Jinotega and elsehere. There was nothing whatever to identify them as andino soldiers. In contrast, an outsider in a Sandino enmpment must explain his presence.

The present rather plodding tactics of the marines to uffocate Sandino will, I predict, prove unsuccessful. The andino troops have learned the habits of the airplanes. The andinistas travel early in the morning, late in the afternoon, or at night; at other times, only in the jungles, where ney are invisible from above.

Both General Emiliano Chamorro and President Adolfo Diaz, whom I interviewed today, are pessimistic regarding the early capture of Sandino and predicted that he could only be captured by arming further native troops, who can operate in the mountains on the same footing as Sandino troops, without the elaborate supply trains, the extensive equipment, and the careful preparation for combat required by the American forces. At present the United States has armed six hundred native constabulary. This, however, is not a unified force, but is largely used for garrison purposes and is scattered in small detachments throughout the republic. But the United States, now apparently favoring

Admiral Sellers's Demands

The documents of which photostatic copies appear on this nd succeeding pages were sent to The Nation *by Carleton eals. The following letter from Admiral Sellers was dropped rom an airplane behind the Sandino lines:*

FILE NO

COMMANDER
U. S. SPECIAL SERVICE SQUADRON
U. S. S. ROCHESTER, FLAGSHIP
MANAGUA NICARAGUA, 20 de enero de 1928

General Sandino:

Como Ud. sabe, el Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, de acuerdo con los llamados Arreglos Stimson, firmados en mayo último, se ha comprometido proteger la vida y propiedades de ciudadanos americanos y extranjeros, y conservar el orden en Nicaragua mientras se lleva a cabo la elección presidencial regular del próximo noviembre.

Durante los últimos días y meses pasados la tarea encomendada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos, residentes en Nicaragua, ha sido obstaculizada en el Departmento de Nueva Segovia por las actividades hostiles de cierta porción de población que se halla bajo su mando.

Esta negativa de U. y de sus compañeros para aceptar y consentir las provisiones de los convenios Stimson, auxiliada por las operaciones ilegales de los hombres de U. han causado daño considerable en cantidad de sangre derramada innecesariamente creando una situación intolerable en ese Departmento/

Comprendiendo plenamente la solemne obligación contraída por los Estados Unidos, de guardar el orden en Nicaragua, desarmando a los habitantes del pais, las fuerzas de mi mando en estos dias se han aumentado considerablemente, en hombres y municiones, las cuales tenemos la intención de usar en todo su poder, como los vastos recursos que nuestro Gobierno ha puesto a nuestra disposición.

Es innecesario para mi el asegurar a U. que el único objetivo en mira por nuestra parte es el restablecimiento del orden en Nueva Segovia para realizar una completa paz, en condiciones que permitan a los pacíficos ciudadanos de Nicaragua el vivir con sus familias y propiedades en la medida de seguridad que ellos tienen derecho a esperar.

Es igualmente supérfluo para mi el declarar de manera enfática que la enérgica e intensiva campaña que nuestras fuerzas inaugurarán dentro de poco no pueden tener sino un resultado final decisivo.

El sacrificio innecesario de vidas humanas es punto tan serio, que por eso se me ocurre que aunque en ocasiones anteriores U. ha rehusado el desarme, ahora, a la luz de subsecuentes acontecimientos U. querrá considerar la conveniencia de poner término a la presente resistencia armada a las fuerzas de los Estados Unidos y que U. sabrá seguir el ejemplo de sus conciudadanos de ambos partidos políticos, los cuales en mayo del año anterior convinieron en arreglar sus diferencias en un alto y patriótico espíritu, sin mayor derramamiento de sangre.

Llevando adelante la política de mi Gobierno para el restablecimiento del orden, de la manera mas expedita posible, no me siento justificado en este momento para contener ninguno de los preparativos que de manera enérgica se están llevando a cabo, a menos que U. crea oportuno el contestar inmediatamente y por escrito su voluntad de discutir los caminos y medios de su aceptación de U. y sus compañeros de los arreglos Stimson.

Será para mi grato recibir cualquier comunicación que U. me envie, dirigida al cuidado de la Legación de los Estados Unidos en Managua/

D.F.SELLERS.

Real Almirante de la Marina de los Estados Unidos.
Comandante de la Escuadra de Servicio Especial.

(*Translation*)

Managua, Nicaragua
January 20, 1928

General Sandino:

As you know, the Government of the United States, according to the so-called Stimson agreements, signed last May, is obligated to protect the lives and properties of American citizens and foreigners, and to maintain order in Nicaragua until the regular Presidential election of next November has been held.

In the days and months just past the task intrusted to the forces of the United States resident in Nicaragua has been hampered in the Department of Nueva Segovia by the hostile activities of a certain part of the inhabitants, under your command. Your refusal and that of your companions to accept and consent to the provisions of the Stimson agreements, reinforced by the illegal operations of your men, have caused considerable harm, spilling much unnecessary blood, and creating an intolerable situation in the department.

In view of the full implications of the solemn obligation contracted by the United States of keeping order in Nicaragua and disarming the inhabitants of the country, the forces at my command have within the last few days been considerably increased by reinforcements of men and munitions, which we intend to use to the full, as also the vast resources our Government has placed at our disposal.

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that the only end we have in view is the reestablishment of order in Nueva Segovia, to insure complete peace under conditions which will enable the peaceful citizens of Nicaragua to enjoy for their families and properties the measure of security they have a right to expect.

It is equally superfluous for me to state emphatically that the energetic and intensive campaign which our forces will open very soon can have but one ultimate result.

The unnecessary sacrifice of human lives is so serious a matter that I have thought that although you have refused to disarm before, now, in view of subsequent events, you may wish to consider the desirability of putting an end to the present armed resistance to the forces of the United States, and that you might follow the example of your fellow-citizens of both political parties who, last May, agreed to settle their difficulties in lofty and patriotic spirit, avoiding further bloodshed.

In carrying out the policy of my Government for the reestablishment of order as expeditiously as possible, I do not feel justified at this moment in limiting any of our preparations which are energetically being made, unless you consider it opportune to signify immediately and in writing your willingness to discuss the ways and means of your acceptance, and that of your companions, of the Stimson agreements!

I shall be gratified to receive any communication you may send me, addressed care of the Legation of the United States in Managua.

[Signed] Sellers,
Rear Admiral of the United States Navy,
Commander of the Special Service Squadron

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Moncada, the Liberal candidate, is afraid to arm native troops, which will be controlled by a Conservative Party administration. The alternative, President Diaz told me, is to send down three or four times the present number of marines. Thus the only hope for a prompt capture of Sandino would seem to be in the organization of light flying columns, disposed to face great odds, for Sandino has already demonstrated his cleverness in ambushing such columns. Hence, I repeat, given an even break of luck, Sandino will last out until the rainy season, which means that he will not be taken before next December, making satisfactory elections impossible and hence upsetting the whole American program in Nicaragua.

Sandino discussed the campaign. "We have learned many things from the invader. Formerly we used to camp in the open fields, but we saw that our enemy seized the homes of Nicaraguan citizens for his barracks, ruthlessly shoving the occupants out into the streets. So we had to care equally for the welfare of our soldiers; only we have always tried to utilize the homes of those known to sympathize with the invader, and this with the minimum of inconvenience to the occupants. In general, though, the people have offered their homes to us voluntarily, their homes and their all, for they are with us and they know we are fighting for the independence of our country.

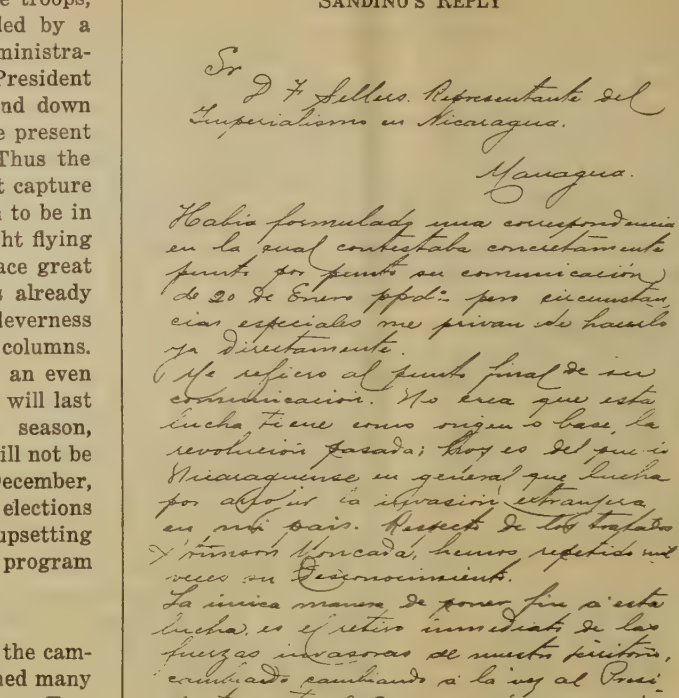
"Yes, we owe all to our enemy. If he had never attacked us, then, indeed, our condition would be miserable. From him we have taken everything we possess. If we had not been attacked, we would have no clothing and no ammunition and we would have perished, for we are incapable of living by banditry. We have taken nothing from the peasantry, save that which has been tendered to us voluntarily. In El Chipote the entire countryside used to toil up to the heights with food and animals for our soldiers, laying what we needed at our feet. In the way of food, we have had plenty, for the countryside is with us, to almost a man. Do you think we could have existed in one fortified place for half a year with all the might of the United States against us, if we had been merely bandits? If we were bandits every man's hand would be against us; every man would be a secret enemy. Instead every home harbors a friend. The enemy said: 'He must finish soon. He has no food supply, no ammunition, no guns.' But the enemy forgot that the people would feed us; he forgot that he himself had guns and ammunition."

At this point Sandino ordered brought in to me the various weapons taken from the American forces: Browning, Lewis, and Thompson rifles, airplane machine-guns, etc. "We now have thirty machine-guns," he declared. "Does a bandit travel around with thirty machine-guns, except in Chicago? In the battle of Ocotal we sustained fifteen hours of combat featured by constant firing. In the main battle of Las Cruces we fired twenty thousand shots. Not so bad for a mere bandit!"

Sandino's first order on his arrival in San Rafael was that the first soldier touching anything not belonging to him would be shot. My conversations with the shop-keepers of the town bore out the conclusion that the Sandino troops were absolutely orderly and paid for everything they wanted.

General Sandino himself touched upon one instance of forced assessments. "One Colonel Porfirio Sanchez arrived ahead of me in Yali and levied forced contributions on a number of private citizens. He was thrown out of the Army of Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua, and if I lay my hands on him he will be shot. The money he exacted has all been made good—here is a receipt for $2,000 from Elvira Rodriguez for the

Sandino's Reply



Sr
D F Sellers. Representante del
Imperialismo en Nicaragua.
Managua.

Habia formulado una correspondencia en la cual contestaba concretamente punto por punto su comunicación de 20 de Enero ppdo. pero circunstancias especiales me privan de hacerlo ya directamente.
Me refiero al punto final de su comunicación. No cree que esta lucha tiene como origen o base la revolución pasada; hoy es del pueblo Nicaraguense en general que lucha por arrojar la invasión extranjera en mi pais. Respecto de los tratados y tratados Moncada, hemos repetido mil veces su Desconocimiento.
La unica manera de poner fin a esta lucha es el retiro inmediato de las fuerzas invasoras de nuestro territorio, cambiando cambiando a la faz al Presidente actual por uno de un ciudadano Nicaraguense que de los que no estan apoyando como candidato a la Presidencia, y que las proximas elecciones sean supervisadas por los Representantes de la America Latina en cambio de marinos Norteamericanos.
Patria y Libertad
A. C. Sandino

(Translation)

San Rafael
February 3, 1928

SR. D. F. SELLERS
REPRESENTATIVE OF IMPERIALISM IN NICARAGUA
MANAGUA

I had planned to answer concretely point by point yours of January 20, but circumstances do not permit me to do so directly at this time.

I refer to the final point in your communication. Do not believe that the origin or basis of this struggle is the recent revolution [the political struggle between Liberals and Conservatives]. Today it is the entire Nicaraguan people who fight to drive out the foreign invasion from my country. As to the Stimson-Moncada agreements, we have refused to recognize them a thousand times.

The only way this struggle can be ended is by the immediate withdrawal of the invading forces from our territory; the substitution for the present President of some Nicaraguan citizen not a candidate for the Presidency; and the supervision of the coming elections by Latin-American representatives instead of American marines.

For Fatherland and Liberty,

[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

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MESSAGE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

Honorable 6ª Congreso Panamericano
Habana - Cuba.

Desde los campamentos del Ejercito Defensor de la Soberania de Nicaragua le observado sus procedimientos esperanzado de alguna accion efectiva en pró de nuestra Soberania. Antes que terminen sesiones, protesto presencia de delegados ilegales del llamado Presidente Adolfo Diaz; protesto contra hipocresia de Coolidge que habla de buena voluntad y manda ejercito para asesinar nicaraguenses. Protesto contra indiferencia y servilismo delegados Latinoamericanos ante frente agresiones de Estados Unidos. Llamo Repúblicas hermanas exijan retiro inmediato de norteamericanos que estan violando autonomia de mi Patria, declinando en el Presidente Coolidge, ante el mundo las consecuencias. Patria y Libertad.

A. C. Sandino.

(*Translation*)

TO THE HONORABLE SIXTH PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS
HAVANA, CUBA

From the camp of the Army of Defenders of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua I have observed your proceedings, hoping for some effective action in favor of our Sovereignty. Before the sessions are ended I wish to protest against the presence of illegal delegates of the so-called President Adolfo Diaz; I protest against the hypocrisy of Coolidge, who speaks of good will and sends an army to murder Nicaraguans. I protest against the indifference and servility of the Latin-American delegates in the face of the encroachments of the United States. I call on our sister republics to insist on the immediate withdrawal of North Americans who are violating the autonomy of my country. President Coolidge must, in the eyes of the world, bear the responsibility for the consequences.

For Fatherland and Liberty,
[Signed] A. C. SANDINO

amount he forced her to pay him and which we refunded.

"My record is absolutely clean. Any man can examine every step I have ever taken. He will never find that Sandino his life long has ever taken anything that has not belonged to him, that he has ever broken a promise, that he has ever left any place owing any man a cent. My parents were landed proprietors. When but a boy I handled fifteen to twenty thousand dollars and never touched a cent not mine. I have worked honestly for a living in many places, in Bluefields, in Honduras, in Guatemala, for the Huasteca Petroleum Company in Mexico, in the San Albino mines, and on occasion in most responsible positions."

He showed me the ledger of army expenditures. "Everything we take in and spend is faithfully recorded here. Today, for instance, I gave Colonel Colindres fifteen dollars, all I had at the moment, to buy clothes for five of his soldiers who escorted you from El Remango and who came in dirty and ragged. I suggested to him that he tell the shopkeeper we are poor and that he make the money go as far as possible, and if it didn't quite stretch to send the bill to President Coolidge, who is to blame for this violation of my country."

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., March 10

CORNERED at last, Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon admits that he received $50,000 of Harry Sinclair's reeking Liberty bonds from the hands of that confessed liar and perjurer, Will H. Hays. The saintly Secretary makes a great show of his virtue in returning the bonds when he learned their source. But he does not explain his prolonged silence. For four long years Senator Walsh and the Government's oil prosecutors had sweated and slaved in the effort to trace the $3,080,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates in the Continental Trading Company. They found that a part of it had been used to bribe a Cabinet official. It was imperative that they should ascertain what became of the remainder. They asked and were repeatedly promised full cooperation of the Treasury Department. Scores of witnesses were called. Hundreds of books and documents were painstakingly examined. Yet never the slightest intimation came from the Secretary of the Treasury that he had ever handled any of the bonds, or knew who had handled them. Never a word until the telltale notation, "Andy," was found on a memorandum describing the disposition of $25,000 of the $260,000 in bonds which Sinclair handed to Hays in 1923. Only then did that great man hasten to inform Senator Walsh that he had been offered, and had declined, $50,000 of the tainted bonds as reimbursement for a prospective contribution to the Republican deficit.

* * * * *

"I THINK it will leave a very bad impression on the country," comments Senator Walsh, with characteristic reserve. One would think so. In any of the great republics of Europe such a confession would be followed by the immediate resignation of the official making it. In Great Britain, a Cabinet would fall. It was the duty of the lowliest citizen to help the committee in getting to the bot-

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tom of this slimy mess. Mr. Mellon's duty was greater than that of a citizen. It was greater than that of the average public official. He is the very head and front of the Coolidge Administration, possessing more influence and exercising more power in many directions than the President himself. Yet he deliberately joined in concealing a transaction which was conceived to defraud the Government, and which resulted in the bribery of a fellow-member of the Cabinet and the debauching of the party. The time for amenities and official courtesies is past. If the Senate Committee does not call Secretary Mellon to the witness-stand, and cross-examine him with the same vigor which it has displayed toward private individuals similarly involved, it will fall short of its duty.

* * * * *

MELLON'S partial confession exposes Hays in another attempt to deceive the committee and the country. Ten days earlier he had pretended to make a full accounting of all the bonds. Not a mention of Secretary Mellon's name came from his lips. Twisting, squirming, biting his lip until it bled, he admitted soliciting and receiving from Sinclair $260,000 of the bonds after a prima-facie case of corruption had been made against the oil magnate and Secretary Fall. Evening of the same day found him dining pleasantly with President Coolidge at the home of Secretary of Labor Davis. Neither his host nor his distinguished fellow-guest seemed to find his presence objectionable. Nor did they appear horrified by the discovery that Hays had lied in his testimony before the committee four years ago.

* * * * *

IT is hardly surprising, then, that the Department of Justice has signified no intention of proceeding against Mr. Hays for perjury, although the grounds seem ample. Testifying in 1924, Hays admitted that Sinclair had contributed $75,000 in Liberty bonds toward the deficit which remained from the 1920 campaign. He omitted to mention the additional $185,000 which was contained in the same package. Following is an excerpt from his testimony then:

> SENATOR WALSH: To whom did Mr. Sinclair make this contribution?
>
> HAYS: To some member of the committee, I think; I am not sure.
>
> SENATOR WALSH: He did not make it to you, Mr. Hays?
>
> HAYS: No, sir, he did not.

Observe now the colloquy which occurred four years later, with Mr. Hays again testifying under oath:

> SENATOR WALSH: Did Mr. Sinclair give these bonds to you, personally?
>
> HAYS: Yes, sir.
>
> SENATOR WALSH: Where did the transaction take place?
>
> HAYS: In New York, either at my office or Mr. Sinclair's—I can't remember which.

In addition to exercising moral supervision over the motion-picture industry, Mr. Hays, as a leading elder in the Presbyterian church, is chairman of the Laymen's Committee on Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. In behalf of the deserving clergy of that denomination, it is to be hoped that Elder Hays is as successful in raising funds as he was for the relief and sustentation of the Republican Party. But all good Presbyterians will fervently pray that he obtains them from other sources.

MR. MELLON'S belated confession, that he knew about the bonds, knew their source, knew who handled them, and once had possession of some of them, seems to explain the obstructive tactics which the Treasury had pursued toward the investigation. For six weeks since the inquiry was resumed not a shred of new evidence was supplied by the Treasury, although its assistance in tracing the bonds was essential. On the contrary, incidents occurred suggesting that the Department was endeavoring to hamper the work. Where were the alert and fearless Washington correspondents while this was going on? Were they too dull and incompetent to obtain this important story, or was it the old familiar business of "laying off" a Secretary of the Treasury who has been singularly generous in the matter of making tax refunds to influential newspapers?

* * * * *

YET again we find the sacrosanct Secretary involved. He is in distinguished company. In preparation for the 1920 Presidential campaign, a group was formed to buy a defunct advertising agency for approximately $400,000. The desirability of this agency lay in the fact that it placed advertising in about 400 foreign-language newspapers in this country, and through that advertising was supposed to be able to influence their editorial policies. Considering that they had a combined circulation of 4,000,000, they might be expected to influence a considerable number of votes. With a campaign coming on, it was not difficult to find individuals and corporations to subscribe the necessary amount to carry out this bit of "Americanization." Accordingly, the committee found among those who had subscribed to the purchase of the agency, the following: Secretary Mellon, John B. Farrell, William Boyce Thompson, former vice-president of several Sinclair companies and chairman of the Republican Finance Committee; the late John T. Pratt, New York capitalist; Francis Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, whose loans have recently made other Americanization work necessary among the Nicaraguans; Senator T. Coleman du Pont; Samuel Insull, famous for his benefactions in the Illinois Senatorial campaign; the Armour Packing company, Swift and Company, Libby, McNeill and Libby; the American Smelting and Refining Company; the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago and the First National Bank of the same city; Don S. Momand, Mrs. Cabot Ward, Frank D. Gardner, and others. Although constantly losing money, they held on to the agency from 1919 until after the crisis of 1924 was over, when, with Mr. Coolidge safely inaugurated and the country secure for another four years, they liquidated it. Included in the purchase price was $30,000 in Liberty bonds. They came from Pratt, known to have received $50,000 of the Sinclair bonds from Hays.

* * * * *

WHEN the bluff and breezy Robert W. Stewart was defying the committee in opposition to the pious wishes of the younger Rockefeller, papers like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* uttered severe comments on the manners and ethics of men who had come more or less suddenly into power and influence, and who lacked the proper background to enable them to use it properly. What will such newspapers say when their editors read the foregoing list, and observe that the cream of the "lily whites" in the business world, including Mr. Mellon himself, deliberately engaged in an enterprise to control the editorial policies of 400 newspapers through their advertising—the ultimate

goal being to accomplish the election of Warren G. Harding and the Ohio Gang? My guess is they will say nothing. Perhaps they have already done what the esteemed Washington *Star* did on the day of the disclosure—eliminated all mention of Secretary Mellon's name from the news story. Or they may have done what the Associated Press did on the day that "Andy's" name was found on the sinister memorandum—started the story by describing the hearing as "a rather drab session."

* * * * *

FOR a candidate who holds such a commanding position, Secretary Hoover is risking his chances of the nomination rather desperately. By allowing his name to be entered in the Ohio and Indiana primaries, he has exposed himself to the danger of defeats which would ruinously impair his prestige. A beating by such a blatherskite as Frank B. Willis would be sad enough, but if it were followed by a defeat at the hands of the unspeakable Jim Watson, it is difficult to see how the Hoover boom could survive. Every day of the campaign brings new evidence of the extent to which the Secretary's clever young men are playing into the hands of those seasoned and crafty strategists who, at the proper moment, will engineer the swing toward Charles Gates Dawes.

Americans We Like
Congressman La Guardia

By DUFF GILFOND

The Twelfth in a Series of Personality Portraits

CONGRESSMAN FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA of Harlem wished to exhibit on the floor of the House the touching pictures he had taken on his recent visit to the Pittsburgh mines. The Washington correspondent in whose possession they were offered to bring them down to Capitol Hill the following day. But La Guardia, fearful lest the fellow oversleep, insisted on getting them himself at once. I was in his office at the time and offered to take them up in my Ford. On the way the engine stalled and the starter died. While I fumed and the correspondent suggested what might be amiss, the cherubic La Guardia hopped out, cranked the car, and made her go.

Since Congress convened in December, besides inspecting the mines, he has fought the naval appropriation bill, attacked the Administration's Nicaraguan policy, cruised in a sister submarine of the S-4 for thirty-six hours, given a number of Prohibition enforcement officers heart failure, messed up $300,000 worth of army posters, introduced a liberalizing immigration bill and a number of labor bills.

In spite of his earnestness and the disappointments which such a liberal program necessarily brings, the merry little Major (his title in Washington since the war) has preserved his sense of humor. He persists in introducing bills that cannot pass—for ten years. "They serve for educational purposes," he says, puffing at his two-and-a-half-cent Manila cigar. "The function of a progressive is to keep on protesting until things get so bad that a reactionary demands reform." He slaps his fleshy thighs in great glee as bills he sponsored years ago get a hearing today. Only the other day a constituent wrote him to support the pending civil-service retirement bill. "Why wouldn't I support my eleven-year-old son?" he responded. Optimistically he tore away to a committee hearing recently on the changing of the Congressional calendar according to which Congressmen meet thirteen months after they are elected. What matter that only one other Congressman came, too? "We're paving the way," said La Guardia.

He attends all his committee meetings, dictates all his letters, and never gives his colleagues a chance to slip a bill through by absenting himself from the floor. If he is not making a speech or an objection his dark little rotund figure is at least conspicuous in the House. He is a great trial to some of his colleagues—especially the rabidly dry and Nordic—but just as great a comfort. One of the very few men who study every bill on the consent calendar, he can invariably answer the questions of his less prepared cohorts. He is the hated and beloved boy who does the homework. La Guardia has affected more bills in the House than any other member. There is not a branch of the Government, from the Shipping Board to the Department of State, that he has not attempted to reform.

How he does it? Watch him for a moment in his office—gesticulating wildly as he argues in Italian with a constituent, dictating a letter urging a Cabinet officer to be sensible, listening to the sob story of a rabbi told in Yiddish, feeding the newspapermen with another rumring revelation, and doing them all at the same time. To be sure, his Yiddish and Italian are repeatedly interpolated with such adjectives as "lousy," but is the fiery little Major angry? Indeed, not. He is having too good a time to be angry. He is in action. In the House restaurant the other morning he was served so readily that a group of ladies at the next table remarked about it. "Oh, I work here," explained La Guardia. "They know I have to get to work."

Fiorello H. La Guardia

His forthrightness is astounding. A contracting firm

in his district wrote him to vote for a bill in accord with its interests. La Guardia could easily have told them he would "take the matter under consideration" as his more tactful colleagues do. Instead he dictated: "I will fight, oppose, and attack this measure in every way I can."

When weariness does overtake him he plays a tune on his cornet, slips into the movies, or cheers up a lonesome member with a sample of his own spaghetti and of his superb mimicry of their colleagues.

The diversity of his activities has not made him superficial. Although his sympathy was with the miners, he obtained his facts and figures from the coal operators. There could be no question of fairness about the deductions he brought to the House: the coal operators want the miners to pay for bad conditions in the industry; an industry that cannot pay its workers a decent living wage has no right to exist; the cost of maintaining the private police, who forceably keep colored strike-breakers on the property, under a system of virtual peonage, would pay for the increase in wages demanded by the miners. With the same fair-mindedness he tore up a speech he had prepared in criticism of the navy's efforts to raise the S-4 and went down to see for himself. The exculpation—La Guardia really believes nothing can be put on a submarine to enable lifting her once she is sunk—may have disappointed many, but it showed the defiant Major is open to conviction, even by the navy. Naturally, the new friendship was not long-lived. "Wait," he told one of the admirals who came to thank him for his supporting speech, "till you hear what I have to say about naval armaments."

Similarly he takes the heart out of the dry-law officers, illiberal lobbyists, and organization men in the House. They never know what he will do next. Why, he would change his vote on a bill because he was convinced by the opposition! He has come to Congress as a Republican on a Fusion ticket and as a Progressive indorsed by the Socialists. Before his last election he nearly ran as an Independent but the Republican candidate got cold feet and ceded the nomination to him. Asked why he took it, he rumpled his black hair and said: "Well, I can do more here than on Second Avenue, so what's the difference?" He never attends a caucus; he gives White House invitations to the children; taunted with radicalism on the floor, he aptly retorts: "As long as a person talks about great American standards he is applauded; when he asks to put them into practice he is a radical."

La Guardia got the opportunity to keep his promise to the admiral from the National Republican Club, where he was invited to speak at a non-partisan discussion on the new navy bill. To insure equality and fairness Admirals Plunkett and Fiske, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Representative A. Piatt Andrew of Massachusetts were also invited. La Guardia immediately got the irony of it.

"It does not require much imagination," he said, "to predict the feelings of the Londoner at breakfast tomorrow when he reads in his *Times* that the only one who criticized the great naval program of the Administration at a non-partisan discussion at an influential club was an obscure little Representative from New York by the name of La Guardia."

He argued that the appropriation was absurd because a war between England and the United States was unthinkable and no other Power was dangerous. To the contention that commercial competition made war inevitable he said: "The muzzle of an eighteen-inch gun is a poor salesman for American goods in other parts of the world." Finally he suggested that if we did continue with our present naval policy we ought to abandon the pretense of being Christian, return to the old nationalistic religions, and build up the necessary hate. It was his remarks that provoked the senile Plunkett to declare that war between England and the United States was imminent.

Immediately upon his return to Congress from the World War La Guardia offered an amendment to reduce the army by 200,000 men. He was a war hero and his little boon was granted. He has since offered a resolution annually to outlaw war. He succeeded in making the War Department retract a very effective enlisting poster which, unfortunately, was misleading. It pictured a handsome cadet and read: "Do you want to go to West Point? Ask recruiting officer." The little Major, dashing by it, was attracted. He removed his sombrero and thoughtfully scratched his head. This was a startling concession, indeed! Then he sent a few boys to the recruiting office for particulars. It was true. They didn't have to go to a Congressman at all. All that was necessary was to enlist for three years in the army and they would be sent to West Point. The recruiting officer said so. Mr. La Guardia returned to his office. He figured out that only one man out of twenty-five thousand in the army goes to West Point. Whereupon he framed a letter to the Secretary of War and posters amounting to $300,000 had to be withdrawn.

It is quite remarkable that so much correspondence should be exchanged between "an obscure little Representative from New York" and the illustrious members of the President's official family. Mr. La Guardia is in constant communication with the Secretary of the Treasury and with the United States Attorney General. Whenever these gentlemen pat themselves publicly on the back for a successful dry raid the irrepressible La Guardia blurts out a countercharge which leaves them gasping. While they were reveling in their capture of the Remus rum ring, for example, the little Major gleefully informed them that their ace captor was bootlegging the whiskey he had confiscated. To the Secretary of Labor he complained because the immigration laws were not as rigidly applied to "repudiated, unemployed, and shiftless dukes and archdukes" as to respectable aliens. To the Shipping Board he protested against "joy rides" for the elite rather than for wounded soldiers.

Thus have the officers of the present Administration managed to keep the dynamic gentleman from Harlem in his beloved state of activity. In spare moments he can always take a rap at prohibition. A few days ago he summed up the situation on the floor: "Politicians are ducking, candidates are hedging, the Anti-Saloon League prospering, people are being poisoned, bootleggers enriched, and government officials corrupted."

A magazine article charging that New York is an alien city whose Representatives in Congress are not even "real Americans," elicited a delicious "come-back" from La Guardia. The New York *World* took up the accusation and asked each member of the New York delegation to trace his ancestry. "I have no family tree," responded La Guardia. "The only member of my family who has is my dog Yank. He is the son of Doughboy, who was the son of Siegfried, who was the son of Tannhäuser, who was the son of Wotan. A distinguished family tree, to be sure—but after all," added our irreverent Honorable, "he's only a son of a bitch."

In the Driftway

EVEN sauerkraut has friends. When the Drifter took a jab at it the other week—or at least at its juice—he thought it hadn't any defenders. (N. B. He never hits anything that's likely to hit back.) Alas, he was wrong. There seem to be thousands in this fair land who would gladly die in defense of sauerkraut—or at least do to death the Drifter. A newspaper paragrapher wrote once that after long experience in American journalism he had learned that the only thing one could safely abuse was the man-eating shark. Since that was written the field of abuse has grown more restricted. Probably now one can safely abuse only man-eating sharks with six teeth that answer to the name of Rover. Certainly one cannot abuse sauerkraut—or even confess ignorance about it.

* * * * *

WHAT indeed seems most to have annoyed readers was the Drifter's naive confession that he thought sauerkraut was made with vinegar. "And you claim to have lived in Wisconsin!" retorts one exasperated driftee. "Why out there when one farmer sees another he asks: 'Putting down any sauerkraut this year?' 'No—too busy. I'm not doing anything except to put down seven barrel for the family.'"

* * * * *

FROM the office of the Macon *News*, "Evening and Sunday Morning," comes this letter:

> From the ignorance he displays in his discourse on sauerkraut juice, which appeared in the February 29 issue of *The Nation*, it is easy to see that your Drifter has never drifted into the mountainous section of north Georgia, nor into the sand beds of South Carolina or Alabama.
>
> While I have never heard of sauerkraut juice being used as a breakfast food by north Georgia mountaineers—pork, cornbread, and black coffee comprising the morning meal of that sturdy folk—the juice of the luscious sauerkraut occupies the place of honor, alongside the corn-liquor jug, in their medicine cabinets.
>
> Quinine-iron-strychnine tonics are not known back in the mountains ten and fifteen miles from the nearest physician. Sauerkraut juice serves as a much more efficient spring toner. The housewife physicians of the neighborhood prescribe the "salt water flavored with cabbage," as the Drifter terms the beverage, as a cure for ills ranging from galloping consumption to plain, everyday stomach ache.
>
> The ignorance of the way in which the delicious food is prepared shown by your Drifter is really refreshing to those living in sections where the kraut barrel is a family institution. In the homes of the more prosperous farmers a wagon load of cabbages is hauled up and the green leaves stripped down to the white heart of the head. The head is then shredded and a layer placed in a barrel, or jar, and a layer of salt is sprinkled over it. The layer-cabbage, layer-salt plan is followed until the barrel is filled; then a small quantity of water is poured over it and the mixture is put in press to ferment.
>
> Since reading the Drifter, I have inquired of my fellow-reporters and find that in Nashville, Tennessee, as well as other Southern cities, the drug-stores are advertising the drink for sale along with their ice-cream sodas, sundaes, and milk-shakes. It is said to be very popular with the drug-store cowboys in those cities.
>
> A story, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, was told me by a South Carolinian when I broached the subject of sauerkraut juice at the boarding house the other day. It seems that in his section of South Carolina the Negroes often use the juice as a substitute for moonshine liquor. He declares that a "glorious" drunk may be pitched on it. In the section of north Georgia where I was raised corn liquor was too plentiful for mountaineers to drink sauerkraut juice at their parties.
>
> While your Drifter is drifting, let him come down to Macon, Georgia, and we will teach him a few wrinkles which he does not know.
>
> Yours for better and cheaper sauerkraut juice,
>
> EDGE R. REID

* * * * *

AND from Lockport, New York, Dr. Clara H. Kaiser writes: "So you have been approached on the subject of sauerkraut juice. Well, so was I, and I fell for it. But let me tell you, if spinsterhood is the triumph of mind over curiosity, for Heaven's sake, hang on to your spinsterhood."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Protection of Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those responsible for banning me in Madison have evidently been skilful in their own defense.

It was represented to me, and the controversy in the Madison press prior to my arrival there seems to bear this out, that it was President Glenn Frank who put pressure on the Student Forum Committee to withdraw its invitation. Nor was this done, as at present maintained, on the basis of the synopsis of my lecture, but on account of sensationalized interviews with me in the New York press. The synopsis was sent some little time before the lecture was canceled. I believe that honest feminism, not morals, is its sole offense.

I proposed to examine how to arrive at the protection of mothers and children, rather than of women as such. One-third of the lecture as originally planned dealt with married and unmarried women in industry; another third with the inadequate protection of maternity under existing laws and conventions; the rest with the scandals of alimony, women and war, women's struggle for education, the changing attitude of respectable middle-aged Englishwomen toward birth control, sex education, and the protection of adolescents.

I have addressed mixed audiences of students at the Labor clubs of both Oxford and Cambridge universities on similar topics. If in fact the men students of Madison were themselves responsible—which I do not believe—for breaking, in a panic, a lecture engagement of four weeks' standing, then they are unlike any university students I have ever met, and the outlook for American liberalism—but still more for feminism—is black when they reach responsible positions. The Madison business men, with a spirit of tolerant inquiry such as is commonly and mistakenly supposed to exist in universities, invited me to address their club after my appearance in the town.

Some students are reported to have draped the free-speech tablet on the campus in mourning. But possibly they were women? I inclose the abstract of my lecture which I sent the students for their approval.

SHOULD WOMEN BE PROTECTED?

> It may be true that in the past, when life was more difficult than it is now, women needed protection and dependence upon the strength of men during the time they were rearing their children. The excuse for such protec-

tion no longer exists in the more secure and closely woven society of today. Protection of women has now become a hindrance rather than a help to their happiness and free development. When women sought the vote, men continued to urge the warm shelter of the home as a substitute. Today protection by law in certain trades is offered to women, not honestly, but frequently with a view to protecting men from their competition.

The laws and customs which enforced a secluded life for woman before and after marriage may have been necessary in a world which allowed her no other career but sex and child-bearing. But their aim was much more to protect the man by insuring the paternity of his children. This is shown by the reactionary attitude taken up by men toward women who are economically independent and who therefore practice some degree of sexual freedom.

The argument of physical weakness disappears. Girls are easier to rear than boys, hence the surplus of women in many countries. Women tend to live longer than men. There may be some ground for the protection of the mother at certain times of her life, but there is no ground for the protection of women as such. Indeed, I am not sure that before long we shall not need new laws for the protection of men from the consequences of their own folly in setting such high standards of Puritan morals to the majority of their women.

New York, March 3 DORA RUSSELL

George Sand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Madame Aurore Sand, granddaughter and only living descendant of George Sand, is attempting to accumulate a fund the interest of which, under the name of the Prix George Sand, will be used to aid promising young French writers who need financial assistance. The income from the dues of membership in the society known as "Les Amis de George Sand" is largely devoted to this fund. In order that it may reach proper proportions, however, there is need of outside contributions. These may be sent directly to Madame Aurore Sand, whose address is 11, rue de Bagneux, Paris (VI), or (during the summer) Château de Nohant, Nohant-Vicq, Indre, France.

I should be glad to send details to readers of *The Nation* who might like to become associated with "Les Amis de George Sand."

A "Salon George Sand," with a rare collection of memorabilia of her whom Edouard Estaunié characterizes as "the voice of woman at a time when women were silent," has recently been established in the Carnavalet Museum in Paris through the beneficence of Madame Aurore Sand. Upon her death, the Château de Nohant, where George Sand spent the greater part of her life and in the gardens of which she lies buried, will go to the French Academy as a permanent memorial.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD

St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., February 11

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Thank You!

Saturday, March 10th, 5 P. M.

Dear Friends of The Nation:

We have just closed the lists and sent the last names over to the printer. And we take great pleasure in announcing that there are 1,304 of you—Nation readers who have sent at least one Tenth Anniversary subscription for Mr. Villard's Birthday Gift. Hundreds of you have sent more than one, many have sent three and four and five. One has sent twenty-five, and one, forty!

As a result of your efforts we shall be able to put into Mr. Villard's hands on Tuesday, March 13th, a birthday gift of 2,300 new subscribers to The Nation. That is magnificent. We congratulate you.

Pages From The Nation, *the book which has been prepared to commemorate the Tenth Anniversary, and which, as you know, is to contain the names of all those who are giving the Birthday Present, will be ready for mailing in about two weeks' time. The first volume will go to Mr. Villard on his fifty-sixth birthday, as a token of our friendship.*

CRYSTAL EASTMAN,
Secretary, Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers.

CHINA
Where it is today—and why!
By THOMAS F. MILLARD

MR. MILLARD has had 30 years of personal contact with the Far East, and is one of the foremost experts on China. His book covers the events of the last three years. WILLIAM McFEE recently recommended it in the *World* as "the best bet for the business man" who hasn't time to read all the new books on China, and LEWIS GANNETT in the *Herald Tribune* called it "an amazingly good book."

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NEW YORK

Books, Music, Plays

The Maid Medusa

By LEONORA SPEYER

Once I loved . . .
Once . . .
A shepherd-youth. All day
With his white flock
I watched him from my rock.

I waited, heard him play
His pliant reed,
(Drowsily flowed the tune
The drowsy hours away),
Until,
As pillowed on a tender note,
He dropped asleep among his sheep,
The sun-light on his throat.

I bade my hair be still,
Chiding each fearful lock;
They writhed them to a coil at my command.
Deep in a coppice where he lay
I found him, held his eyes shut with my hand—
The gods know I sought not to kill.

Had he not torn his gaze free,
Flung off my fingers,
Laughing as they clung,
As though at some light game—
How radiant beneath his lids the blue,
Paling to horror as he spoke my name:
He looked on me.
Too close he looked on me.

I saw his graying face,
(For when was blood in stone?)
I knew the burden of his stark embrace,
Of mouth turned marble as it kissed;
While on my brow
The locks grew clamorous, hissed,
Uncurling one by one,
Loudly undone,
To tumble, crawl along his arm,
His breast, his heavy thigh,
Still warm,
As stone is in the sun.

Down from a dim bough
Overhead,
Of leaves too sudden dark,
A carven bird fell dead.

Ah, that these eyes of mine,
(Medusa's dolorous eyes),
Could blacken and blight the sun
To an onyx ember;
Make of the moon, the crowded welter of stars,
Dull pebbles blown
Along blind, granite skies;
Could drown all light in stone!
That I might cease to see, to hideously remember
Those other eyes—
Their agate stare,
Wide, flinty, and aware—

And the weight, the weight,
Cruel and cumbrous-straight,
Of his slim body
As we lay there.

Once I knew joy.
I, Medusa, long ago.
A shepherd-boy . . .
All day with his white flock . . .
I, watching from my rock.

Born *and* Made

A President Is Born. By Fannie Hurst. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT is really too bad that Fannie Hurst does not ask some competent editor to go over the proofs of her novels in order to catch those minor slips which, so easy to remove, are so unpleasant when left. Such a person in even a hasty reading could have pointed out to Miss Hurst that sixty-five is an absurd number of acres for a farm like that which she describes as belonging to her heroine; that "corn runts" are not cornstalks; that well water is not softer than cistern water; that "to eke their way" does not at all mean "to make their way"; and that as a rule the precise way to say a thing is as effective as the rough-and-ready way. The best writers, of course, are their own best editors, but almost any editor can improve the work of a writer who tends, as the best writers seldom do, to be a little less than workmanlike in the matter of details.

The excuse can always be offered, and indeed is customarily offered, that precision is less valuable than power. Well, Miss Hurst has power, and it has won her the admiration of thousands of readers who know life when they see it in a book and who like it the better the more they see of it. At the same time, by her lack of precision she gives her style a certain thickness and opaqueness which do not quite go with her genuine intelligence. She writes with a clear head but with a swelling heart.

Her clear head directed her to the original and amusing idea which lies back of "A President Is Born." That is the story of the youth of David Schuyler, about twenty-five years old in 1928, who was to become President of the United States. Ostensibly written a good while later than the present, the narrative proper confines itself rather strictly to the years which now have actually run through the calendar. But there are various footnotes, claiming to be extracted from the diaries of David's sister Rebekka, which throw a prophetic light over the later years. This skilful device allows Miss Hurst to handle two eras side by side, conducting a plain story through the one, and in the other, not taken too chronologically, exhibiting the consequences of the life led in the first.

In the working out of this idea, however, the swelling heart has a large share. Perhaps that is as well, since, when it comes to prophecy, there is not much to choose between hearts and heads. At any rate, Miss Hurst has been more interested in the emotional present of David Schuyler and of his family than in their political future. David, though immensely if somewhat clumsily greedy for knowledge, is shown for the most part to be growing in his generous sympathies. His sister Rebekka

is another of those valkyries in harness whom Miss Hurst excels in representing. The other members of the family, truthfully enough, give little evidence that they are of the stock from which Presidents spring.

When it comes to that, from what stock do Presidents spring? At this question the most important emphasis of the novel becomes clear, and there emerges from it a prophecy which is only implied in the text itself. The Schuyler family is of German, not of English or Scotch-Irish, descent. Nothing could be further from the stories told of the upbringing of a certain contemporary President—with its pinched caution and mean thrift and narrow aims and sly knowingness and dryness of heart—than this story of the President who is to come (is he to come?) when the expansive, hearty-living, eager-minded, non-Puritanical stocks shall have found a leader. Hitherto the popular biographies of Presidents have generally been written in a mode which seems increasingly archaic—homespun biographies, as if their subjects were in training to become Presidents of some skimpy provincial republic. Miss Hurst has disturbed that pattern. Here is a President who, in spite of many handicaps, lives richly and deeply, as if in training to be President of the United States which now exists and which may be a much more agreeable place to live in if ever it learns that it does exist. When that time comes, Miss Hurst may be understood to prophesy, the legend of the last of the Yankee Presidents will seem as quaint and angular as the legend of the last of the Yankee peddlers.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Marriage of Minds

The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America. By Bernard Fay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

MODERN historians find the bounds of history hard to set; any study of a particular period must extend into economics, religion, law, social life, and habits of which the political aspects were but the outward form and manifestations. The historian must deal with ideas and beliefs, with customs and environment. The book under review is significant in this respect; it throws into high relief a vital element that permeated the young Colonies and brought them to open rebellion. The primary object of Mr. Fay's book is not to discuss the American Revolution but to show how the aspirations and the revolutionary spirit manifested in America and in France reacted the one upon the other and produced the rebellion of the American colonies and the revolution in France.

The author seeks first to answer the question: What part did France play in the international relations of the Colonies? His general thesis is that the climate of opinion in America engendered by the stormy conditions under which the Colonies were founded and maintained caused an already aggressive temperament to evolve into a revolutionary one. Nature and the American soil transformed and inspired the inhabitants "with the passionate desire to form an autonomous body with an ideal and a will of its own." France, perceiving this and smarting under the treaty of 1763, had the discernment to seize the opportunity when offered of supporting the Colonies in their conflict with Great Britain. "The ardent curiosity and zeal of the French hastened and shaped the development of the United States into a nation and woke in the Americans an eagerness to know themselves and to define and realize their potentialities. And this same influence that inspired them with an international and universal genius also roused their national spirit." French influence was disseminated throughout the Colonies in various ways. Through the young French noblemen, who as officers in the American army held high social prestige, there was brought to America "a refining of manners"; numerous professors of the French language "rendered American education more artistic and intellectual"; the first families of the South sent their sons abroad to study, and they continued thereafter to make trips to Europe. Rich New England families to some extent did the same. Even the military science of the Americans was French, since "all the books that were printed for the instruction of officers, artillery-men, and engineers were translations from the French." Moreover, through diplomatic and paid propaganda, France sought to consolidate the national union of the States. Thomas Paine in particular is mentioned as a paid propagandist who became later one of the principal agents of the republican revolution in France.

On the other hand, the Colonies played their part in France. "Revolutionary sentiment grew because of the appeal that Jefferson's formula had for all nations. At the same time, revolutionary mysticism became more and more fervent at Paris and built up a veritable worship about Franklin." To these two men is credited a decided influence among the young revolutionaries. "Franklin's personality and his stay in France are the source of most of the visions and hopes that were the immediate preparation for the French Revolution." Jefferson's house became the headquarters of the patriotic party and his role as that of mentor is stressed. An entire literature grew up in France about the United States, and between the years 1783 to 1789 these publications "were continually presenting to the public the romantic, sentimental, and religious legend which, through the efforts of travelers and authors, the United States had become." French officers, French writers, and French educators returned home from America "with their heads full of ideas for reforms." All parties in France recognized in America the model that the revolutionary idealists sought to follow in 1789.

Mr. Fay sums up his discussion by saying:

> It seems, therefore, that from 1775 to 1800 there reigned an impassioned intellectual union between the two countries. . . . The best minds of both countries threw themselves recklessly into this friendship. . . . A thousand tendencies, theretofore obscure, took shape and became images and desires; the revolutionary spirit, eager to transform the world and to act immediately, took the place of the spirit of reform, French intellectualism and American religiosity formed a torrent that swept the world.

To all those who enjoy studying well-worn subjects from new angles this volume will prove stimulating. Certainly it should not be overlooked by students of the period covered.

C. W. ALVORD

Three Statesmen

Lord Shaftesbury. By J. Wesley Bready. Frank-Maurice. $5.
Richard Cobden and Foreign Policy. By W. H. Dawson. Frank-Maurice. $5.
Lord Brougham. By Arthur Aspinall. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.

BIOGRAPHIES and studies of nineteenth-century British statesmen are being showered upon us. Lord Shaftesbury, Cobden, and Lord Brougham are among the latest contributions to the flood. The former two may be considered complementary in their careers and achievements. For, though they covered the same period, they rarely touched and hardly ever overlapped. Shaftesbury was the chief pioneer and promoter of social and economic reforms in Britain, and was only drawn into external politics when some burning moral issue came up, such as the abolition of the slave trade or the opium trade with China. Cobden, on the other hand, was almost always engaged in international affairs, for his great free-trade crusade, though derived from considerations of domestic poverty and needs, soon developed into the central principle of a constructive pacific internationalism. Both statesmen were distinguished from Lord Brougham by their paramount regard for moral principles in the conduct of public life. Mr. Bready's

study of Shaftesbury opens with an encomium uttered after his death in 1855 by the Duke of Argyle to the effect that "two social reforms of the last century have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

It was a new departure in politics for a young man of noble family to dedicate himself to the task of remedying the appalling abuses which the greed of disordered industry and social oppression had bred in the life of the English working classes. Mr. Bready properly stresses the deep religious convictions which inspired Lord Shaftesbury throughout his arduous labors for the good of others. A passionately earnest evangelical, following in the footsteps of John Wesley, he deemed it his mission to apply the teaching of Jesus to the present conduct of public life. Shaftesbury was no sentimentalist. He grappled always with the facts, and all his victories in lunacy reform, the ten-hour day, mines and factories, chimney sweeps, opium smuggling, liquor traffic, and housing reform were won by the presentation of incontrovertible evidence. He was no radical, no believer in democratic government; he opposed the reform bills of his time, and was in no active sympathy with the Christian Socialism of Kingsley, Hughes, and Maurice. He disliked the sensationalism of the Salvation Army. No enemy of property, not even aware of the scientific socialism of the age, he was seized with a sense of stewardship in the administration of wealth and power by their possessors. But he differed from other holders of this "moral trust" doctrine in that he brought it into the conduct of the state. Mr. Bready finds fault with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond for their disparagement of the evangelical spirit. But, though right in claiming Shaftesbury as a legitimate child of the evangelical revival, he fails to show that any considerable proportion of this mighty impetus flowed into the work of social redemption which Shaftesbury undertook. Evangelicism generally stood for the next world to the neglect of this.

Dr. Dawson in his able treatise rescues Cobden from the narrow associations which, in America as in Britain, have attached to Cobdenism. He shows Cobden as a great humanist, busied primarily with good relations between nations, but keenly alive to all great causes of human welfare; his greatest contribution to the thought and policy of his age lay in the positive encouragement of trade and human intercourse between peoples, and the negative doctrine of governmental non-intervention. Thus he was pacifist, anti-imperialist, and arbitrationist. His friendly feeling for America, manifest throughout his career, was largely based on his sympathy for her abstention from any "spirited" foreign policy or any "entanglement." Not the least interesting part of Dr. Dawson's book is his application of Cobdenism to our day. While regarding some sort of League of Nations as a legitimate extension of Cobden's pacifism, he would give it no sanction, and he wishes his country to extricate itself "from the European imbroglio as soon as possible." In particular he protests against "the subordination of this country, its external relations and interests, to the wishes and convenience of a single Power."

In his study of Lord Brougham Dr. Aspinall restores vitality to an early nineteenth-century lawyer-statesman who has long become a dim figure to most Englishmen. The energy, versatility, brilliancy, and recklessness of this great careerist, always fighting for place and power, now Tory, now Whig, now radical, often doing admirable service in good causes of constitutional reform, social service, and, above all, education, distinguished Lord Brougham from the other Victorian statesmen of the mid-century. None of them was his equal in oratory, industry, and intellectual power. Unfortunately, as his biographer here shows, his arrogance and unreliability wrecked a great career at its height, and the man who in the thirties had made himself the most popular, if not the most powerful, man in Britain soon sank into comparative obscurity, living mostly in the south of France and dabbling in the spiritualistic activities of Robert Owen's declining years.

J. A. Hobson

A New Novel

Love in Chartres. By Nathan Asch. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THE young writers who dismiss with sincere disdain the work of the older practitioners of fiction are not allowed to hawk their own productions unchallenged. They find that the literary pundits are as little satisfied and as greatly contemptuous of the newer novelists. For if anything be more characteristic of the Old Guard, as it grows smaller in number and much the worse for being old, than that it never surrenders, it is the fact that it ever strenuously grumbles and objects. Taunted with "conventional," it retorts "mannered"; assailed as "dull," it cries "incomprehensible"; accused of being pitifully inadequate to our time, it counter-attacks with the charge that modernistic writing is utterly inconsequential. The controversy flames anew each time a representative volume is published and the general reader is gradually forced into one camp or the other, or, worse still, stands shell-shocked in an intellectual No Man's Land, a victim of both fires.

Now Ford Madox Ford, who is more sympathetic with the new school than I, closes a discussion of "Love in Chartres" with the words: "Mr. Asch remains one of the most remarkable of the world's young writers" because, in his opinion, Mr. Asch has written a very beautiful book which renders the spirit of Chartres one with the essence of this story. On the other hand, Simeon Strunsky, who has found the errors of the younger literary generation a source of whimsical subject matter for his Sunday "comics" in the New York *Times*, believes that "it is a good story and could have been very well told in the old manner" but, unfortunately, the author "has not escaped from the dogma of a stream of consciousness that must move backward." And so the book is spoiled for Mr. Strunsky; it is filled with pluperfect verbs.

This is typical criticism from the opposing camps; and it seems necessary to indicate that, in view of what the modernists are trying to do, it is characteristically irrelevant. For the fact is—and it should be an obvious fact—that our modern novelists are engaged not so much in artistic self-expression as in experimental research. They insist—and rightly—that their first task, in an age which is indubitably and radically different from the preceding generation, is to rediscover the physical character and spiritual significance of even those objects, actions, and ideas which habit has made automatically acceptable and to test the relevancy of these things to the present civilization. In the process of rediscovery new manners as well as new values are born, and if these styles seem less attractive than the old, it must be remembered that form is in the early stages of a movement infinitely less important than purpose and result.

Thus it is irrelevant to the essence and value of Nathan Asch's work to praise or blame it for its composition. One may admit that his stream-of-consciousness method has mannered and tortured his prose; one may well regret "and it was but much later that she did get up" and a hundred equally awkward phrases; one may even inform Mr. Asch that his dogma of initial perfection which precludes revision is nonsense. Yet one cannot lose sight of the fact that in portraying the conflicting demands of artist and lover within a man Mr. Asch has written a more understanding work than Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Furthermore, it is more understanding precisely in the qualities which make it a modernistic opus. It is homely; sparing in its realism, it none the less avoids the romantic trappings that obscure rather than decorate the sentiment of love. It is honest; its characters are not only true to their emotions but they refuse to be bound by the outworn conventional incumbencies of the situation. It is brave, artistically brave, in denying to the reader the catharsis of a climax and the pleasure of a solution.

Johan Smertenko

Temperature 102°

England, Europa und die Welt. Von Erich Obst. Berlin: Kurt Vowinckel Verlag. 36 marks.

IT would be difficult to find a more able or more fascinating statement of the forces underlying the growth of the British "commonwealth" of nations, and the dilemma in which it finds itself at present, than this volume by Professor Obst. Obst belongs to the group of German scholars who during the past four years have been publishing the important *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik.*

The seven years of acute industrial depression in England, the tremendous General Strike, the developing nationalist self-assertion of the Dominions, and the intervention against the Chinese Revolution are as unmistakable signs of a sick empire as a temperature of 102° is of a sick body. What has happened?

Obst has divided his book into two unequal parts: in the first hundred pages he considers his subject from the "geo-political" viewpoint and outlines the high spots in the growth of the empire. It is not an account of the whims of individual kings, warriors, and statesmen, but a thorough statement of the underlying conflict over trade routes, markets, and raw materials. The second part discusses in great detail, with much assistance in the shape of excellent statistical tables and charts, the economic foundations of the British Empire. The production and consumption of the chief cereals; of animal foodstuffs —meat, butter, eggs, etc.; as well as of tea, sugar, and tobacco are thoroughly analyzed. The status of the basic manufacturing and metal industries is well presented. Cotton, wool, linen, hemp, jute, silk, and artificial silk—all the important textile industries are investigated. Considerable attention is devoted to those sinews of empire—coal, iron and steel, and petroleum. Finally, after discussing shipbuilding, and the manufacture of machinery, Professor Obst is far too modern to fail to see the importance of the chemical and rubber industries. The condition of three typical industries may be cited.

In 1860, during the reign of Queen Victoria, England's production of pig iron—4 million tons—alone was larger than that of all the rest of the world. But even before the war, in 1913, this monopoly had disappeared completely, and England's production of 10 million tons was surpassed by Germany with 17 and the United States of America with 31 million tons! In recent years exports of iron and steel have fallen off, while imports have increased. The younger, better-organized steel-producing countries are able not only to satisfy home consumption but even to invade the British market itself.

Another thing which helped to give England world supremacy was her monopoly of the export trade in machinery. No further back than 1900, both Germany and the United States were far behind Britain in value of machine exports. By 1912 the tide had turned, and in that year both of these countries surpassed Britain. Today the Empire Development Union admits that "in every branch of the export trade in machinery we are far below the level of 1913."

The manufacture of cotton goods was the first mass-production industry to spring up after the industrial revolution, and has ever since been one of England's most important industries. It is centralized in Lancashire, and the extensive and long-continued mass unemployment in that region is indicative of the bitter competition the industry is facing. In 1924 Great Britain exported to India only 79 per cent as much cotton goods as in 1913; to the Dutch East Indies 55 per cent; to China 68 per cent; to Japan 60 per cent; and to Central and South America 43 per cent. Indeed, the Empire Development Union is quoted as saying: "Unless the trade with India and the Far East can be recovered, the prospects of the cotton industry in Lancashire are grave. No compensation can be found in other markets for the loss of that trade. The difficulty in regard to the recovery of lost trade is the enormous growth of the cotton industries of competitive countries, and the growth of the industry in the Far East itself. These two important new developments have been going on for some years and are not in the least likely to be checked; they are much more likely to increase in importance."

England's decline from her monopoly position began before the war, but the war accelerated it past mending. In his summary Professor Obst piously advises England to renounce dreams of empire and voluntarily to become a part of an economically United Europe. Considering the history and the facts in his own book, however, it is more likely that, true to her past, England will make an attempt to conquer that vast potential market—the USSR—and simultaneously destroy the revolutionary organizing center that threatens her markets in China and India, and even causes trouble at home.

THEODORE MACLEAN SWITZ

Helmholtz's Treatise

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. Translated from the Third German Edition and Edited by James P. C. Southall. The Optical Society of America.

UP to 1850 vision was conceived as a function of the retina, alike in character in all of its parts but differing in degree at the fovea, where it was most acute, and at the periphery, where it faded to zero. Schultze discovered the rods and the cones in the percipient layer and precipitated investigations of the functions of these two end organs. Helmholtz, the right man for the time, began his studies of the functions of the eyes and soon evolved the ophthalmoscope, with which he proceeded to study the normal arrangement of the interior of the eye. He probably never realized that this instrument would revolutionize ophthalmology and scatter the large number of diseases operating unseen, up to that time, and known collectively as "black cataract." In the hands of another genius, von Graefe, the instrument opened a new world to the oculists of the period and the foundation for modern ophthalmological science was laid. These three men were genuine benefactors of the human race, and, like all such, are known to but a few of the millions who enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Two editions of Helmholtz's "Physiological Optics" were published in German before his death and others since, but until now it has been unavailable in English. This third volume of Professor Southall's edition is chiefly concerned with eye movements and with vision as a mental combination of the images of two eyes endowing us with perception of depth, distance, and size. Not many realize the importance to the individual of binocular vision, or of the various instruments which are fashioned after human eyes. The translation of Helmholtz's great work places this information where it can be obtained directly. Professor Southall and his associates are entitled to the sincere thanks of every scientist.

RALPH I. LLOYD

Books in Brief

The Travels of William Bartram. An American Bookshelf. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

Any reader coming to this book for the first time will wonder why it has been allowed to pass into the limbo of famed forgotten things. There cannot be many more delightful descriptions of travel and exploration in early American literature. William Bartram set out to gather scientific data, chiefly botanical, in the unfamiliar regions of Georgia and East Florida, but he brought a spirit of wonder to his observations and recorded the workings of nature with the eyes of a poet. He weds the most gorgeous adjectives with the technical names of his

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plants. His soul is brimful of eighteenth-century benevolence and piety, and this gives to his writing that flavor "immeasurably old" which caught the fancy of Carlyle. He is by turns enthusiastic, sober; dramatic, idyllic; reflective, naive; diffusive, firm; redundant, precise. He recounts many thrilling experiences, such as battles, single-handed, with hosts of alligators, and reports many curious and wonderful sights; but these adventures and sights are not nearly as exciting as being greeted in the remote wilderness by a good man reclining on a bear-skin, with a sentence like this: "Welcome, stranger; I am indulging the rational dictates of nature, taking a little rest, having just come in from the chase and fishing." It is a narrative of infinite riches and variety. The editor of "An American Bookshelf" deserves a vote of thanks for placing it within the general reach.

Chinese Art. By R. L. Hobson. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.
Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting. By Louise Wallace Hackney. Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.

These are two magnificent picture-books. Mr. Hobson writes a brief and authoritative introduction, but the one hundred and twenty plates are the book. Most of the plates, as befits the keeper of ceramics at the British Museum, are of pottery, and they are superb reproductions of an art in which the Chinese stand alone. One may complain of the meager allowance to sculpture and painting, and the reproductions of lacquer seem disproportionate. Mrs. Hackney's volume, although described as "edited" by Paul Pelliot—perhaps the greatest sinologist outside of China—is clearly the work of an intelligent amateur. Perhaps for that reason there is hardly a better introduction to Chinese painting available for English-reading laymen.

The World Talks It Over. By Burr Price. Rae D. Henkle Company. $1.75.

An expert press-agent tells how the League uses publicity as a cure for trouble.

An Outline History of Japan. By Herbert H. Gowen. D. Appleton and Company. $4.

More ample than Latourette's "Development of Japan," particularly on the period preceding Commodore Perry's expedition, Mr. Gowen's summary fills a useful niche. Its account of Japanese relations with China since the outbreak of the World War is scrupulous not to offend the sensitive Japanese.

Music

A Blow for Musical Democracy

WE are to have a national plank at last in our musical platform. At least we shall if the latest plan of the New York Chamber Music Society holds good. The idea is to organize branch societies throughout the country, not so much by starting new ensembles as by affiliating with those already established. In turn this would encourage others still in the making until, it is hoped, every city and town could boast of such a branch. Even more important, it would enable the society to extend its policy of featuring at least one American work on every program and so become, as it were, a national clearing-house for American chamber music.

On the surface the idea is so simple and practical that one almost takes it for granted. Underneath, however, it is actually the first organized effort yet made in this country to nationalize either our musical resources or our musical needs. Until now there has been no outlet proposed for either the instrumentalists or composers we are training. Many a town could raise a respectable ensemble of strings and even woodwinds where it could not support a full-sized orchestra. Many

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Mrs. WALTER D. LAMBERT, 272 Park Ave., Takoma Park, Md.

a creative musician would be turning to this, the highest even if least lucrative form of composition, if there were any chance of getting a hearing. Lastly, many a community would develop a local pride in its own musicians through such an ensemble, a wider activity through this pride, and eventually a national consciousness through steady contact with native musicians and native music.

That such a proposal is only now being made shows how far we still are from a musical florescence. That it has had to come from a struggling handful of musicians shows even more the real odds. When we come to face these odds we find that most of them exist because, in spite of the fabulous sums spent on music in this country, and the even more fabulous musical wealth that comes to these shores, neither our musical foundations, and private patrons, or even our public geniuses have as yet progressed beyond self-interest. One cannot point to a single benefaction that is not made to reward the giver; to a single benefactor whose gift could slip beyond his grasp as long as he was alive. That no one has reached the point of national service is indicated by the fact that the first intelligent approach to such a service—a national survey of conditions—has yet to be made.

One would like to exalt, as a counteracting influence, the foreign musicians in our midst, those musicians who claimed—and received—our hospitality during the war, and our support ever since. Instead, the time has long since passed even for ignoring them out of courtesy. When in 1918 one newly made symphonic leader of a newly made orchestra dismissed all modern American music as "pretentious," and another with the remark that "of course" he was "interested" but had no time to examine the scores, one condoned it as natural prejudice. National passions were, after all, still running high! But when in 1928 not only these conductors but also their colleagues were still adhering to this policy, then one could only accept such an attitude as definitely hostile.

There have, of course, been exceptions to the rule. There is Ernest Bloch, who daily proves his ideals and his enthusiasms as well as his genius. There are, perhaps, one or two others. For the rest, statistics tell the tale. According to those quoted by James P. Dunn in a musical magazine called *Singing*, only four of the 120 works performed by the New York Philharmonic during 1926-1927 were American; only five out of the eighty-eight by the New York Symphony; just two out of the forty by the Boston Symphony; and but three out of the thirty-nine by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In the face of such a record the claims of an organization like the New York Chamber of Music Society, which already has to its credit 100 American works covering only a period of fourteen years, are too obvious for further comment.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Lenten Fare

DRAMATIC critics as well as churchmen generally do their penance during Lent. The Holy Season may occasionally be interrupted by dramatic productions of interest, but by common consent the managers launch most of their more important undertakings before it begins, and the critic, well aware that most of his evenings will not be pleasurable enough to constitute a sin, may well wish that his profession permitted him to make a virtue out of abstinence. Certainly the early part of this year's Forty Days was no exception to the general rule, since the more prominent offerings were a revival of Bayard Veiller's gaudy melodrama "Within the Law" (Cosmopolitan Theater), a rather one-sided debate upon birth control entitled "Her Unborn Child" (Eltinge Theater), and, finally, "The Great Necker," a farce presented by Chamberlain Brown at the Ambassador. If I choose the latter for comment, it is only with a certain feeling of desperation that I do so.

In order to fall in with the frolicsome but highly explicit manner of the piece I had better point out that the title is a pun. The middle-aged bachelor hero of the play frequents the society of Great Neck but he is also, you see, an adept at that popular extra-curriculum collegiate activity which used to be known as "petting" and which has more recently been given a designation which makes the pun possible and thus furnishes, as it were, the principal pleasantry of the evening. He gets himself engaged to a flapper of sixteen because he thinks she is innocent; he discovers to his horror that she knows more than he does; he abandons her in favor of a mature but still fascinating lady more suitable to his years; and the moral of that is that the young should not be protected against the Facts of Life.

Though the author is occasionally seized by a rather untimely impulse to point out that Ignorance is not synonymous with Innocence and that the Younger Generation has, after all, been much maligned, the plot of his farce is doubtless no worse than most and his most fatal vice is a penchant for epigrams which do not come off. Each is delivered in a fashion which suggests that they must have been indicated in the manuscript by being typed in red and there is a pause after the delivery of each to allow time for the laughter to rise and subside before the action proceeds; but, unfortunately, the other members of the dramatis personae seem more impressed than the audience with this wit, and the actors rush in to save the day by some fresh and excruciating bit of business like the effort to hide an unmistakably feminine garment behind their backs. Sometimes the wit rises to the modest height achieved by the Woman of the World when she advises: "Keep your beauty and your beauty will keep you," but the bright sayings more frequently fall with the dull sickening thud of "Flaming Youth never set the world on fire." When epigrams fail there is a Jewish comedian who says "pipple" for "people," and a lady member of a censorship board who gets tipsy.

I must confess that the piece seems to improve slightly as it approaches its conclusion and that, as the curtain descends, the Woman of the World makes this sapient comment: "The good Lord made us women beautiful and dumb—beautiful so *you* would love *us* and dumb so *we* would love *you*." This, I submit, is, comparatively at least, not bad. If my readers have heard it before I apologize to them; if not I apologize to the author of "The Great Necker" for my ungenerous suspicion that it might not be new.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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LECTURES

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Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sunday, March 18, at 11 A. M.

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"Henrik Ibsen:
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A special sermon in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great dramatist

Community Forum at 8 P. M.

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Single admission 75c Course ticket $2.50

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Friday Evening, March 30th, 8:15

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Subject: COMMUNISM VS. SOCIALISM

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SAVE SUNDAY AFTERNOON APRIL 8th

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Is it Imperialism or Benevolence?

The Big Debate of the Season

Manhattan Opera House

Joint Auspices

S. Rankin Drew Post 340 AMERICAN LEGION VS: **ALL-AMERICA ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE**

International Relations Section

Dishonoring Kossuth

A Speech Not Delivered at the Unveiling of the Kossuth Monument at New York, March 15, 1928

By OSCAR JASZI

AMERICANS, AMERICAN-HUNGARIANS, GUESTS FROM HUNGARY: Seventy-seven years ago Senator Hale, during a debate in the American Senate concerning the reception of Louis Kossuth, said: "I wish Kossuth to come here, in his very person, a living reproach to despotism, of whatever name and wherever it may be. . . ."

Some months later, when the people of Massachusetts gave a solemn reception to the great exile, Emerson, with his eyes looking *sub specie aeternitatis*, addressed the former governor of Hungary: "There is nothing accidental in your attitude. We have seen that you are organically in that cause you plead. The man of freedom, you are also the man of fate. . . ."

Three generations later, when Lord Bryce attempted to measure the moral forces of Europe before the Great War, he found that they were determined by five men: Napoleon, Bismarck, Cavour, Mazzini, and Kossuth.

In Hungary, the country trodden down by the Viennese camarilla and later under the sham constitution of the dual system when the will of the Hungarian people was frustrated by corruption and the army of the Hapsburgs, even here they were unable to discolor the memory of Kossuth. The messages of the hermit of Turin were constantly feared by Vienna, whereas the Magyar peasants and workers awaited, voiceless but stubborn, the return of the hero of the revolution and on all occasions they raised the old sad song:

> Kossuth Lajos sent the message
> That his army needs more soldiers:
> If he calls a second time
> All must follow his request. . . .
> Long live Hungarian freedom! . . .

But the dethroner of the Hapsburgs never returned. When his dead body was brought back in 1894, the streets of Budapest were swarming with a multitude inflamed with an enthusiasm that has never since been equaled and the whole country went on a pilgrimage to his unworthy son.

Who was this man who was capable of arousing such an amount of love and hatred, of hope and fear? In a period when all power was in the hands of the nobility, when the peasants bore the yoke of the lordly rule, when Hapsburg absolutism with the help of its magnates and bishops reigned without check and balance, when Hungarian economic development was suffocated by the cruel colonial policy of Austria—Louis Kossuth, a poor country lawyer without family prestige or connections, showed new ways and ideas to a weak and unorganized public opinion. In a country devoid of any political press he became the first great Hungarian journalist and created a mighty popular current in favor of advanced social reforms. His program had three pillars: the emancipation of the bondsmen, the introduction of parliamentary government, and the independence of the country from Vienna. In the interest of this program he developed an almost superhuman activity. The fire of his blue eyes, the magnetic spell of his voice, the power of his style drew into the orbit of his influence not only the disinherited of the country but also the more enlightened circles of the Hungarian middle nobility.

And a larger and larger camp followed the apostle. The Hungarian reaction and the Viennese camarilla regarded with growing terror the inflaming propaganda of this *homo novus*. They threw him into prison for three years in the hope that the cell would break his vital energy. But they were disappointed. Kossuth returned not only unbroken from the jail but, feeling his mission, he learned, while there, German, French, and English so that later in the period of his exile he was able to arouse the whole civilized world.

Meanwhile, the situation became more and more acute between Vienna and the Hungarian opposition. Kossuth reinforced his propaganda against Austria and feudalism. Like Gandhi in our own time, he created a defensive association against foreign industry and with his pen "dipped in human love" attacked feudal privileges. But Vienna was adamant against all reforms until the waves of the February revolution at Paris compelled Emperor Ferdinand to grant a parliamentary constitution. Kossuth, as Finance Minister, could begin to realize his reformative ideas. But in a few months the Hapsburg ruler broke his pledge, as so often, and, continuing his practice of "divide et impera," instigated to civil war the nationalities of Hungary, which were exasperated by the erroneous nationality policy of the Hungarian opposition. (That was the only point at which Kossuth misunderstood the situation during the revolution.) But even against the coalition of Hapsburg and the nationalities the force of the idea of national independence and human freedom was miraculous. The eloquence and organizing genius of Kossuth created a powerful army which went from victory to victory. The die was cast and the National Assembly at Debreczen dethroned the treacherous dynasty in April, 1849.

Having lost Hungary, the Emperor was compelled to suffer the deepest mortification by begging the assistance of Russia. When this horrid business was done and the Hungarian upheaval crushed, young Francis Joseph and his staff undertook such cruel hangman's work that it remained unrivaled in the history of civilized nations. Thirteen leading generals of the Hungarian revolution were hanged and the premier shot. Then came the Germanizing absolutism of the Bach period. The public opinion of the country was practically dead. But Kossuth, with admirable tenacity, upheld the Hungarian cause during the black years of his exile and tried to convince liberal public opinion in Europe and in America of the dangers of Hapsburg domination in Central Europe as the chief obstacle not only of Magyar independence but of the emancipation of the Slavs and Rumanians as well. With a virile sincerity he revised his former nationality policy and elaborated a new conception founded on complete national autonomy for each race and a confederation among the nations of the Danube.

Had this plan been followed, Europe would have avoided the horrors of the World War. But another course was taken. The ruling classes of Hungary, under the pressure of absolutism, made a compromise with the Emperor. The Dual System was established, an artificial and immoral half-measure, putting the majority of the

nations under the yoke of German-Magyar supremacy. This shortsighted policy drew the Slavs and the other nationalities into irredentism and pushed Central Europe inevitably toward catastrophe between the millstones of pan-Germanism and pan-Slavism. Kossuth clearly realized the danger of the Dual System and advocated his plan of a Danube Confederation based on the equality of all the nations as the only guaranty for a lasting peace: "Unity, harmony, fraternity among Magyars, Slavs, and Rumanians! That is my most ardent desire, my most sincere advice. . . ."

Such was the man, the visionary, the moralist, whose memory we honor today. And the Hungarians of America, the nameless workers of the plants and fields, have performed a noble act by raising this monument with their modest savings. Hungary, mutilated by a cruel imperialistic peace and checked in her development by a rapacious oligarchy, never needed more the guidance of Kossuth than in her present dark period. But there is no sign that the rulers of Hungary will follow the message of our great prophet. Among those who arranged the festival of today or among those who have made the pilgrimage to this monument I see scarcely any who can be called disciples of Kossuth. On the contrary, the majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the creation or maintenance of a system which by armed or administrative terror ousted the real followers of Kossuth from the Hungarian parliament, for Hungary is the only country in Europe which upholds the shameless practice of open voting. The real followers of Kossuth are now more persecuted than the Communists. Barna Buza, Vincent Nagy, Count Theodore Batthyany, and many other real Kossuthites are unable to arrange a single meeting before the peasantry. Rustem Vambery, a leading criminologist, was ousted from the university and now leads a wonderful solitary fight against the spirit of the Middle Ages. John Hock, the Hungarian Lamennais, president of the National Assembly, the third which dethroned the Hapsburgs, and many other excellent men of the Kossuth tradition are living now as pauper outcasts of Hungary.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which, under the pretext of combating communism, tortures in prison the Hungarian workers, which has driven into misery, by robbing him of his estates, the magnanimous Count Michael Karolyi (even his little children found no pardon!) because he took seriously the message of Kossuth and divided his *latifundia* among the peasants. This same system gave amnesty and parliamentarian membership to the mass murderer, Ivan Hejjas, a bosom friend of Admiral Horthy, but sentenced to seven years in jail Louis Hatvany, who was never a revolutionary but only a literary gentleman sympathizing with republicanism and pacifism. His only crime consisted in having denounced some five years ago the murders of the "gallant officers" of Admiral Horthy.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which introduced the ignominious *numerus clausus* against the Jewish students and tolerates that almost every week many Jewish boys and girls flee from the universities with bloody heads.

The majority of the Hungarian deputation is guilty of the maintenance of a system which instead of following the advice of Kossuth "to go ahead along the Danube in the establishment of freedom and a peaceful cooperation among the nations," prepares secretly for a new war and operates systematic smuggling of war materials with Italy.

But all these are only symptoms of a system rotten to the core. Its original sin lies in the fact that the most fundamental thought of Kossuth is not yet realized in Hungary. I mean the liberation of the bondsmen. For bondage has been eliminated only on paper, while the far greater part of the agricultural population is still kept in servitude because, in the absence of independent peasant property, they are compelled to toil for a starvation wage on the *latifundia* of the petty kings. That is the reason why wages are the lowest in Europe in fertile Hungary, why in Budapest child criminality was found more conspicuous than in the seventeen largest cities of England, why tuberculosis devastates so terribly the Hungarian people, why many graduates of the universities are unable to rent a room but are compelled to rent a bed as in "The Night Asylum" of Gorki.

Then why this disgusting farce? Why did Magyar feudal fascism need this comedy with the monument of Kossuth? The reason is that its followers feel the soil tremble under their feet, they are terrified by Kossuth's spirit, and they try to falsify it by transforming Kossuth the republican, the liberator of the peasants, the advocate of religious and racial equality, the father of the idea of a Danube Confederation into a Kossuth conforming to *their* ideology. The people of Hungary, muzzled by a bloody class rule, without a serious parliament, without a free press, without a jury, under the yoke of a corrupt administration and judiciary, awaits silently the return of Kossuth's spirit.

Not only the people of Hungary but the whole basin of the Danube awaits the fulfilment of his political testament. Because the only possibility for peace, for civilization, for the protection of the persecuted nationalities lies in the way indicated by Kossuth: in the formation of a Confederation of Free Republics on the ruins of the dynasties and feudalism.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

DUFF GILFOND is a Washington newspaperwoman.

LEONORA SPEYER is the author of "Fiddler's Farewell" and other books of verse.

CARL VAN DOREN is the author of "Contemporary American Novelists" and "The Ninth Wave."

C. W. ALVORD, recently dead in Italy, was the author of several volumes dealing with Western American History. His review in this issue was one of his latest efforts.

J. A. HOBSON, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is a foremost British economist.

JOHAN SMERTENKO is a New York critic and student of the history of criticism.

THEODORE MACLEAN SWITZ is an American chemist who has lived in England and made economic geography his hobby.

RALPH I. LLOYD is a physician of Brooklyn, New York.

OSCAR JASZI, Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi Government of Hungary in 1918-1919, is now in the department of political science at Oberlin College.

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Wednesday, March 28—Irvine H. Page—"The Significance of Membranes in Cellular Functions."

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The Nation Applauds

The Russian Exhibition of the Soviet Union in New York . THE NATION, February 15

The appearance of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., before the Nye Investigating Committee.
THE NATION, February 22

The arrival in New York of Dieudonné Costes and Joseph Lébrix, long-distance flyers from France via Africa and South America.
THE NATION, February 22

The conviction of Harry Sinclair, Henry M. Day, William J. Burns, and his son for "shadowing" the Sinclair Jury. THE NATION, March 7

The advertising by Senators of the oppression and destitution in the coal counties of Pennsylvania.
THE NATION, March 7

President Coolidge's conclusion that the federal government should bear at least the entire first costs of flood control for the lower Mississippi Valley.
THE NATION, March 7

The re-submission by Boris Stein at the Geneva Security Committee meeting of the Soviet proposal for speedy and practical disarmament, and the support given him by the Canadian commissioner to the Committee, Walter Riddell.
THE NATION, March 7

The outspoken campaign of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri.
THE NATION, March 7

The Nation Deplores

The Post Office Department ruling against stickers protesting marine rule in Nicaragua.
THE NATION, February 15

Secretary Kellogg's veto of the Chase National Bank's arrangement to facilitate the sale of Soviet bonds in the United States. THE NATION, February 15

President Coolidge's criticism of the critical press.
THE NATION, February 15

The acquittal of Governor Ed. Jackson, of Indiana, charged with conspiracy to bribe, because there was no evidence that he sought to conceal the crime.
THE NATION, February 29

The referring of the power trust investigation to the Federal Trade Commission.
THE NATION, February 29

The continued killing in Nicaragua.
THE NATION, March 7

Italy's smuggling of arms into Hungary.
THE NATION, March 7

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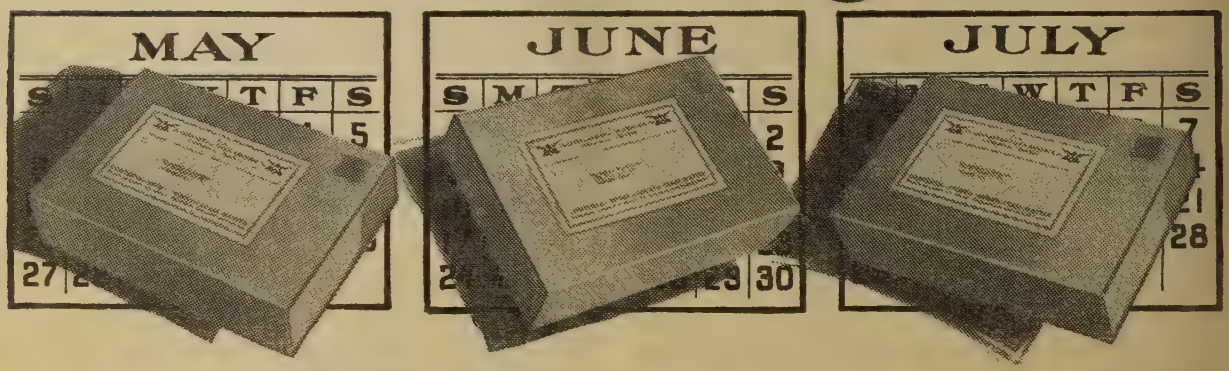

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The Nation

Vol. CXXVI, No. 3273 FOUNDED 1865 Wednesday, March 28, 1928

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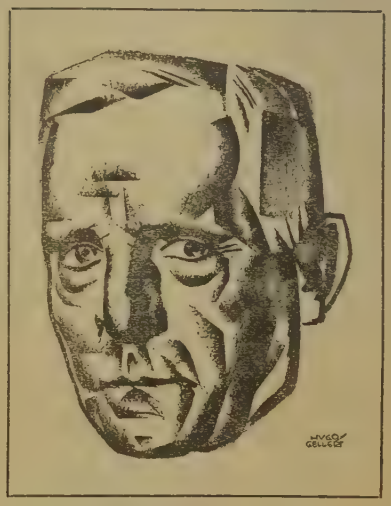
"Jim" Reed

by

Oswald Garrison Villard



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She's got rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

YOU REMEMBER HER, don't you?—that heroine of your childhood who "on St. Patrick's Day" became "Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jigaboo Jay—O'Shay"? We do not guarantee the spelling of her name, but we can still sing it; and we cannot help thinking that recently it must have echoed occasionally in the brain of Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle who, on St. Patrick's day of this year, in the city of Barwala, India, became "Her Highness, the Maharanee Devi Sharmista Holkar," wife of the ex-Maharajah of Indore. There were elephants to ride upon; there were gold embroidered shawls, pearl necklaces ornamented with diamond bangles, and gold rings on the bride's bare toes; there were musicians and dancers and performers; there were ceremonials and rites and a banquet served to 10,000 guests. Nancy Ann Miller was dipped in the Godavari River—dressed in a blue saree and gold-embroidered slippers—and she emerged a Hindu and a Brahmin. Her conversion to Hinduism, she told reporters, fulfilled "a dream of her girlhood." We choose to believe that this is true. It is pleasant to imagine the Maharanee, not so many years ago, loafing around the diggings in Miller's Gulch in the Slake Creek district of Alaska (her father was a gold prospector and Nancy Ann was the tomboy of the camp), fingering a hunk of ore, and dreaming of her future. "If I decide not to be a gold miner when I grow up," she doubtless mused, "I might as well marry a Maharajah and live in India. Of course I'd have to quit being a Christian and take up the Hindu religion, but that would be all right. Do Hindu ladies wear veils? I suppose he'd have about a hundred wives and concubines. Well, what would I care? I'd be his favorite wife. Yup, I guess I'll be a Hindu Princess." And then, the chances are, she poked her bare foot into the dust of Miller's Gulch and sang to herself—

She's got rings on her fingers; bells on her toes;
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

FRANK KELLOGG AND ARISTIDE BRIAND love peace. "The Government of the United States," Mr. Kellogg wrote to M. Briand, "desires to see the institution of war abolished, and stands ready to conclude . . . a single multilateral treaty . . . binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another." M. Briand has not replied, but it is reliably reported that he was, to put it mildly, flabbergasted. He had, a year ago, proposed a treaty outlawing war, and Mr. Kellogg had offered him in return an "arbitration treaty," limiting arbitration to subjects which did not concern domestic matters, third parties, or the Monroe Doctrine. M. Briand had added France's obligations to the League, signed on the dotted line, and perhaps, smiled. Now that Mr. Kellogg a few weeks later has proposed an "unqualified, multilateral, anti-war treaty," M. Briand must be asking himself some of the annoying questions suggested by the French press. "When is a war not a war?" asks, for instance, the conservative *Journal des Débats,* continuing "A nation may commit acts of force and say that it is not war." Nor was Nicaragua the only question raised. "All we can see in this Kellogg business," says *l'Humanité,* "is that . . . the party of the trusts . . . is trying to appear before the electorate as a great promoter of peace. Well, how about their naval program?"

WELL, HOW ABOUT THE NAVAL PROGRAM? The House of Representatives has just passed, by a vote of 287 to 58, a bill providing for the expenditure of $274,000,000 for fifteen new 10,000-ton cruisers, at $17,000,000 each, and one new aircraft-carrier. This is the largest addition to the fleet made since 1916! Yet horrible as it is to contemplate such a jingo program, this is so much better than Secretary Wilbur's original proposal as to inspire paeans of joy. Mr. Wilbur, it will be recalled, proposed an $800,000,000 program, including 25 cruisers, 32 submarines, 9 destroyer leaders, and 5 aircraft-carriers; and the Navy League assures us that the press of this country was more than three to one in favor of it. Yet the women's leagues, the churches, the peace-loving masses of the country poured into Washington such an avalanche of protest that Mr. Coolidge right-about-faced and the House committee cut the program down by more than half. The $274,000,000 bill now goes to the Senate. The Navy League and the Legion hope to increase it there. We do not believe that the American people will permit them to do so.

STAY IN NICARAGUA, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate says, until you have a fair election. Which is telling the marines to dig in and settle down. It becomes clearer and clearer that the business of policing is not so simple as it sounds. The Nicaragua House of Deputies, by a vote of 23 to 17, has again turned down the unconstitutional law making Brigadier General Frank McCoy, U. S. A., dictator of the Nicaraguan electoral system; and the Americans are now putting pressure on the Supreme Court and the puppet President, Diaz, to do by executive decree what the Congress refused to do by legal procedure. Maybe they will succeed; but what then? The Liberals, who are at present in favor with the Yankee authorities, will not relish an election with four Liberal provinces left out; and the marines are not yet in a position to open polling-booths in Sandino territory. But suppose the thousand men being sent to reinforce the American army now in Nicaragua should succeed in destroying Sandino's gallant band, what then? Does anyone believe that a candidate elected under the guns of the United States Marine Corps could hold office six hours after the departure of the last marine? Our present policy has already led us to flout the Nicaraguan constitution and to denounce the election law prepared by Americans under American auspices only five years ago; it commits us to partisan positions; it gets us in deeper and deeper. Soon we shall be mired so badly that we shall have to appeal to the other Latin-American Powers to get us out.

WHEN MAYOR WALKER welcomed the five hundred Hungarians who came to New York to assist in unveiling a statue to Louis Kossuth, he said that our doors would "always be open to people devoted to democracy and pledged to fair play." Strange words to choose in addressing the representatives of one of the cruelest dictatorships on the face of Europe today! Unlike the enthusiastic representatives of the Anti-Horthy League, *The Nation* would not drive off this reactionary invasion from our shores. But it seems well to remind the country, as Oscar Jaszi did in *The Nation* last week, that the true followers of Louis Kossuth have been exiled and tortured and imprisoned by the government which these emissaries represent.

PORTO RICO might ask either for statehood within the union or for complete independence from it with more logic and justice than for a "free state." As President Coolidge points out, Porto Rico now enjoys certain financial assistance from the United States in that its government is allowed the customs collected at its ports (although it cannot regulate the tariff to fit its own needs), the federal income taxes paid by its residents, and the internal revenue derived from the sale of its products in the United States. To permit it to keep these, to live under the protection of the United States, and yet at the same time to be free of any responsibility to or restraint by the federal government would put Porto Rico in a preferred position to our States and Territories. Yet the Porto Ricans recall that just before their transfer to the United States, Spain granted them more freedom and responsibility—including a ministry responsible to the Porto Rican Legislature, and sixteen representatives in the Spanish Parliament—than the United States has yet seen fit to grant. Early in his term President Coolidge recommended that Porto Rico have an elective governor in 1932; now he has forgotten that, and in his reply to the Porto Ricans he neglects to note that the governor he appoints has a veto over the acts of the Legislature, and that even laws repassed over the veto, by a two-thirds vote, go to the President for final decision. What Porto Rico needs most is economic aid. With a population ten times as dense per square mile as that of the United States, and with absentee owners exploiting its sugar and tobacco industries, the island needs land and tax laws designed to keep more of its wealth at home.

MINERS' FAMILIES ARE STARVING; miners' children are cold and sick. The Senate committee investigating the mine situation has done an immeasurable service not only to the miners but to the operators as well by bringing some of these matters into the open. At the suggestion of John H. Jones, an independent Pittsburgh operator, plans are on foot for another coal conference between operators and representatives of the mine workers, with a view to creating a body similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission for regulation of the industry as a whole. Sensible operators, of whom there are many, realize that coal troubles are not local; that the entire industry needs reorganization. But meanwhile, a letter such as was lately introduced at the Senate hearings by Harry T. Brundidge, a reporter for the St. Louis *Star*, offers one of the innumerable obstacles to such a solution. It reads in part as follows:

> To all mine superintendents:
>
> The United States Senate Investigating Committee is now visiting the Pittsburgh district. Clean up all unsightly conditions. Keep our police in the background. Instruct our men to keep out of trouble. Avoid all arrests. If the committee desires to question our employees, see to it that you present men . . . who can be depended upon to give the right kind of answers. . . .

If this Pittsburgh Coal Company letter is authentic, it is a confession of guilt. It will take more than a federal commission to change conditions like these.

AL SMITH on January 12, 1920, appointed Harry F. Sinclair a member without salary of the New York State Racing Commission; and Sinclair remained a member until he resigned in April, 1925. Senator Robinson of Indiana and Senator Nye of North Dakota have stated that Sinclair contributed to Al Smith's campaign fund in the autumn of 1920, but the records do not bear them out. A thousand-dollar contribution in 1918 and $250 in 1926, both given to a New York County Democratic committee, are all that could be found. It does not seem likely that Governor Smith ever knew of them, and his indignation at the attempt to besmirch his name is justified. There is no possible link between the Governor of New York and the Teapot Dome scandal. The appointment and the 1918 contribution both antedate the oil negotiations—they occurred when Woodrow Wilson was still President. Al Smith at that time had no more reason to distrust Sinclair than any other wealthy man. Senator Robinson's attempt (Mr. Nye merely repeated the story) to palliate the open bribery, deceit, and crime of the Republicans by slinging mud at Al Smith should be exposed and defeated.

"THE LESS THE PUBLIC KNOWS about candy-making the better," said the manager of one of New York City's largest candy factories during the course of an investigation just completed by the Consum-

ers' League of New York. Indeed, the facts revealed are not palatable. In the twenty-five representative factories studied in New York City the candy workers—mostly young girls, three-fifths of them under 21—are unbelievably overworked and pitifully underpaid. Compelled to work in violation of all law as much as 65 or 70 hours per week during the rush season from September to Christmas, the girls find work only two or three days a week during the dull season. A third of them are laid off altogether. The beginning wage is generally $12 for full time. In the comparatively busy month of March the median wage in 1927 was $13.75; 45 per cent of the girls, however, worked undertime, and their median wage was only $11.75. Sanitary conditions are also in a state of sad neglect. In some factories the girls wear dirty sweaters, pick up candy that has dropped to the floor, and often handle candy without washing their hands. Only three of the twenty-five factories were reported as "very clean," while twelve were considered "unnecessarily dirty." The sanitary code requiring a medical examination before employment was almost completely disregarded; only three factories required a food-handler's card on entry, while in ten others the workers had never heard of medical examinations! Yet this prosperous industry sold $248,883,257 worth of manufactured candy in 1925, and expects to pass the half billion mark in 1928.

PULLMAN PORTERS have a long-standing grievance against their company which they are now threatening to adjudicate through a strike. The Pullman Company doggedly refuses to recognize or treat with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in any way. Should a strike be declared, it would, in the expectation of the brotherhood's officers, constitute a national emergency according to the terms of the Watson-Parker act and President Coolidge would have to appoint an arbitration board to pass on the issue. Thus, automatically, the Pullman Company would have to face the demands of its unionized workers. The brotherhood is rightly seeking to eliminate the demeaning system of tips and substitute an adequate wage scale based upon a working period of 240 hours a month. The brotherhood tried to get its case decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but that body lately ruled that it had no jurisdiction as the question was primarily one of wages.

NOBODY IN AMERICA could know even by name all of the seventy-five persons who are getting Guggenheim fellowships this year, and this is as it should be. For one thing, the fields of study which they are to explore for a year in Europe are radically diverse; for another thing, many of them are only beginning to be established in their careers, and hence are relatively obscure. It is the business of the Guggenheim committee to discover those scholars, scientists, and artists whose promise is at present the most interesting thing about them. Yet the list of awards as published is impressive, and seems to indicate a general loosening up of the committee mind in at least this instance. Of the value of certain extremely specialized purposes for which Americans are being sent abroad—"to continue a study of Italian brick-work of the Lombard period," "to make quantitative studies of human muscle tomus," "to study electric discharge in gases at high frequencies"—we cannot speak. But many of the projects sound important, and several beneficiaries of the fund—W. Norman Brown, Felix Morley, Louis R. Gottschalk, and others—are well known to us through contributions which they have made to *The Nation*. It is particularly gratifying to note that the choice of the creative writers on the list—Paul Green, Leonie Adams, Countee Cullen, Lynn Riggs, Allen Tate, and Eric Walrond—was such as could not have been dictated by a conservative or sleepy taste. It is also gratifying to see the names of three Negroes.

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER of the American Institute of Architects has rightly given to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., its annual award for the best apartment-house construction in New York during 1927. This is the group of buildings between 149th and 150th Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues which Mr. Rockefeller has built for colored tenants in order to give them attractive homes at a minimum cost. The result, for which special credit must also be given to the architect, Andrew J. Thomas, is a distinguished block of six large units, comprising 2,392 rooms, notable not only for their architectural effect, but for the really astounding use of the land. Only 49.7 per cent of the area is covered by the buildings, the remainder being given to playgrounds, gardens, and courts, which afford ample opportunity for the children to obtain exercise and amusement without going into the streets. Swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of gymnasium equipment are at their disposal. The room plans are the results of Mr. Thomas's years of successful apartment designing. Every room has cross ventilation, even the six-room apartments have two baths, and hallways have been reduced to a minimum. Every foot of space has been made to count, and the necessary fire-escapes have been placed on the court-side so as to leave the fronts free of these hideous incumbrances. Mr. Rockefeller is selling these apartments on a cooperative plan and the monthly upkeep will run from $11.50 to $17.50 per room. We venture to suggest that every municipality in the country would profit by a study of these buildings.

IN THE OLD DAYS when a whale was washed up on the beach in England it was decreed that the head should go to the king and the tail to the queen while the finder might have what was in between. But as a whale's waist is like that of a delicatessen-store keeper's wife of about 200 pounds' weight, it always turned out that the tail began where the head ended and there was nothing in between. So finding whales on the beach was not exactly a lucrative business. And so it proved also for four out-of-works who found a whale in Gowanus Bay, a sewage-soaked, oil-polluted backwash of New York harbor on the Brooklyn side. The whale, some twenty feet long, was about all in when discovered, but even so it required a motor boat and a forenoon's work to beach the creature. When finally landed there was no king or queen to consider, but nobody seemed to want head, tail, or part between, and the finders eventually sold their catch for $50 to the American Museum of Natural History to be preserved as a skeleton. Yet the find was little short of miraculous, for not only does it seem remarkable that a whale should penetrate a busy harbor and be able to live in its polluted waters, but the discovery of the four out-of-works turned out to be a sperm whale, usually a warm-water animal. How it came to visit New York in early March we leave to the ancient blubber-hunters of New Bedford or Nantucket to explain.

President Coolidge's Misfeasance

ON a single morning of last week the New York dailies printed no fewer than four grave attacks upon President Coolidge. One was by Senator Reed, who has attacked the President by name in twenty different States on his recent speaking tour; two came from Senators in the course of the previous day's debate on the oil scandals; and the fourth was by Commissioner Edward P. Costigan of the United States Tariff Commission. The latter's onslaught was so detailed and fortified, and charged such clear misfeasance in office that it is hard to understand how a man with self-respect could have refrained from an immediate defense. But Mr. Coolidge remains as silent about this attack on his honor as about the oil scandals.

Commissioner Costigan was presenting his resignation from the service after more than ten years of employment by the government—a voluntary resignation submitted because he could no longer be even an unwilling and protesting party to the prostitution of the commission by the President. This he sets forth in a long letter to Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate committee which for two years has been investigating, or pretending to investigate, the Tariff Commission. Mr. Costigan specifically accuses Mr. Coolidge of "packing" the commission by appointing to it and retaining on it utterly unworthy men; by playing politics with it; by overruling its recommendations, made after months of study at great cost, because of the political pressure brought to bear upon him by those who line their pockets through unjustifiably high tariffs—unjustifiable even from the protectionist point of view. Mr. Costigan further charges the President with deliberately subverting the purpose of Congress when it established the commission. He shows that the President, who in this respect has exactly followed in Mr. Harding's footsteps, has kept the Tariff Commission from becoming the scientific tariff control-valve it was intended to be, and has made it merely a means of jacking the tariff up steadily at the expense of the American consumer.

This faithful public servant, Mr. Costigan, has taken the unusual course of resigning because he has given up hope of any change. When Senator Robinson's committee was appointed he thought that it would bring relief by reporting the facts. For two years it has been in existence; for two years some secret force has kept it from concluding its work and giving its findings to the public. Mr. Costigan does not hesitate to state his belief that there is also some superior power controlling the President. It is common talk in Washington that the President has lost respect for the chairman, Mr. Marvin, who long before his appointment by Mr. Harding was a paid tariff lobbyist for New England interests, a fanatical protectionist, and the secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston. Yet year after year Mr. Coolidge redesignates this man as chairman and associates with him another ex-lobbyist and another protection fanatic, a "yes-man" who boasts that he is on the commission to do the will of the majority whether he believes in it or not.

In five years, Mr. Costigan reports, at a cost of approximately three million dollars, the commission has rendered only thirty-two reports to the President under the flexible-tariff provisions of the Tariff Act of 1922. These reports have resulted in twenty-three Presidential proclamations making alterations in tariff rates. As we have previously pointed out, in only five cases, all of little or no importance, have the rates been reduced—on millfeed, bobwhite quail, paint-brush handles, phenol, and cresylic acid. In eighteen cases the President has raised the tariff, sometimes ordering the maximum increases, and many of the articles affected, like iron ore, are of great importance. It is impossible that this proportion of cases is a true indication of the changes that the tariff situation calls for.

But, it may be said, is President Coolidge responsible for this? Are these not the acts of the commission itself? Let us see. Commissioner Costigan points out that the President has declined to act on several cases of great importance to the public in which the commission has recommended changes and reductions. Take the sugar case. In 1924 the commission recommended to the President a decrease of the tariff of about half a cent per pound, which would have saved the taxpaying consumers of the United States at least $40,000,000 a year. The President overruled the commission and yielded to the Sugar Trust. The linseed oil case is even worse for Mr. Coolidge. On March 3, 1925, the most hidebound protectionist members of the commission recommended a definite reduction in duty which would have lowered the price of paints, especially important, as Mr. Costigan points out, to the farmers. What did Mr. Coolidge do? After waiting a year, on February 6, 1926, he sent the report back for a "fuller investigation," as if that were possible. The tariff continues where it was. If this record does not constitute misfeasance in office we should like to know what could.

But even this does not begin to tell the tale. Not only has Mr. Coolidge destroyed the value of the commission by overriding its best recommendations, and by keeping on the commission men like former Commissioner Glassie, who was disqualified by Congress in the matter of the sugar case because it was proved that his family had a direct and considerable financial interest in the sugar business; he has also deliberately struck at those members of the commission who took their oaths of office seriously and recommended reductions when the facts called for them. Thus, he "promoted" Commissioner Culbertson to the diplomatic service, and made Commissioner Lewis's position impossible by asking him to sign his resignation before he received his reappointment—a most serious misuse of the President's appointment power, as we pointed out at the time. Is it any wonder that Mr. Costigan declares that the sugar report was thrown overboard because of "an unprecedented series of lobbying drives and political maneuvers, in some of which the White House actively shared"?

Finally, we must point out that Mr. Costigan's letter is a tremendous indictment of the whole protective system. It corroborates *The Nation's* position that you cannot have this kind of "scientific" control and revision of the tariff. For the tariff is conceived in special privilege, born in politics and in corruption, and maintained for graft—graft for the protected, and graft for the party which keeps the government in business with the manufacturers.

America Waking Up

THE oil scandal has become the scandal of big business and the Republican National Committee, and there is evidence that Babbitt is beginning to wince. When Senator Nye reached Chicago to examine those who had contributed to the fund for making up the 1920 Republican deficit the list of those subpoenaed read like a bond salesman's dream of State Street's finest prospects. No one of importance seemed to have been overlooked. And no one of importance seems to have refused. If they did not pay out their own money, they at least let their names be used to hide Harry F. Sinclair's fat contribution. Further research may reveal a similar state of affairs in New York.

"The conspiracy of Teapot Dome is the equal of any of the major crimes carried out by the unscrupulous and infamous freebooters in the Middle Ages," says Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas. "For spectacular rottenness I doubt whether we have the equal of Teapot Dome in American history, or ever will have." Whether we will have it in the future depends upon the reaction of the American people to this set of crimes. The fact that Senator Capper has at last broken the long silence of the more-or-less-regular Republicans is one evidence that they are awakening; the response to Senator Borah's Quixotic appeal to his party to repay the $260,000 gift of Harry Sinclair is another. But the chiefs of the party, the heads of the state, the men who dominate big business are still silent. They are ready today to cast out Will Hays, but they still adore "Andy" Mellon and Chairman Butler, who knew of the crime and kept still. Coolidge and Hoover and Hughes sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, and Mellon, and have not yet found words to blame them.

The stain goes deep. It cannot be wiped out by returning money to Harry Sinclair. He got what he paid for—the consent of officials of the Harding Administration to his Teapot Dome steal; to give him money with which he can pay his lawyers will not help the cause of honesty one bit. It is not enough, however, to expose the fact that Sinclair bought and paid for the Republican Party and that a thousand leaders of business helped conceal the crime. As Cordell Hull puts it, "Every consideration of morals and patriotism requires that [these steps] be supplemented and climaxed and crowned with the resignation of each Republican in high official or political position who by affirmative act or a conspiracy of silence or inaction has contributed to the suppression of the awful facts of this unparalleled scandal for four long years." That means Secretary Mellon and Chairman William M. Butler. It may also mean Mr. Butler's closest friend, the President of the United States, who sat in the Cabinet with the whole gang of crooks and has not protested. It may involve the dead—Warren Harding's Marion *Star* is being investigated.

No one knows today whither the trail of the Sinclair bonds may lead. We do know this: that Harry Sinclair, with the aid of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, set up a fake company to make a profit of three million dollars in a day, and that a considerable part of that profit went to pay the deficit of the party whose officials handed over the naval oil reserves to Sinclair and Doheny; that the present Secretary of the Treasury and the present chairman of the Republican National Committee knew enough of the plot to refuse to accede to Will Hays's request that they give their names to cover it, but had not the loyalty to the American people to tell what they knew until a chance memorandum found among the papers of a dead man exposed their guilty knowledge.

Yet if public wrath concentrates upon a few men it will still have been in vain. The Republican Party, being as a rule successful, commands the support of more millionaires than the Democratic. But the really big men, like Samuel Insull of the power companies and James A. Patten, the Chicago "grain magnate," have frankly confessed that they contribute regularly to both parties. They regard it as a routine form of insurance. For all its talk of ethics, the business world has not yet come to see anything wrong in this. The appalling fact is that Teapot Dome is a peculiarly crass symbol of an everyday occurrence. Party contributors expect a return in tariff favors, in freedom from embarrassing investigations, in "good" legislation—and they get it. In this the Coolidge Administration, as Mr. Costigan's letter of resignation shows, has been as bad as its predecessor. The real value of the present exposure of corruption will come if and when the public realizes the extent to which, through the two old parties, big business controls the whole American governmental system—and acts upon its knowledge.

Light from Chapel Hill

A UNIVERSITY press would not be fulfilling its promise if it did not make possible the publication of special monographs for which there was no commercial call. But our academic literature as a whole is much less interesting even to specialists than it might be, and to the lay public it is dull. The universities need not popularize their knowledge, or even translate it. But they could have a plan, a purpose, behind their books—an imaginative, coordinated conception of certain fields to be expertly explored. The monographs are random and uninspired; they do not build up big enough structures of theory or fact.

Of the North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill this cannot be said. The university there—chiefly, we understand, under the direction of Howard W. Odum—has done a surprising amount of excellent and interesting research and report. Its publications are conceived as serial contributions to subjects in themselves of great general importance. And the subject of greatest importance is the education of North Carolina. That State has 230,000 native adult illiterates, 100,000 of whom are white. The university expects to reduce this number quickly through the circulation of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morris's readers for grown-ups, which in Buncombe County have already brought 4,000 adults to the point of reading and writing.

But the literate population in North Carolina, as in any other State, needs educating too. Mr. Odum has planned a Social Study Series which will throw more light on the condition of the Negro than has been thrown, we imagine, from any other source to date. Three volumes already issued, "The Negro and His Songs," "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro," and "Negro Workaday Songs," have given exciting promise of work to be done in the analysis of the Negro imagination; and a recent monograph

on "The North Carolina Chain Gang" ought to have been read, if it was not (and it probably was not), by a majority of the State legislature. Then there are to come a study of the Negro woman in the South, following Mr. Odum's method in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"; a full-length portrait by Guy Johnson of John Henry, the incredible Hammer Man who, with that Black Ulysses, "Left Wing" Gordon, belongs now to all black America; a study, again by Guy Johnson, of musical ability in Negroes; several collections of songs and superstitions; and at least two studies of the present relations, violent or otherwise, between blacks and whites in the South. White North Carolina—its folk-lore, its education, its industries, its social history, its politics, its reading habits, its culture as influenced by cotton and tobacco, its welfare and poor relief, and its labor problems in mill villages—will be examined with equal care.

Nor does the press stop there. There is to be an Inter-American Historical Series consisting of fifteen volumes of West Indian and South American history translated from the Spanish and the Portuguese, and to this series will be added an atlas—the first in existence—of Hispanic-American history. There is also to be a library of Southern history and biography; and we mentioned in a previous issue the projected "Bilingual Series" which when under way will present the best works of European literature in text and translation. For the enterprise and enlightenment of Mr. Odum and his associates there can scarcely be too much praise. Other universities cannot do precisely the same sort of thing that is being done by the University of North Carolina; but if its example were taken to heart in sections of the country which are commonly called more up-and-coming than the Carolinas, this would be a more civilized republic.

Norris's Power Fight

BY its vote of March 13 the Senate went on record as in favor of the continuance of work at Muscle Shoals and the retention, for the time at least, of this great power development in the hands of the federal government. The measure passed is the Norris bill, with certain compromises accepted by its author, and is a tremendous victory for the grand old Senator from Nebraska. He has waged a long fight for the preservation of popular rights. Six years ago Senator Norris made up his mind that the disposition of the plant at Muscle Shoals, with its enormous power possibilities for the entire Southeastern section of the United States, was one of the most important questions before the country. Nobody else seemed to understand, or care much about, the issue. Senator Norris determined to find out about it and decide what ought to be done. He made himself the best-informed man on the subject in Congress, and the people of the country owe it to his courage and perseverance that Muscle Shoals has not long since been turned over lock, stock, and barrel to privately owned power interests. For a long time he fought undaunted but alone. This year, for the first time, Senator Norris has succeeded in getting a favorable vote on his measure. The bill will encounter stubborn opposition in the House of Representatives, but Senator Norris's four-hour testimony before the House committee made a deep impression on the hostile members of that recalcitrant body.

But whether the bill wins at this session or not, Senator Norris's victory in the Senate is a guaranty at least that Muscle Shoals will not be surrendered to the power companies just now, and every new delay is a gain to the campaign for public ownership. The development at Muscle Shoals was begun in Mr. Wilson's first administration as a war measure to insure the government an adequate supply of nitrate for munitions. After the armistice the project was viewed as something of a white elephant, and it barely missed passing quietly into private control for a song. Cheaper methods of making nitrate were coming to the fore, and an effort was made to lead people to think that except for a doubtful value in the manufacture of fertilizer for farmers Muscle Shoals was of little account. There was a tendency to obscure the great value of the water-power as a source of hydro-electric current for manufacturing and industrial purposes throughout the South.

But Senator Norris was not fooled. In 1922 he introduced a measure for federal control and operation of Muscle Shoals; it got no further than reference to the Committee on Agriculture. Two years later Senator Norris introduced a similar measure in the Sixty-eighth Congress. At this time Henry Ford's proposal to take over Muscle Shoals was before the public and was dazzling the imagination of farmers in the Central West. The House passed a bill giving Muscle Shoals to Ford; it was Senator Norris's careful analysis of the flivver-maker's offer that was chiefly responsible for puncturing it and keeping the Senate from joining in the stampede for the proposal. In the end Ford himself withdrew his offer and Senator Underwood drafted a bill turning the development over to private hands for fifty years. In 1926, under the sponsorship of Senator Harrison of Mississippi, bills went through both the Senate and the House incorporating the Underwood idea. It looked as if the public had lost the fight and as if the great power possibilities of the Tennessee River were to pass from the nation's hands. But Senator Norris did not abandon even a forlorn hope and at the eleventh hour was able to beat the proposed legislation by a point of order made against the conference report on the Senate and House bills just before the adjournment of Congress. It is interesting to note here what became of the report of the special commission that in 1925 was appointed to investigate and make recommendations in regard to Muscle Shoals. The commission was made up of men who were expected to come out for private operation, but, embarrassingly, they flopped to the other side. Thereupon the report was promptly suppressed, and, except for a scant paragraph or so in the newspapers at the time, nothing has been heard of it since.

Last year Senator Norris's plan for Muscle Shoals got so far as to be reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Agriculture. The fact that this year the plan, with some concessions, has finally gone through the Senate by a vote of 48 to 25 is a tribute to the determined stand of Senator Norris and should give new faith and courage to every independent in Congress. The demand for public control of the great plant upon which more than $150,000,000 of government money has already been spent is gaining ground. It should never be possible now to betray this great possession into the hands of privately owned power interests, but there is still a hard fight to be won before Muscle Shoals is definitely dedicated to the public's welfare under government control.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PERHAPS my old bones betray me, but yesterday I felt the spring. I have no policy on spring or even any message. Those who say "I love spring" annoy me as much as the other ready generalizers who "adore children" or "just dote on dogs." One should exercise more discrimination. To like all dogs is to have no true appreciation of any singularly gifted pet and I will never admit that children in carload lots are in the least attractive. So it should be with spring. Let every season be judged by its performances and not its reputation. The day celebrated by some poet may have been dark and gloomy in our alley. For myself I have staked off March 13, 1928, on the island of Manhattan.

It seemed a day so bright and brave that I had the desire for exclusive possession. But soon I saw that this would be impossible. The girl and the young man in the taxi just ahead were kissing. The kindest explanation seemed to be that they, also, were conscious of the weather. Although no late statistics are available I doubt if many really important kisses are exchanged while the rain falls. To anybody who taxis much in town the sight of couples locked in fast embrace can hardly be hailed as novel, but this time there was a distinctive quality in the manner of the culprits. Or rather I detected something different in the girl. I paid no particular attention to the young man. He was none other than one of the charter members of the Arrow Collar group. She, however, was well worth noting. As far as I could tell from the back of her head she was kissing blithely. That seldom happens. New Yorkers kiss as they dance, grimly, earnestly perhaps, but without apparent pleasure. Most of us seem to feel that we can avoid all sense of shame by setting up the pretense that the thing we do is not particularly good fun.

There was gaiety in the blond bob which crinkled in the sunlight. Very few people can be ardent and merry all at once. There is one young woman who seems able to do this on the stage but the girl of the taxicab was not Miss Ina Claire. Moreover, the fine fashion which she has set in Mr. Maugham's rowdy play "Our Betters" seems to have had almost no effect upon the life of the community. Rare indeed is the heroine who can say to the suitor who assails her with some somber word of endearment, "When you call me that, smile!"

And after all the ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts. Nature has made the animals fierce and single-minded about such things. To the alien eye even a well-loved dog or cat seems rather unattractive when given over to courtship. Possibly Nature decreed that we should take sex very seriously or not at all. That makes it somewhat more fun to dissent and to digress. To me the familiar adage "You can't cheat nature" has invariably been provocative of rebellion. Perhaps you can't but anyhow it is always possible to try.

This, I am well aware, is heretical. At least it was not the mood of pedestrians and motorists who passed by. However, there was something of envy as well as derision and disapproval in the glance of all who peered within the taxicab. The girl and the young man seemed indifferent to the commotion which they created. Or perhaps they simply failed to notice how impellingly they were thrust into the public gaze by the giddy overhead lighting of a noonday sun. Some taxicabs in our town have very tiny windows in the back and the occupants are practically shut off from the gaze of all except the driver, who generally looks straight ahead. These cars are all too few. The couple had not been fortunate enough to secure one of these models. However, they continued to kiss.

I wanted to know more. I wanted to see the front of the back of that head. When the taxicab swept by I turned and they saw me turning. The young man blushed, straightened up, removed his arm, and scowled. I didn't care for him, but she grinned. It was the right sort of face. She had been well cast. The gaiety, inherent in the swing of her head, did go all the way round.

It was a pleasant grin and the mockery of it contained practically no malice. "What's it to you?" was the nature of her look. Possibly there was also a little of "Why are you wasting such an excellent afternoon?" in her challenge.

I regret to admit that I was wholly alone in my taxicab, which, I hope I may add without offense, was by no means a singular coincidence. Aunt Caroline had invited me to lunch. The invitation was of a week's standing. Of course, it would have been entirely reasonable for me to have accepted with the distinct proviso, "This doesn't go if there is some sudden accession of spring." Maybe Aunt Caroline does not care for such limitations upon her invitations.

So I did go to Aunt Caroline's and we discussed immoral plays and more particularly "Maya." She felt that the authorities had no right to stop it until she had a chance to go. Throughout the debate I continued to think of the girl in the taxicab. There was never more than one glance. I respected the young man's indignation and embarrassment sufficiently to turn my eyes away almost immediately. He was under scrutiny scarcely ten seconds. And yet I am entirely certain he is not the young man for her. He doesn't deserve her.

John (I think that would be his name) likes fun as well as the next one. On any bright afternoon he can be depended upon to crook his arm and bend his head but within his heart he carries an invisible censor. There remains with him the buried conviction that it is wrong to kiss a girl in a taxicab.

One touch of public opinion will split all his purposes in two. Mind you I had not shouted "Cut that out!" or manifested any articulate disapproval. I had done no more than look at him. Possibly he misinterpreted my glance and I became at that moment church and state and Canon Chase. For him the afternoon was spoiled. That was his fault. Truly I did not disapprove. And if I had why should he have allowed it to divert him from his occupation?

What worries me much more is the fear that I may have spoiled the afternoon for her. She seemed to be having such a nice time until John turned sulky and proper. But she will live to thank me. If I had not turned just then she could hardly have discovered so soon that John is not her kind. He cannot now or ever kiss and grin.

HEYWOOD BROUN

With Sandino in Nicaragua

VI

Sandino—Bandit or Patriot?

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 29

ALL those joining the Sandino forces are obliged to sign a pledge, or *pauta*, which was drawn up by General Sandino himself in El Chipote in September, 1927, and which, among other things, embodies the following conditions:

> Those who join the Army for the Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua agree to:
>
> 1. Defend the sovereignty of Nicaragua and obey its military code.
> 2. Refuse to obey every order of Adolfo Diaz and the foreigner and always act in the highest and noblest spirit.
> 3. Defend not only Liberals, but all Nicaraguans, since all are betrayed by the present Government.
> 4. Submit themselves unquestioningly to all the orders of the Supreme Chief of the Army.
> 5. Respect all the rights of the civilian.
> 7. Make no secret pacts with the enemy.
> 9. Maintain proper discipline.
> 10. Expect no salary, only necessary equipment such as clothes, ammunition, and food.
> 14. The Supreme Chief of the Army in turn promises to make no political compromises with anybody or with any political group.

After reading me the pledge Sandino said: "We are working, as you see, for all of Nicaragua, Conservatives and Liberals alike. Colonel X, here, for instance, is a Conservative, convinced of the righteousness of our cause. Our one aim is to throw out the foreign invader."

"But since you are not strong enough to do so, does not opposition merely result in the sending of more and more marines, the intensification of intervention?"

"We are not protesting against the size of the invasion, but against invasion. The United States has meddled in Nicaragua for many years. We cannot merely depend upon her promise that she will some day get out. Every day intervention is more pronounced. The United States promised to give the Philippines their independence, but American troops still remain in the Philippines; they are still a subject people.

"You tell me that the governments of Honduras and El Salvador are hostile to me. Tomorrow they will regret such an attitude. All of Central America is morally obliged to help us in this struggle. Tomorrow each may have the same struggle. Central America should stand together against the invader instead of with the governments that ally themselves with the foreigner."

"Is it true, as has been charged, that most of your army is made up of adventurers from other Central-American countries and from Mexico?"

"Quite the contrary. It is true, I have with me men and officers from Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, even one or two from Mexico, who have been attracted by the righteousness of my cause, but they are in a decided minority. The backbone of my army is Nicaraguan, and the officers who have been with me longest are Nicaraguans. I have received many offers from outside troops, but in most cases I have turned them down.

"Our army," Sandino told me, "is tried and true. It is composed of workers and peasants who love their country. The intellectuals have betrayed us, and so we have had to take up arms. What we have done has been through our own unaided efforts."

"How about the story," I put in, "that two captured American marines taught you how to make bombs?"

"A lie of the marine officers to hide their discomfiture at our successes. It is comforting to the American ego to think that we were taught what we know by the marines . . . Call in our bomb-maker," he ordered an aide.

An elderly, sparse, smiling man appeared, who explained to me that the bombs were made by wrapping dynamite tightly in rawhide along with stones, nails, pieces of steel, glass, etc. A heavy bomb, wrapped in the skin of some animal, was placed in my hand. It was tied with rawhide thongs and looked more like a child's Teddy-bear than a bomb. But I was told that it could wipe out the better part of a company if advantageously thrown. The bomb-maker also explained the technique of the dynamite rockets used to bring down airplanes.

Sandino gave me a list of battles fought in the environs of El Chipote during the past six months. His conclusions are as exaggerated as those of the marines perhaps more so:

1. El Chipote	20 American dead
2. Ocotal	80 American dead
3. San Fernando . . .	Sandinista defeat
4. Santa Clara	Sandinista defeat
5. Murra	18 American dead; one American suicide; two wounded. A Thompson machine-gun and eleven rifles captured
6. Telpaneca	Much arms and ammunition taken
7. Las Cruces (five battles)	250 to 300 American dead. In one battle an American flag captured. "The bearer refused to release his grasp. My men had to cut off his hand with a machete. He was a brave man and deserves praise."
8. San Pedro de Susucayan	15 American dead. Four automatic rifles seized
9. Zapotillal	Airplane brought down
10. La Conchita	60 to 80 American dead
11. San Pedro de Hule . .	Uncommented
12. Plan Grande . . .	Uncommented
13. Buena Vista	Sandinista defeat
14. Las Delicias	American defeat

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15. Amucayan . . . . Uncommented
16. Barellal . . . . . Uncommented
17. Santa Rosa . . . . 36 American dead
18. El Mantiado . . . Uncommented

I asked Sandino his reasons for leaving El Chipote.

"We left El Chipote without firing a shot, without losing a single soldier, or a single gun or cartridge. The marines bombarded the place a whole day after we left. We left because the marines were devastating the countryside and destroying the homes of our friends. They were destroying our food supply, not by attackinkg us but by terrorizing the *campesinos* who had previously brought us provisions. And it takes a lot of provisions to feed a thousand men, stationed in one place, day in and day out for months on end. We determined to carry the war into the enemy's territory. It was a hollow victory the marines gained at El Chipote. I called upon the most resolute and tried of my soldiers to stake all on a march into the populated interior of Nicaragua, as a signal to the civilized world to take note of the savagery being practiced against a free and independent nation. I said we should risk all, and our slogan should be: 'Victory or Death.'

"The gain, thus far, has been all on our side. After spending months in attempting to take Chipote, after concentrating men, ammunition, and supplies in Ocotal, Nueva Segovia, preparatory to a general attack, the marines learn that I am here in Jinotega, half-way across Nicaragua. Now let them bring marines and more marines into Jinotega; supplies and more supplies. When they have their base well established and are ready to come after me, I'll cut it off by taking Matagalpa or Trinidad, or I will move back up to Nueva Segovia, or down to Muymuy, or to Leon, or somewhere else."

"What," I asked Sandino, "do you consider the motives of the American Government?"

"The American Government," he said with a lurking smile, "desires to protect American lives and property. But I can say that I have never touched a pin belonging to an American. I have had respect for the property of everybody. And no American who has come to Nicaragua without arms in his hands has been injured by us."

"Then protecting American lives and property, you imply, must be a pretext?"

"The truth of the matter is that the American Government has made so many arrangements of not too savory a character with the regime now in power that it is afraid of any other government. But if I had been in the shoes of the American Government and had forced the present Nicaraguan regime to give away the rights of my brother Nicaraguans, and then had seen justice coming down the straightway, I would have known that the moment to accede gracefully had come. I would have retraced my steps, rather than drown a nation in blood."

"What kind of agreements do you refer to?"

One of Sandino's officers spoke up: "There is a concession to a certain New York banking-house to construct a railway to the north coast. This concession had a clause which killed the traffic on the San Juan River. Greytown is now a deserted hole from which a ruined population has fled like rats from a drowning ship. Those who could burned down their homes to get the insurance. This concession and the previous management of the railroad also ruined many coffee-growers of central Nicaragua who have all these years been forced to ship to the Pacific, thence by the roundabout route of Panama in order that this same banking concern could profit by the shipments over the railway already in existence. The transportation costs became prohibitive, and so this same house and its friends, and the bank which it also controlled, busily bought out the ruined coffee-growers. Too, coffee from the fincas of this financial clique was given preference over the railway; that of independent growers had to pay graft or rot in the rain. Independent growers, ruined, were obliged to sell out their holdings at great loss. The regime of this banking-house and of those which succeeded it beggared the entire country, placed a chain of debt about our neck which for years prevented every sort of internal improvement. This successive economic spoliation of our country cannot possibly benefit the broader commercial interests of the United States itself. The presence of American marines in Nicaragua in support of such iniquitous practices is a betrayal of the people of the United States."

"And the canal?"

Sandino replied: "Already we have been robbed of our rights in the canal. Presumably we were paid $3,000,000. As a matter of fact, Nicaragua, or rather the bandits in control of our government at that time, thanks to Washington, received but paltry thousands, not enough for each Nicaraguan citizen to buy a soda-cracker and a sardine; for such a bargain, signed by four traitors, we lost our sovereign rights in the canal. The deliberations regarding this sale were made by a fake congress behind closed doors guarded by Conservative Party troops backed up by Yankee bayonets. My own father was arrested for protesting the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty and the granting of improper military and naval rights to the United States. It would have been far better had each Nicaraguan received a cracker and a sardine. A few starving stomachs would have known at least one nibble of luxury. Personally, I should hope to see the Nicaraguan canal built by a private stock company, part of the shares to be held by the Nicaraguan government in return for rights granted, in order that we might have a future income not provided by bankers at ruinous rates, with which to build roads, railways, schools, and improve the economic condition of the country. As it is, the eighteen years of American meddling in Nicaragua have plunged the country deeper into economic misery.

"Let me repeat," declared the General, "we are no more bandits than was Washington. If the American public had not become calloused to justice and to the elemental rights of mankind, it would not so easily forget its own past when a handful of ragged soldiers marched through the snow leaving blood-tracks behind them to win liberty and independence. If their consciences had not become dulled by their scramble for wealth, Americans would not so easily forget the lesson that, sooner or later, every nation, however weak, achieves freedom, and that every abuse of power hastens the destruction of the one who wields it."

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The seventh instalment, The McCoy Election Law, will appear next week, and two others will follow.*

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Presidential Possibilities

VI

James A. Reed

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The sixth in a series of studies of the candidates

JAMES A. REED is the *enfant terrible* of the Senate. Also he is its roughest and hardest hitter. No other public man has such a mastery of bitter sarcasm, or is a better hater. He carries his argument *ad hominem* in that he attacks directly and, if need be viciously, the man or men he sets out to attack. No pussyfooting here! Has he not indicted Calvin Coolidge himself of "misfeasance in office" and this before a great California audience which was at first awe-struck that any one should dare to criticize his tin majesty in the White House, only to surge around the attacker when he finished, carried away by his fine presence, his glorious speaking voice, his manifest sincerity, his obvious desire to tell the truth without regard to persons or authority or power? At this writing he is rendering a profound public service by stumping the country reciting the facts about the rottenness and corruption of the Republican Party and the lawlessness of its leaders.

But let no one believe that he has the courage to attack only his political opponents. There is no more thrilling story in our recent history than Senator Reed's defiance of his own party and its President, Woodrow Wilson, when that gentleman was asserting despotic rights over the consciences and the bodies of Americans and trying by the power of all his great office to compel a uniform subserviency of opinion to his views of what should be the policy and the aims of this country. "Jim" Reed, as the Senate calls him, fought a losing fight against the maneuvers which eventually led the United States into the war. Although he did not vote against the declaration of war, his opposition to Woodrow Wilson's policies won him the enmity of the President. He went back to his State to find himself an object of bitter insult and contumely, to learn that he was being burned in effigy. When he came up for reelection five years later, Woodrow Wilson bitterly denounced him and demanded his defeat in language that plainly revealed both Mr. Wilson's intolerance and the depth to which he had been hurt by Mr. Reed's opposition. Three times during this campaign Mr. Wilson wrote letters demanding that the Senator be defeated. In one he said that Mr. Reed had "shown himself as incapable of sustained allegiance to any person or any cause. He has repeatedly forfeited any claim to my confidence that he may ever have been supposed to have, and I shall not willingly consent to any further association with him." He called upon the voters to defeat the "marplot" Reed, and to "substitute a man of the true breed of Democratic principle." Finally, two weeks before the election he wrote that if Reed were returned to the Senate "he will, of course, be there a man without a party." Mr. Wilson went further; he accused Senator Reed of lying in saying that Mr. Wilson had given him a letter certifying to the correctness of his conduct in the fight over the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. It was one of the many times that Mr. Wilson's love of truth, or his memory, failed him. Senator Reed immediately produced a facsimile of a letter in which Mr. Wilson had written on October 23, 1913: "I have felt all along the sincere honesty and independence of judgment you were exercising in this whole matter, and you may be sure that there has never been in my mind any criticism except an occasional difference of judgment."

Never did a man have a harder fight to retain his seat in the Senate than did Mr. Reed then. Incited by Mr. Wilson, leaders of his own party openly warred upon him, and so did the national and State organizations—they had prevented his participation in the national convention of his party in 1920. Everywhere Democrats fought under the slogan "Rid us of Reed." An elaborate mock funeral was held in St. Louis attended by many "mourners." The Democratic women of Missouri organized to defeat him. The entire press of the State spewed hate and malignity upon him, and refused to admit that he had a chance of success. Yet in the face of these tremendous odds, at times even in danger of personal violence, he battled on to find himself returned to Washington by a majority of 43,000, 18,000 more votes than he had received when he ran for the Senate seven years earlier. That was a magnificent triumph, as it was fresh proof of the ability of the electorate to think and judge for itself even in the face of every sort of misrepresentation and abuse of a candidate. Mr. Reed even carried the city of St. Louis, which for decades had been safely Republican; this was the answer of its voters to the mock funeral. Only a man of extraordinary ability, tenacity, honesty, and courage could have entered upon such a titanic struggle and won. It is evidence of the magnanimity of the man that he refrained in the hour of victory from sending a telegram to Woodrow Wilson informing him of the reaction of the voters of Missouri to Mr. Wilson's advice as to how they should cast their votes, as is the fact that he sprang to the rescue of Woodrow Wilson when, during the war, it was urged that a committee of Congress supervise and control the President's acts.

Surely Mr. Reed himself has admirably characterized his own experience during the war, and the heroism that it called for, in his tribute to Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, with whom he fought against the League of Nations. It was at a memorial service for Senator McCormick that Mr. Reed spoke these words:

> But is there not a valor rarer than that which nerves

> the soldier's arm and turns his heart to steel and makes him with unwavering eye look in the face of death? Is not the moral courage to endure dishonor for the tongueless, voiceless, impalpable thing we call principle, supreme, incomparable, and rarest valor? To all the living Death must sometime come. Even at our birth his shaft is poised, and though the fight be long, it soon or late infallibly will strike the mark. The hero well may find contentment in the thought that he advances but by a little while the inevitable stroke. And so, with honor's voice for his mead in life and requiem in death, he dares to meet his fate. To stand before your people and endure while the name "traitor" may be hissed into your ear, to stand and know that friends are leaving you, that doubt of your fidelity and manhood has been raised, and yet to stand—that is the sublimest attribute of which the human soul is capable.

Now this same James A. Reed is actually seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he who in 1917 had as little prospect of announcing himself as a Presidential candidate as had Ramsay MacDonald at the same time of becoming Premier of Great Britain—he, too, had actively opposed his country's going to war. Here in the lists Mr. Reed stands—a cigar-chewing, tobacco-spitting Middle Westerner, American to his finger-tips. Tall, lithe, and straight as an Indian, his head is crowned by white hair over a ruddy countenance. His gray-blue eyes contain a direct and searching challenge. He is a modern Lincoln in the effectiveness of his stories, and in his extraordinary ability to turn instantly from grave to gay, from the measured polished diction of the statesman to the homely language of the plain American. Like Lincoln he is not without coarseness in private conversation, in which his references to comrades or enemies are wittily unbridled. Yet as William Hard has written, Mr. Reed may suddenly drop the colloquial when he is speaking in order to rise "to heights of sublimity which it is difficult to believe have ever been surpassed in parliamentary history." Mr. Hard adds that like Webster it is impossible for Mr. Reed "to be as great as he looks and sounds."

It is undeniable that this man, who asks that he be made the national leader of his party, is out of joint with the times. He sighs for a return of the government of Franklin Pierce which went its way unaware of the existence of the citizen, except so far as it called upon him to go to war or to pay taxes. That is, he would revert to the days of unlimited individualism; to the time when there was no legal interference with the working hours of women and children; when there was no woman suffrage; when a man could raise a thirst East and West of the Missouri and slake it publicly. He would even abolish the Civil Service Commission and again turn the offices over to party henchmen. As for government control of industry, the very thought is anathema to him. From that point of view he would be a profoundly acceptable candidate for Wall Street. But not in other ways. He has fought against monopoly; he has magnificently assailed the protective tariff, and particularly the flexible tariff humbug, the failure of which, under the control of President Coolidge, has justified every word he uttered in opposition to the plan.

He does not hesitate to criticize some of Wall Street's most cherished plans and policies. He helped to defeat the nomination of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General on account of his connection with the sugar companies. He has repeatedly charged, with complete truth, that the financial interests rule and control Mr. Coolidge and his Administration, and he has shocked the financiers by his utter lack of respect and reverence for Secretary Mellon. Indeed, he laughs at Mellon and mocks him. For Herbert Hoover Senator Reed has a bitter antipathy; he always speaks of him as "Sir Herbert Hoover" or "that great British statesman, Hoover." He refuses even to bend the knee before Charles G. Dawes. He vigorously fought the Vice-President's plans to limit debating in the Senate, and he has repeatedly refused to listen to the warnings of Mr. Dawes that he must look toward the Vice-President when he talks on the floor—it will take more than a Vice-President to make Mr. Reed conform to anything against which he has taken a position. Only on the question of prohibition has he suddenly appeared to compromise. An avowed and defiant Wet, now that he is a candidate he has discovered that prohibition is a moral not a political question.

His opposition to every entangling foreign alliance is well known—he even opposed the Four-Power Treaty in the Pacific, which was one of the fruits of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. Against the World Court he worked himself up into a perfect fury. He has condemned every one of the foreign-debt settlements. The only thing that would make him accept the French and British settlement would be if England and France should consent to sell us the West Indian islands which belong to them. The Italian debt settlement gave him the opportunity to contrast the interest which Italy is to pay to the United States government with the 9 per cent interest which he claims it is paying to private Wall Street bankers for loans made by them (they deny this). As for the League of Nations, the mere mention of it sets every drop of his blood to tingling with anger. He still stands where he stood on September 22, 1919, when he said:

> I decline to help set up any government greater than that established by the fathers, greater than that baptized in the blood of patriots from the lanes of Lexington to the forests of the Argonne, greater than that sanctified by the tears of all the mothers whose heroic sons have gone down to death to sustain its glory and its independence. I decline to set up any government greater than the government of the United States of America!

This passionate rage against any relationship with other nations was partly responsible for his putting through the resolution for the recall of our troops from garrison duty on German soil, which led to the return of our army much earlier than was satisfactory to the Allies.

It is undoubtedly due to this prejudice against foreigners that Senator Reed still believes in arming this country for defense. Unlike Calvin Coolidge in his saner moments, Mr. Reed still believes, despite the lessons of the World War, that armies and navies protect nations from attack and insure victory when attacked. So fearful is he of any association with the rest of the world that he wishes America literally to lie on its arms by night and by day, and to squander more millions than the cost of a Panama Canal every year, because of his dread of a possible attack. This is the more interesting because of his demand for freer immigration, at least so far as skilled laborers are concerned, and because of his farsighted opposition to the protective tariff. If that should be reduced it would, of course, mean ever closer trade relations with the rest of the world.

As to other domestic issues, Senator Reed has made one of his bravest fights against the Ku Klux Klan. He was a leader in the defeat of the ship-subsidy proposal, and some

of his best work of late has been in connection with his chairmanship of the Senate committee to investigate campaign expenditures. Thanks to his vigorous leadership in this matter we have had a pretty complete picture of the huge expenditures in the last Senatorial elections in Illinois and Pennsylvania which resulted in the denial of their seats to Messrs. Smith and Vare. But this was not something new for Senator Reed; he played an equally striking part in the refusal to seat Senator Newberry. He is sincerely and deeply shocked by any evidence of corruption in public office, and so he was among the first to speak out about the Harding Administration, and he did not qualify his language when a mistaken jury in the District of Columbia acquitted Messrs. Fall and Doheny in the first of the criminal cases growing out of the theft of the naval-oil reserve cases. He would be just as ready to speak out against Democratic corruption; thus he was quick to denounce William G. McAdoo for what Mr. Reed considered a violation of law when Mr. McAdoo acted as counsel for the Republic Steel and Iron Company in pressing a claim for a tax refund from the government within two years after Mr. McAdoo left the Cabinet of the United States.

Like Borah, this Democratic survivor from the days of Grover Cleveland lives and breathes by the Constitution. He will fight for it by the hour, the day, the month, the year, protesting that it is not his fault that he fights, but entirely the guilt of those who insist on trying to lay hands upon our sacred fundamental law. Curiously enough, this great fighter insists that he is no fighter at all. With a straight face—it is a bit forbidding and rigid in repose—he insists that he really hates to fight. The truth is that there never was a fighter who could go down to defeat more often and yet bob up the next day ready for another dozen rounds and still more punishment. Certainly never was there a fighter favored by Providence with a better temperamental or oratorical equipment to be a surpassing public prosecutor, a flagellator of faithless public servants, than this American who, typically, lived by hard work in the fields until he was twenty-one years old, and then achieved the legal education which made him prosecuting attorney in Kansas City, and twice mayor of that progressive trading-post on the Missouri. His ability as prosecuting attorney is shown by the fact that he obtained 375 convictions out of 400 prosecutions—a phenomenal record.

Inevitably Mr. Reed's resemblance to Andrew Jackson suggests itself. It is easy to visualize him as he would have looked in Jackson's time—the latter also a bold, handsome, swashbuckling, hard-drinking, roistering, dueling leader of men, of much the same political viewpoint.

It barely seems within the range of possibility that James A. Reed will be nominated and elected. But if he should sleep in the same bed that Woodrow Wilson occupied in the White House, as the legitimate Democratic successor to that high-strung President, it would be one of the most ironic and colossal jokes of history, worthy of the pens of the greatest of the classic dramatists. Certainly nothing else could as quickly make Woodrow Wilson turn in his grave. Of one thing we could be certain. However reactionary his administration might be, and however slow to strike hands with other nations for a solution of the problems of the harassed world, if Jim Reed should become President we should again have in the White House a genuine personality, a leader of force, vigor, and effectiveness; a man who would speak out in the presence of wrongdoing, in the place of one who never knows his own mind until compelled to take a position, whose tongue fails him when it is a question of denouncing the high crimes of his Republican friends, associates, and benefactors.

Progressive Education

By MARGARET NAUMBURG

ANYTHING less than "progressive education" is now quite out of date in America. No one wishes any longer to be called conservative. Every shade, therefore, of radical, progressive, and mildly conservative educator, from public as well as private schools, was to be found at the Eighth Conference on Progressive Education in New York, during the week of March 5.

The conference was noteworthy for the wide scope of its program; and especially for the innovation of allowing less than half the time of the convention to speechmaking. Applying the principles of progressive education to the adults who attended the conference, the parents and educators were given a chance "to learn by doing." With this object in view, round-table conferences and practical demonstrations were staged by workers in the field, to cover all aspects of the new type of education. An exhibition of the art and craft work of various modern schools was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and an open week for conference visitors was instituted at fifty of the various shades of progressive schools within the New York area. These exhibits, school visits, and conferences were regarded by many as the most important part of the congress.

The opening address by Professor John Dewey, as honorary president of the association, discussed Progressive Education and the Science of Education. The speech was important as a focal point on the present status of the new schools and the new methods in education. He raised many questions about progressive education: "What is the meaning of experiment in education, of an experimental school? What can such schools as are represented here do for other schools in which the great majority of school-children receive instruction and discipline? What can be rightfully expected from the work of these progressive schools in the way of a contribution to intelligent and stable educational practice; especially what can be expected in the way of a contribution to educational theory?"

The new schools, he said, had already more than justified themselves as to results when their pupils went to college or out into life. But the moment had come to "raise the intellectual, the theoretical problem of the relation of the progressive movement to the art and philosophy of education."

Very significant was Professor Dewey's direct attack on the modern obsession with the so-called science of meas-

urement, and the abuse of I. Q.'s and achievement tests in recent school procedure. For, said Dewey:

> It is natural and proper that the theory of the practices found in traditional schools should set great store by tests and measurements. But what has all this to do with schools where individuality is a primary object of consideration, and wherein the so-called "class" becomes a grouping made for social purposes and wherein diversity of ability and experience rather than uniformity is prized? *Quality* of activity and of consequence is more important for the teacher than any quantitative element. . . . The place of measurement of achievements as a theory of education is very different in a static educational system from what it is in one which is dynamic, or in which the ongoing process of growing is the important thing.
>
> If you want schools to perpetuate the present order, with at most an elimination of waste and with such additions as enable it to do better than it is already doing, then one type of intellectual method or "science" is indicated. But if one conceives that a social order different in quality and direction from the present is desirable and that schools should strive to educate with social change in view by producing individuals not complacent about what already exists, and equipped with desires and abilities to assist in transforming it, quite a different method and content is indicated for educational science.

Aspects of this "social change" which Professor Dewey associates with the progressive schools were of special importance in the meeting on The Foreign Movement in the new education. The talk of Dr. Elisabeth Rotten, the German representative of the New Education Fellowship, radiated the spiritual transformation that had occurred in German education since the war. She linked the break-up of the ancient Prussian regime of education with the growing power of the common people and with the birth of the Youth Movement in Germany. The first enthusiastic efforts of the new education to legislate freedom into the German schools had been a mistake. "But now," said Dr. Rotten, "we think it better policy that our new regulations do not introduce, but give weight to more freedom, leaving the responsibility entirely to the teacher."

When Dr. Rotten stated that educators in Germany "had soon found that the new education was more a matter of spirit than of new methods of regulation," it seemed as though the progressive-education movement in America had still much to learn from its foreign friends. Here we are satisfied with our practical achievements and still unaware of our want of spiritual profundity.

As Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, principal of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls, spoke on the transformation taking place in the state schools of Russia, one became freshly aware of the significance of a social change that effects both a spiritual and physical transformation of values in the new education. But the contribution of Professor William Heard Kilpatrick of Teachers College was not of that caliber. He was slated to speak on Promising Educational Experiments in the Far East. But all that he described were a couple of missionary schools in India and Ceylon, where the torch of his own pet "project method" had been made to burn. No word of the social and spiritual changes now taking place in the East. Nothing about educational developments from the viewpoint of the Asiatic himself.

When Dr. Kilpatrick announced that the educational problem of the Orient "was to prepare youth to think and modify the old customs and adjust to changing conditions, and to adapt youth to creating more wealth," he did not seem to be on the way to contributing to that plank in the new German constitution whereby "education ought to be inspired by a spirit of reconciliation between the peoples." He seemed rather the epitome of the practical American so brilliantly analyzed by M. André Siegfried, who believes in converting the world to the ideals of our economic, political, and social system.

The dinner which closed the conference concerned itself with Newer Aspects of College Education in America. For European and Asiatic higher schools of learning seem, as with us, to be the last aspect of education that is influenced by the progressive movement, now taking place within the lower schools. The speakers included Dr. Robert Devore Leigh of Bennington College, Miss Marion Coats of Sarah Lawrence College, Dr. Henry N. MacCracken of Vassar, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan of Antioch, and Professor Edwin Osgood Grover of Rollins College. Among the many problems under discussion in the course of the evening the following seem of special interest: possible methods of modifying the lecture system, so as to allow more individual freedom to the students, and yet make group meetings more significant by the active cooperation of students and teachers in smaller conference units; the question of creating new kinds of colleges to suit two types of student —those eager to study along specialized lines, and those gifted individuals whom the present college requirements in no way consider; new methods of relating theoretical courses of study to experience in the practical world; and last but not least, Dr. MacCracken's suggestion that there be organized a Progressive School for Trustees in the near future. The ferment of progressive education has undoubtedly begun to work, slowly but perceptibly, in the American college.

The Editor

By W. L. G.

Knight-errant of the shadows men call news,
Of whisperings and murmurs that run deep
'Neath capitol and courthouse while we sleep,
Interpreter and dramatist of clues,
At your pen's point ideas take vivid form
That stir with social purpose and intent
The thinkers of a mighty continent,
As whirling winds invoke the full-voiced storm;
Not in cold reason's virtue rests your power,
E'en all your deep experience and skill
Must wait emotion's vitalizing hour
If you would make your page with passion thrill;
Behind each word of truth a light is lit
That genius fuses into holy writ.

March 13, 1928

Soviet Gold and French Intrigue

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

TWENTY casks of gold, worth $5,000,000, arrived in New York City on February 21, on board the steamship Hamburg. It was consigned to the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company. Under ordinary circumstances, when gold arrives in New York from abroad, it is sent immediately to the Assay Office in Wall Street. But this was not ordinary gold—it was "Soviet" gold, and as such it has had most unusual adventures since its arrival.

According to a ruling of the Treasury Department made in 1920 in order to prevent purchases by the Soviet Government in the United States, even if paid for in gold, no gold of Soviet origin could be accepted by the Assay Office. Since gold gains access to Federal Reserve Banks and becomes part of the legal reserve of the institutions which own it only through the Assay Office, this gold had to be taken to the vaults of the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company, where it still lies like so much worthless metal. Its owners are losing about $700 per day interest which it could earn if it had been accepted by the United States Treasury.

During 1927 Russian trade with the United States amounted to $100,000,000, of which $75,000,000 was for Russian purchases in the United States and $25,000,000 for Russian sales here. The State Bank of the USSR, which is the principal financial institution of the Soviet Union, handles the great bulk of the financial transactions in connection with this trade. Its principal American correspondents are the Chase National Bank, which is the second largest bank in the United States, and the Equitable Trust Company, another very large bank. The shipment of gold from the USSR was made after careful consideration by leading officials of these banks and other financial authorities who believed that such shipments would facilitate business relations between the United States and the USSR.

After the Assay Office declined to accept the gold, the two New York banks made representations to Washington asking that the antiquated ruling of the Treasury Department be changed. On February 24, three days after the arrival of the gold in New York, the State Department announced that it would not object if the Treasury Department lifted the prohibition against the assaying of Soviet gold. On the same day, it was made known at the White House that President Coolidge understood that the gold was shipped to this country for the payment of goods, and that since there had been considerable trading between the two countries some such arrangement was necessary. The Treasury Department also indicated that it was seeking a method by which it could accept the gold. It submitted the matter for final decision to the Attorney General's office. The legal question involved was the title of the gold. It was reported that Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills had declared the risk in regard to the title to be considerably less than in 1920.

Because of the apparently friendly attitude of President Coolidge, the State Department, and the Treasury Department and because powerful banking interests were anxious to have the gold admitted, it was believed that the barriers against it would be finally removed.

This would have fitted in with the State Department policy of encouraging "trade without recognition." While the State Department has opposed the public flotation of any loans for the Soviet Union, it has repeatedly announced that it would impose no restrictions on business with Soviet Russia and has definitely approved the increase of Russian deposits and business in this country.

But the Treasury on March 6 ruled against the reception of the Russian gold. The ruling was based on the technicality that "the provisions of law under which the Treasury acts in purchasing gold or bullion through the United States Mints and Assay Offices are that any owner of gold bullion may deposit the same at any mint," and that inasmuch as the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company were not presenting the gold as its owners, but merely as the agents for the Russian State Bank, it could not be accepted.

Earlier on the same day that this adverse Treasury ruling on the gold was made Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador in Washington, handed a note to Secretary of State Kellogg in which he inquired whether the American Government still maintained a prohibition on acceptance at the Assay Office of imports of gold from Russia. The note stated that the Bank of France had on deposit in the Imperial Bank of Russia, prior to the revolution, gold to the amount of 52,000,000 francs which it had never recovered, that it therefore had special rights in connection with Soviet gold, and that it intended to affirm its title to the gold recently shipped to New York by means of judicial action. This note was immediately transmitted from the State Department to the Treasury, which in turn made public its ruling.

The Bank of France at the same time notified the Chase Bank and the Equitable Trust Company that it had a claim against the Russian gold held by them and that it would prosecute this claim in the courts. A suit was promptly filed in the United States District Court in New York, the basis of it being an assertion that the gold held by the New York banks was the identical gold deposited with the prerevolutionary Czarist State Bank in 1915-1917.

The French Government, when recognizing the Soviet Government in October, 1924, stated in its note:

> Following the ministerial declaration of June 17, 1924, and your communication of July 19 last, the Government of the Republic, faithful to the friendship which unites the Russian and French peoples, recognizes de jure from this date the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as the Government of the territories of the former Russian Empire. . . . In this spirit the Government of the republic, wishful once more to serve the interests of peace and the future of Europe, designs to seek, together with the Union, a just and practicable settlement which would permit the restoration between the two nations of normal diplomatic and trade relations, provided French confidence shall be equitably satisfied. . . .

The French Government thus holds Russian property and funds immune from seizure in France. It turned over to the Soviets the beautiful Czarist Embassy located in the heart of Paris. The Russian trade delegation does a large business unmolested in France. A French Embassy is maintained in Moscow. Negotiations regarding the settlement of the Russian debts to the French have been going on more than three years and on February 18, 1928, a little over two weeks prior to Claudel's note, M. De Monzie, a member of the French Cabinet and president of the Conference for the Settlement of the Franco-Russian Debts, stated in a public interview that:

> The Soviet Government has given us a note, now in our possession, in which it offers a basis of settlement. It would, without formally repudiating the previous edict annulling the debts, give us 62 annuities of 60,000,000 gold francs each.

He interpreted this offer as "an indication of real willingness to conduct world-wide negotiations for the settlement of Russian debts abroad."

Why should a foreign government which itself recognizes the Soviet Government, which encourages its own nationals to trade with Russia, whose navy has direct dealings with the Soviet Naphtha Trust, try to block the channels of trade between the United States and Soviet Russia? For the last seven years Soviet gold has been shipped to various European countries—England, Germany, Sweden, and others. It is estimated that shipments of upwards of $200,000,000 worth of gold have been made by the Soviet Government. In not one case have the French attempted to seize any of this gold. The very gold that the French are now claiming in New York went by rail through Poland and Germany to Hamburg and no move was made by the French to claim it.

Only one interpretation of the action of the French Government dealing with this gold seems possible. It is a political maneuver by which France hopes to win a point in the complicated game being played by the Great Powers in regard to Russia.

The French note with apprehension the development of Soviet-American trade. They realize that this trade is bound to grow and also that, in the near future, there will be heavy American financing in Russia. They themselves do not produce the kind of commodities that can be exported to Russia in considerable quantities. Perfumes, cosmetics, and other luxuries are banned by the Russians. But the French would like to become a party to American trade and financing, reaping the profit of broker and middleman. In order to achieve this they have selected a method which has been successful in recent dealings with Americans—that of pin-pricking and petty annoyances. They have found that the American colossus, when confronted with annoyances of a minor nature, would rather give in than fight. The success of such tactics was demonstrated recently when the French succeeded in lifting the State Department's embargo on French industrial financing in America because of non-ratification of their debt to the United States. Last September a discriminatory tariff against certain American products was introduced in France; it was removed in November, and in January the French were rewarded by the removal of the embargo against their industrial loans.

The State Department found it necessary on February 21 of this year to protest against the proposed French petroleum law which "would work to the distinct disadvantage of American oil interests by limiting their present business and depriving them of millions of dollars worth of future sales." Even more recently a French commission was appointed in order to compel our film industry to make concessions to the French. Another example of French method is the protest lodged by the French Government last December against a deal with Russia made by the American group headed by Percival Farquhar for certain mining properties in the Donetz Basin. The French insist that prior to the revolution this property belonged to French nationals.

The Bank of France asserts that the Russian gold now in New York is the identical gold deposited in Russia by France before the revolution; and the bank is understood to claim that it is unnecessary to prove that it is the identical gold since, in the case of goods that pass by weight and measure,* the owner is entitled to recover an equivalent value in the same material but need not establish the actual identity of the goods. Good legal opinion holds that gold does not fall in this category and that the French cannot recover the Russian gold if it is proved to be Soviet property. The Russians claim that the gold now in New York was mined in Siberia during 1925-1926-1927 and that the records of their smelters and mints prove this.

It is not likely that the French seriously expect to get the Russian gold, but they are probably hoping to keep American-Russian trade relations in their present state of insecurity and instability, so that the returns from trade and financing may be reaped in Europe—offering France an opportunity to share in the profits.

It remains to be seen whether the French can get away with this latest maneuver. Perhaps American manufacturers and bankers will be stirred by this intrigue conducted on American territory against American trade and business. If so, they could force their State Department to change its vacillating policy and to enter into relations with the Soviet Government which would make it impossible for a foreign government to block American trade in the United States —as it would not and could not do in its own country.

It has just been disclosed that the United States Treasury did accept Russian gold when, in 1921-1922, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and head of the American Relief Administration, wanted to use $12,200,000 of Russian money to buy seed and supplies in the United States. According to H. H. Fisher, official historian of the American Relief Administration, "he immediately encountered strong opposition . . . but on January 6 Hoover urged the matter at a meeting of the Cabinet and secured a favorable decision." On February 7, February 15, and March 13, 1922, the gold arrived—all, upon Mr. Hoover's insistence, in Czarist coin or pre-war bullion—and it was accepted by the United States Assay Office, melted, and reminted! This was, frankly, confiscated gold, while the gold just refused was, according to the Soviet Government, recently mined; but no question was ever raised as to its title, and the precedent, apparently, was forgotten in America until recalled by A. L. Scheinman, president of the Russian State Bank. Surely the Treasury, reversing its policy at the behest of the French, is made ridiculous.

* Such goods include wheat, coal, and oil. It is interesting, in this connection, that the French navy purchased last year about $10,000,000 worth of Soviet oil which Sir Henry Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell claimed was "stolen" from the wells seized by the Soviets from his company.

The Anniversary Committee Reports

TO THE READERS OF THE NATION:

In December, 1927, a small group of *Nation* readers in New York City undertook to form a national committee in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard's first ten years as editor of *The Nation*. The Tenth Anniversary Committee of *Nation* Readers, which completed its organization during January, 1928, under the chairmanship of William Allen White, resulted. In addition to its officers, the committee consists of sixty-four Honorary Vice-Chairmen, representing the States of Illinois, North Dakota, New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, New Jersey, Nebraska, Arizona, California, Colorado, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota, Washington, Montana, and the District of Columbia, and one hundred and sixty-nine members, widely representative of the varied interests of national life.

The formation of such a committee in honor of the editor of one weekly paper is, so far as we know, unique in the history of journalism. We feel that it merits a few words as to the character and distinction of its membership. Fourteen United States Senators, six Congressmen, three United States Judges, and two State Governors are included. Organized labor is represented by some of its highest officials—William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; James H. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor; and Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. The organized women of America are represented on this committee by their two most celebrated leaders, Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Paul; the world of social welfare and reform, by such names as Lillian Wald, Florence Kelley, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Four college presidents are included in the membership of the committee, leading scholars of a dozen universities, and such internationally known Americans as John Dewey, Franz Boas, Jane Addams, T. H. Morgan, and John Cotton Dana.

For the rest, we have among our membership, artists, musicians, actors, business men, lawyers, authors, publishers, journalists, historians, novelists, poets, of no mean distinction. But possibly the most striking feature in the membership of this committee formed to honor an editor, is the presence of thirty-one fellow-editors. These include half a dozen magazine editors, as for example, Paul U. Kellogg of the *Survey* and Henry Goddard Leach of the *Forum*, and more than a score of newspaper editors scattered over the country. Among them are Fremont Older of the San Francisco *Call*, Joseph Pulitzer of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Frank E. Gannett of the Rochester, N. Y., *Times Union*, Julian Harris of the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer-Sun*, Ernest Gruening of the Portland, Maine, *Evening News*, Abraham Cahan of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Hans Kaltenborn of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and Waldo Cooke of the *Springfield Republican*.

From its beginning the Tenth Anniversary Committee decided to adopt a twofold program: First, to arrange for a widespread celebration of the Tenth Anniversary so that as many *Nation* readers as possible could personally greet and congratulate Mr. Villard, and second, to present him with a substantial number of new subscriptions to *The Nation*, as the most fitting tribute to his ten years' service as editor.

Learning that Mr. Villard's fifty-sixth birthday was to fall on March 13, the committee chose that date for the climax of its celebration. Accordingly, on the initiative of local groups of *Nation* readers, but with the cooperation of the committee, Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinners were arranged and held in Washington, D. C., on March 1, in Rochester, New York, on March 5, in Philadelphia, on March 7, in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 8, in Baltimore on March 9, in Boston, March 10, and in New York City on March 13. These functions were, without exception, remarkably successful and enthusiastic. It is estimated that, as guest of honor at all these seven dinners, Mr. Villard addressed more than 2,500 *Nation* readers.

At the birthday dinner in New York, which was attended by twelve hundred people, tributes to *The Nation* and its editor were read from all over the world. Some of these appear below and on the opposite page.

In carrying out the second part of its program, the Tenth Anniversary Committee feels that it has been no less successful. Owing to the prompt and generous response of *Nation* readers throughout the country, we were able to make Mr. Villard a birthday gift of 2,571 new subscribers. He received also a book of extracts from *The Nation*, containing the names of those who sent in new subscriptions.

And now, although the program originally undertaken has been completed, the committee does not yet see fit to go out of existence. There seems no end to the demand for *Nation* dinners. The newly organized Los Angeles Committee is holding a Tenth Anniversary dinner on March 31. Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Cleveland are asking for the privilege of holding *Nation* dinners. *Nation* readers everywhere are writing in to ask us if it is too late to send in a new subscription for the birthday gift. In view of all this the committee has decided to continue in existence until June 1. Mr. Villard has been persuaded to give the first three weeks of May to a Mid-Western trip. And a second edition of the book "Pages From The Nation" will be issued, with an opportunity for all who wish to be identified with the Tenth Anniversary to enrol their names in it and to obtain a copy.

The telegrams which poured in upon Mr. Villard on his birthday we feel should be shared with those who could not attend the dinner; but there is room here for only a few.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN, *Secretary*

London, England

In the turmoil of the past decade your journal has stood constant, a beacon flashing its message of liberty, justice, peace, and good-will across the ocean. We wish for you and it many more years of such honorable service.

HILDA CLARK; KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH; HAVELOCK ELLIS; A. G. GARDINER; MARY AGNES HAMILTON; HUBERT HENDERSON, Editor *Nation;* FRANCIS W. HIRST, JOHN A. HOBSON; GEORGE LANSBURY; HAROLD J. LASKI; J. RAMSAY MACDONALD; W. MELLOR, Editor *Daily Herald;*

HENRY W. NEVINSON; BARON OLIVIER; F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; E. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; ARTHUR PONSONBY; BERTRAND RUSSELL; EVELYN SHARP; PHILIP SNOWDEN; J. A. SPENDER; H. M. SWANWICK; LORD THOMSON; H. M. TOMLINSON; GRAHAM WALLAS; JOSIAH WEDGWOOD; H. G. WELLS; ELLEN WILKINSON; GERTRUDE CROSS.

London, England

I wish it were possible for me to be with you on March 13, when my friend Oswald Garrison Villard celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday as your guest. I do not always agree with what Villard says, but he is one of those chosen people whose independence of thought and courage in expressing it are far too precious to be limited to the approval of anybody. His function is to stimulate, to challenge, and to encourage. I hope you will associate me with the toast of his health and prosperity and be sure that though the wide seas separate us in body, my spirit is at your table. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Manchester, England

Hearty congratulations on completion of your ten years of brilliant and reconciling work on the paper which Godkin made so famous.

C. P. SCOTT, Editor *Manchester Guardian*

London, England

Villard's personality stamped on every page of *Nation* and even those who most frequently disagree with his opinions must honor the fearless manner in which he stands up for every cause in which he believes. May he be spared for many more years of his editorship.

JOHN EVELYN WRENCH, Editor *Spectator*

Moscow, Russia

Revolutionary China rejoices tenth anniversary Mr. Villard's editorship of *The Nation*, which has never failed to sympathize with the struggle of the Chinese masses for freedom.

SUN CHUNG-LING (Madame Sun Yat-sen)

Berlin, Germany

Heartiest birthday greetings to the worthy leader of the leading humanitarian journal. THOMAS MANN

Berlin, Germany

To the brave and selfless warrior for all true democratic ideas and for a peace based on humanity and justice, greetings.

THEODOR WOLFF, Editor *Berliner Tageblatt*

Berlin, Germany

German liberals greet the champion of fairness and international good-will and hope to celebrate with you many more decades of devotion to noble causes.

GEORG BERNHARD, Editor *Vossische Zeitung*

Berlin, Germany

You are a courageous, world-famed fighter for truth, freedom, justice. German democracy is honored to stand alongside you in the struggle for the assertion of these principles in intercourse between all nations.

ANTON ERKELENZ, *Member Reichstag*

Moscow, Russia

Greetings to *Nation* and Oswald Garrison Villard for work against American imperialism in Latin America. Hope it will continue. DIEGO RIVERA

New York

Permit me to say to the *Nation* subscribers assembled here, to-night, that I am made doubly happy in having a son who has given so large a portion of his time to the cause of honest journalism.

In doing so, he follows in the footsteps of his father and grandfather.

A continuance in his noble profession is the best wish that his proud mother can give him on this—his fifty-sixth birthday.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, D. C.

Deeply regret that matters prevent my attending the dinner in honor of Mr. Villard. I should be delighted to join in a tribute of respect to this great journalist. Please express to him my very best wishes and my hope that there is to be allotted to him many years of happiness and service. *The Nation* is a great power for liberalism. May its prestige and power increase. WILLIAM E. BORAH

Washington, D. C.

If we had more *Nations* or many more readers of *The Nation* we would have no Daugherty and no Fall in the Cabinet, no Little Green House on K Street, no Teapot Dome scandal, no injunctions preventing free speech, a free press, or the right to free assemblage in Pennsylvania. In other words, we would have a decent, enlightened public opinion and right not might, justice not injustice, the truth not a lie would prevail. Congratulations on your fifty-sixth birthday. My hope is that you may continue as editor of *The Nation* for at least fifty-six more years. BURTON K. WHEELER

Albany, N. Y.

I send sincere congratulations to you on your birthday anniversary. You have done much in the dissemination of knowledge and intelligent problems confronting the people as editor of *The Nation*, which is a splendid vehicle for the conveyance of your broad, liberal views. I send good wishes and trust that you will continue to have many future anniversaries.

ALFRED E. SMITH, *Governor*

New York

You are one of the people who make New York interesting; your paper helps to keep journalism awake and alive, and the city is proud of you. I hope the Mayors for many more decades will find you still at work.

JAMES J. WALKER, *Mayor*

Chicago

Villard's journalistic personality is a precious international asset. Please tender him my homage of affection and admiration. More power to *The Nation*. SYUD HOSSAIN

Wilmington, Del.

As counsel of the enchained and oppressed people of Santo Domingo in the fight for their liberty and independence against the invaders and interventionists of Washington, I want to express to you for them and their now free and independent nation, their everlasting gratitude for your courageous, tireless, and effective services in that memorable and historical struggle. You planned and initiated that brilliant and successful campaign; your paper was first on the firing line and the last to leave. Had it not been for you and *The Nation*, Santo Domingo would be today bleeding in the eagle's claws, like Nicaragua and her helpless little sister nation, Haiti.

HORACE G. KNOWLES

Columbus, Georgia

Mr. Villard and *The Nation* have earned the respect and admiration of all persons who believe in the honest, untrammeled, and fearless discussion of political and economic questions. Along with Mr. Villard's courage in attacking privilege, injustice, prejudice, and intolerance go a sympathetic understanding of and a vital interest in the problems of the masses. And never has he failed in a willingness—an eagerness—to preserve human rights. We salute his generous and undaunted spirit. JULIA AND JULIAN HARRIS

Santa Fe, N. M.

I congratulate the people of the United States on having a magazine in which freedom of speech is a sturdy fact and an editor able and willing to maintain it at the level of contributors who have something to say. MARY AUSTIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Never before have we been more in need of independent journalism and never before have we had so little of it. The growing concentration of newspapers into relatively few hands and the increasing scope of syndicated news are phenomena of deep portent. . . . Ideas are not subject to the technique of mass production, and it may well be that our weeklies will serve as a ferment in the great lump of regimented, head-line opinion. At all events, that must be our faith, and the influence which Mr. Villard and his associates have been exerting through *The Nation* during the last few years gives strength to such faith. FELIX FRANKFURTER

Cambridge, Mass.

During the last decade Mr. Villard has seemed to me the very embodiment of American idealism, and the word *patriot* seems to me to have its true meaning only when applied to a man like him. KUNO FRANCKE

New York City

Mr. Herter and myself on the *Independent* are, as a rule, diametrically opposed to everything that Mr. Villard advocates. Upon almost every subject under the sun our opinions, our ideas, and our methods would be the exact opposite of his. This difference in point of view and direction, however, has only served to increase our respect for his sincerity, his courage, and his great ability as a journalist. He belongs to the great group of editors who are also fighting journalists, who fight hard and never hit below the belt. His absolute sincerity and his unqualified courage have won the respect even of his enemies. More than that, they have won a kind of affectionate admiration. This country needs *The Nation*, and it needs Mr. Villard. Long life and success to them both.

RICHARD DANIELSON, Editor *Independent*

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not put up a great deal at hotels, nor does he often ask them to call him in the morning. Perhaps, therefore, his experience lately in a Middle-western city was novel only to him and will be received by others merely as a confession of ignorance. Anyhow he asked to be called every morning at seven o'clock, little knowing what he was bringing down on himself.

* * * * *

AT the appointed hour the telephone bell tinkled merrily on the table. The Drifter arose, said "All right" yawningly into the receiver, and proceeded to shave. He had just thrown up an imposing intrenchment of lather about his mouth when the telephone rang again. Curious to know who could be calling him so early the Drifter responded, only to hear a metallic voice say "Seven o'clock." The Drifter thought the girl had forgotten that she had already called him and, muttering his thanks, went back to his shaving. The next morning the same thing happened. Again the Drifter thought it was due to a mistake and, muttering his thanks with rather more mutter and considerably less thanks, he resumed his toilet.

BUT when the double act was repeated on the third morning the Drifter was annoyed. He picked up the telephone and told the operator icily that he had already been called once, that when he left a call for seven o'clock he did not intend that it should be a continuous performance lasting all forenoon, and that he would appreciate it if she paid a little attention to her job and left him alone after the first call. Whereupon a pert reply came back over the wire: "We always call guests twice. It's the orders of the hotel." This information was such a shock of novelty to the Drifter that he hung up the receiver without attempting to say more. Hotels are curious places and there is no explaining some of their customs. But the Drifter thought that in spite of the telephone operator's complacent reply she would do better the next morning, regardless of the "orders of the hotel."

* * * * *

HE was wrong. In the midst of his shave he was interrupted by the now detested and detestable telephone bell. Rushing at it with consuming anger in his heart, he took the receiver off the hook and banged it on the table without deigning a reply. "That'll keep them quiet, I guess," he said to himself grimly, and went back to his shaving. Alas, no! In the middle of his shower bath a knock came at the Drifter's door. He gouged the soap out of his mouth, slipped on a bath robe, and responded. A bellboy, with expressionless face, stood in the hall. "Your receiver is off the hook," he said.

* * * * *

THE next night was to be the Drifter's last in the hotel. Before going to bed he made a personal visit to the hotel desk. In his most ingratiating voice he explained that he didn't want to ask a favor that would disorganize and permanently cripple the routine of the hotel, but if it could be done without summoning a full meeting of the board of directors or getting a special act through the legislature he would like to be called at seven o'clock *only once* the next morning. A young man received this communication with the utmost solemnity and for half an hour afterward the Drifter, who was sitting near by, heard him trying to drive the idea into the heads of various other persons.

* * * * *

THE Drifter was called only once the next morning, but on his next journey he will carry an alarm clock.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

To Los Angeles Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I address *The Nation* readers of Los Angeles and vicinity through your columns? On March 12 the organization of a Los Angeles Committee of *Nation* Readers was effected. Aaron Riche was elected chairman, Agnes O'Malley secretary, Saul S. Klein treasurer, and Lew Head program chairman. It was decided to hold a Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinner at the City Club, 833 S. Spring Street, on Saturday evening, March 31. Prominent speakers and a good musical program will make this an outstanding liberal event in Los Angeles. The committee urges *Nation* readers to come and bring their friends. Reservations at $2 each should be made beforehand at the City Club or at the Treasurer's office, 522 Citizens' National Bank Building.

Los Angeles, California, March 12 AARON RICHE

Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

Take me till tomorrow night an' 'bout a dozen books to tell about all jobs I worked at an' all places I been. I never stays in one place mo' 'n four weeks, leastwise never mo' 'n five. Long lonesome road I been down. . . . I been helper in maloominum plant, stirrin' pots at Bessemer, janitor for mayor of two towns, factory hand, porter an' butler on railroad, an' wipin' up engines of Great Northwestern railroad. I been waiter in hotels an' restaurants. I sold papers in mo' 'n one town. . . . I been in government camp an' in Ford factory. . . . I was hand on Mississippi Delta job, boatin' on Mississippi River an' on lake, diggin' in coal mine, an' workin' in steel foundry. . . . An' been times I run up 'gainst the law. But mos' times all dirt I ever done I been lucky enough to git off.

THIS will give a taste of Left Wing Gordon's talk. Howard W. Odum has taken it down and put it in a book called "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" (Bobbs-Merrill: $3)—and what a book it is! I cannot guess how much credit belongs to Mr. Odum, though I suspect that a great deal does. Left Wing is the hero, of course; he has done all the things, he tells all the stories, he sings all the songs. But Mr. Odum, who incidentally introduced him to us first in another volume published two years ago, has peculiar excellences as transcriber and recorder, and it seems perfectly safe to say that without his work we should never have known what we possessed in this magnificent Negro wanderer through thirty-eight States, a hundred occupations, and I don't know how many hundred shooting-scrapes and love-encounters. I should think that any American would want to read the book, the background of which—railroads, foundries, prisons, and camps—is white but the mind of which is about as purely black as we are likely ever to get in books produced by white men. And I particularly recommend it to those white people who think they understand the Negro. Understand this energy, this shiftlessness, this sublime indifference to "virtue"? Understand this man who has his own code—perhaps—but knows nothing of the loyalties supposed to be current and everywhere binding? Read "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and see if it can be done. It will be a chastening experience, one sure to awaken any reader to the still incredible variety and wildness of our world.

Claude McKay's novel, "Home to Harlem" (Harper: $2.50), will be a little easier to understand even though it is the work of a Negro. The scene is chiefly the cabarets of black New York, and the theme is chiefly love, and to be sure love comes here wearing clothes such as were never seen on the white man's Eros—clothes darker, more odorous, and more lavishly cut than any we are likely to conceive. But Mr. McKay, a poet who has lived in both New York and Paris and who has read many white books, adds decorations which are neither interesting nor convincing. His ideas, his detached observations, and especially his "superior" character called Ray make pale reading compared with Jake the hero, Felice his "sweetness," and the sweating horde of lovers who have put on Harlem only as the thinnest of disguises. As folk-lore the book is valuable; as fiction it seems to me quite without form or meaning.

As folk-lore also, not as biography or anything else, I took "Alger: A Biography Without a Hero," by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius: $3.50). But it is white folk-lore this time; and it is thin, sorry stuff—the last poor ravelings of a certain homespun puritanism that is somewhat less alive now than it was when Horatio Alger poured out his 119 books for boys. Alger, it seems, went to Harvard and so always wanted to write a good book, but kept letting himself off with Alger books until it was too late. What he did—and what undoubtedly he could not have missed doing—was to say all that could be said for the smug little morals we imbibed as boys. And it is not much. Nor is Mr. Mayes's book worth much beyond the point where it reveals just what kinds of weakness Alger had; for it is one of those irritating biographies in which we are never told what things are true and what things are merely vivid. For me personally there is nothing so vivid in biography as facts that look like facts.

MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Africa

The African Saga. By Blaise Cendrars. Payson and Clark. $5.

"THIS is what my father taught me, and he had it from his father, and so for a long, long time back, since the very beginning." And since that very beginning the African peoples, like all the others save only ourselves, have been spinning the tales which constitute their literary heritage. It is our good fortune that M. Cendrars has made available for us, in a form so easily accessible, fragments of the lore, the explanations, the shrewd observations, and the poetic images into which the genius of this people has transmuted its experience.

His work will bring joy to any one who likes a good story well told, and his publishers have added to it by the imagination which has gone into the printing and binding of these tales. Cosmic legends, reasons for the existence of fetishes and for the power they hold, historical traditions of some of the tribes, fantastic tales told for the joy of telling them, stories with morals, love stories, humorous stories, and fables—all are given us. One is thankful that M. Cendrars has included a few, if only a very few, of the proverbs which embody so much of the wisdom of the Africans, and regretful that their conundrums, with their dry implications and subtle comments on life, were neglected.

Some of the stories will have a familiar ring. The adventures of the mythical hero of the Fan people, Bingo, include the story of the well-intentioned spider who spun her web over the cave in which Bingo took refuge when he was pursued by his angry father, the Lord of all things, who was bent on his death. The sandals of Samba, a legendary figure of the Todoro, were too small for any one else to wear and so proved his identity as the slayer of the crocodile which had harassed the folks of a certain town. The tale called Ingratitude is not at all unlike the one which tells how the kindly man who warmed the serpent in his own bosom was stung as a reward for his solicitude, while the hyena whose bone was lost in the water because she wanted the fat piece of meat she thought the reflection of the moon to be is a sister in greediness to the dog of our childhood stories.

Many of the proverbs, too, are anything but strange. "Who goes slowly goes far." "Let the candid man buy a good horse to escape on when he has told the truth." "It is easier to eat a hare than an elephant." "He who wants to beat his dog will always find a stick." "The thief is he who is caught." "A village is fine, seen from without; seen from within it is a gar-

bage-heap!" "One day more won't make an elephant rot." "If you want peace, give ear to your wives' proposals."

Even in reading the scattered bits of the folk-lore of Africa given by M. Cendrars it is obvious that we are not presented with anything alien. With the manner in which the incidents in the stories are arranged, with the concepts which underlie them, with the morals that go with them, with the allegorical presentations of wisdom that characterize the proverbs, we are thoroughly at home. And why not? Africa, Asia, and Europe are one land mass. And stories travel almost as far as there are men to carry them. Some stories, as we know, have enormous distributions—are found scattered over vast areas. Only the source of common origin is difficult to state. For it is characteristic of folk-tales that they are, in large measure, presentations of the culture of which they form a part. The incidents may have been taken from an alien source, but they are fairly sure to be changed to fit into the experiences of the people who tell the tale as it is found. Did the African give these stories to the European? Did both obtain them from a common source? Or were the stories diffused from Europe? One can only pose the questions.

Whatever their origin, there can be no denying the artistry which characterizes these literary productions of the Africans. And they are doubly artistic since they have withstood the hazards of a double translation. Miss Bianco has made her rendition faithfully and with care. But it is unfortunate that she did not possess a greater knowledge of the material. It is not beyond suspicion that certain tales which were originally in English, such as those of Bishop Callaway from the Zulu, have simply been retranslated into English. Still further, the transition as the stories shift from one portion of the continent to another is rather dizzying—there is no "African mythology" as such any more than there is "an" African people. There are vast differences between the various peoples, and an equally vast one between their stories. To couple a Masai tale with a Hottentot one is almost like coupling the adventures of Odysseus with those of Siegfried.

But this criticism is not fairly leveled against such a book. It is one of beauty, of charm, and of discrimination, and is to be enthusiastically recommended. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Gandhi

Young India. By Mahatma Gandhi. The Viking Press. $5.
Gandhiji in Indian Villages. By Mahadev Desai. Madras: S. Ganesan.

THERE was a period (1921–1922) in India when the strength of the Non-cooperation movement under Gandhi's leadership was so great and the feeling it had aroused so extensive that the British had made preparations to fight to a finish for their hold upon the country. Only the word of Gandhi was awaited to inaugurate the uprising, and both Indians and British expected that word at any moment. But it never came. The critical period passed, and the British occupation was never challenged by physical force.

That period was the climax of Gandhi's career, and once it and his failure to give the word for revolt are understood, they will throw the strongest light upon his character. For to him political independence was not an end in itself; it was only to be an accompaniment of something much more fundamental, namely, a growth of righteousness in the hearts of Indians that would make them abhor violence toward one another and toward the foreigner, and would as it came to exist automatically rid the land of all its ills. It was religion that was of the first importance, not politics. And just when he thought his people had acquired that universal love and could revolt without the use of violence, there took place bloody events that brought disillusionment. India was not ripe for his program, and he learned so just in time. For he saw clearly that, even if the British should be expelled, the spirit of violence would still drive the Hindus and the Mohammedans against each other, as it had been doing for 900 years. The last state of the country would be no better than the first.

After his failure to strike when opportunity seemed to be present, his political power began to ebb away. But his influence as a religious leader has never waned. Ahinsa (Non-violence) may not yet be a practicable program for India, but it is nevertheless the country's ideal; for India is the greatest pacifist nation in the world; and it is the insistence upon this doctrine that makes Gandhi great in the eyes of his fellows. "I have always said," he tells us, "that my politics are subservient to my religion"; and indeed every item of reform which he advocates has for him a religious sanction.

The volume of "Young India" before us, 984 pages in length, is composed of selected writings from his journal by the same name, with a few speeches, letters, or articles by him and others scattered through it. "Gandhiji in Indian Villages" is an account of missionarying tours by him throughout India during 1925, the first part being a report by a young Indian who is closely associated with Gandhi, the second part by Gandhi himself. The two books present very clearly what Gandhi thinks and says about every question that agitated India during 1924-1926, and shows the means he adopts to spread his ideas.

Constantly he preaches Non-violence; he urges Hindu-Moslem tolerance and mutual love, especially in a famous article published at the end of May, 1924, for which he was censured by all parties; he deplores irresponsible journalism; he expresses his opinion of Christian missions ("How very nice it would be if the missionaries rendered humanitarian service without the ulterior aim of conversion"); he calls for all religions to tolerate one another; he speaks of the Labor Party when it was in power, designating it as "reactionary"; he defends his fasts and explains what they mean to him; he writes disapprovingly of the communal system of representation in the Indian legislative bodies; he discusses the difficult question of how far it is possible not to cooperate with the courts (it seems there are extreme cases when cooperation is necessary); he protests against the boycott of Empire goods on the ground that a boycott should not be directed against any nation but against articles whose importation is injurious to India, no matter whence they may come; he discusses "national education," which had a very short-lived popularity; he propagandizes in every way for hand-spinning; he writes of C. R. Das, once his follower, later his opponent, always his friend; he complains about the inadequacy of municipal sanitation; he attacks drugs, drink, the devil, and machinery; he advocates the merciful extinction of the wretched, starving dogs that infest the streets of Indian towns; he chides individuals much as a father might his children. These are only some of the matters with which the selections deal.

For most of his ideas he got no very willing ears. His program has grown less and less popular, although he never has personally. The Indian National Congress repudiated the spinning franchise; the Hindus and the Mohammedans would not be at peace. Yet he never lost hope or relinquished his convictions. Only his campaign for the bettering of the untouchables seems to prosper. With simplicity and directness he carries it to regions where they are not even allowed to ride in the same railway carriages with the better born but have "reserved" quarters in open freight cars. At a meeting in such a community he may either induce—with perfect politeness—the organizers to remove the restrictions regarding the intermingling of high and low, or else—with equal politeness—desert his high-caste entertainers to sit among the despised and rejected. Always he is humble, always self-forgetful.

The merits of Gandhi's political methods and economic doctrines we need not discuss; but certainly no one is doing as much as he to destroy the unlovely social phases of the Indian religions. He is the idol of the folk, whose acclamations and importunity become so unbearable at times that he says: "I

was obliged even to stuff my ears to prevent the shouts making me almost to swoon." High-caste Hindus listen to him and slowly show a willingness to grant amelioration to the untouchables. Christian missionaries aid him and allow him to speak at their schools and colleges.

Gandhi is a character whose pure gold is transmuted into lead as soon as we get him at second hand, even though through a Romain Rolland. The only way those in America can get the best from him is to read his own writings and speeches, not composed for any but Indians and therefore free of self-consciousness, as made available to us in volumes like these. Here we have Gandhi and here too we have India through the binoculars of his mind.

W. Norman Brown

Polished History

The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1917. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $10.

FOR most American readers the initial interest of these volumes will probably consist in the supposed implication that a history of the United States, written primarily for an English audience, must be something different from a history of the United States designed for American consumption. Yet American history, after all, is only American history, to be taken or left, if you please, according to taste, but hardly to be altered in fact or meaning to suit the national prejudices or geographical locations of those who may choose to write or study it. Beyond such explanations of words or usages as go with differences of vocabulary or custom, or geographical reminders that help the reader to keep his place with the map (all of these, it should be said, matters to which the author in this instance is systematically attentive), it would seem, at least at first thought, that the American story, like the British or the French story, might well be told in substantially the same fashion on either side of the Atlantic, and left to stand or fall by its intrinsic substance much like a Latin grammar or a textbook of anatomy.

It may be said at once that, for most practical purposes, there is nothing distinctively English about Professor Morison's book. Three years of residence at Oxford as Harmsworth Professor of American History has, indeed, given him a point of view. As he himself remarks, quoting Charles Ashleigh, "England provides you with a quiet place in which to sit down in peace to write about America. And it gives you a far-off place of calm from which to view America." Oxford students, too, appear to have exhibited "a questioning and critical spirit" rather more pronounced than that commonly to be found in American universities. What Professor Morison appears to have studied and reflected upon, however, in the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, is simply the same American history that the fathers made and the children inherit; and, aside from some differences of proportion and emphasis proper for an audience to whom that history must always be, in comparison with their own, a thing apart, the book which he has produced might quite as well have been written here as there.

The differences or adaptations, such as they are, may be briefly described. There is more than the usual emphasis upon international relations and diplomatic controversies, especially with Great Britain. Local color is supplied by some excellent summary accounts of the social characteristics of sections or localities, particularly New England and the slaveholding South, and to these are added a systematic use of personal characterizations and some informing references to literature and intellectual life. Local details, on the other hand, are carefully pruned, and some constitutional or political controversies that receive much space in American books are rather briefly summarized. The largest single allotment of space falls to the Civil War and the years immediately preceding and following, an allocation perhaps to be explained by the special interest that has been shown in England in the military and diplomatic aspects of the war. Taken as a whole, the narrative is political far more than economic or social, and almost as much international as national. Professor Morison's United States is preeminently a World Power, not a nation in isolation.

Such criticisms as are to be passed upon the book relate to form more than to substance. Professor Morison writes more easily than he did when I had the honor of welcoming in these columns his admirable life of Harrison Gray Otis, and there is no American history of equal bulk now on the market that is as consistently good reading as this one, but his style scintillates a little too brightly at times for the serious business that he essays, and the polish of his phrases carries a suggestion of artifice. Even his chapter and section captions savor of effect: Enter Hamilton, The Four Lean Kine (i.e., gun-boats, impressment, embargo, and sedition), Cultural Gleams, Joining and Other Sports, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Exit Spain. Some of his personal characterizations will strike many readers as too downright; for example, "Calhoun is a tiresome figure in American history, and pernicious as well, unless the Civil War was wholesome. One wearies of the unrealistic, humorless logic of his writings as of his noble-Roman pose, with hand resting on heart and over-handsome features surmounted by a dramatic mop of hair." And is it so certain that Taft is entitled to be classed as a Progressive, or that Colonel House actually chose Wilson's Cabinet?

These are minor spots on what is really an excellent book, and Professor Morison is entitled to his opinions. There are some well-chosen maps to help out the text, and an extensive bibliography for those who would read further. If the reading of these two volumes does not stimulate an interest in American history among cultivated Englishmen, the case may be regarded as hopeless, for a more scholarly or attractive attempt to tell the story of the one country for the special benefit of the thinking part of the other is not likely soon to be made.

William MacDonald

The Cotton-Mill Problem

Labor in Southern Cotton Mills. By Paul Blanshard. New Republic, Inc. 25 cents.

COMPARING Mr. Blanshard's study with that of Mr. Peter Goldsmith, "The Cotton Mill South," made twenty years ago, it is obvious that a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge in two decades. When the earlier report was made the Southern cotton-manufacturing industry had only sectional implications, whether technical or human. Low standards of life and work and wages were at most local. They did not carry a threat to labor in the rest of the country, and did not jeopardize American liberalism. Welfare work in company-owned villages was looked upon as a clear gain in all its features.

Since the southward migration of cotton mills set in five or six years ago, Northern textile centers have been stripped of one enterprise after another, and Southern chambers of commerce and hydro-electric power companies have invited exploitation of the Southern poor white. He is Anglo-Saxon, union-proof, amenable to the profit designs of the employer. The backwardness of Southern protective legislation is cried up as a business resource. New England industrialists are invited to have done with chafing and repining, and come South to an unbelievably happy hunting-ground.

It is Southern operatives whom Mr. Blanshard has moved among and pictured, and his account is the best handbook on the subject. He has eyes in the back of his head as well as in the front of it, for he sees not only the life which the mill hand is experiencing but that from which he came. The change brings many elements of benefit—in social contacts, albeit narrow; in cash wages, though markedly lower than in the rest of the coun-

try; in the fruits of paternalism, though initiative is in several ways snuffed out. Mr. Blanshard has the virtue, rare in writers on this subject, of realizing that the Southern industry is in transition and is exhibiting phases which have been familiar in other times and places.

This fairness adds to the weight of his condemnation of the ten- and eleven-hour day and the eleven- and twelve-hour night, the immaturity and timidity of the public mind, and the unobstructed sway of the entrepreneur with his boom psychology. All Southerners ought to read Mr. Blanshard's report, but whether they do or not, it defines for the whole country the hazard which the South now opens to labor standards in one of our greatest primary industries. BROADUS MITCHELL

Cézanne

Cézanne and His Circle. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. Holroyd-Reece. Charles Scribner's Sons. $22.50.
Cézanne. A Study of His Development. By Roger Fry. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE "Cézanne" of Julius Meier-Graefe shares the fault common in appreciative writing—exaggeration. It will not trust to the sensibilities of the reader, or to time, for agreement, but underlines its points so that the sleepiest reader will know what he is to think. Thus "A personality without an atom of suggestion, or of sensuality, a man for whom flowing bosoms were an anathema, an artist who had become nothing but sensuality and delectation: purest sensuality, delectation innocent of every ulterior purpose" means that Monet preferred landscapes to figures. We even get historical and philosophical misstatement. Cézanne is made synonymous with the Gothic spirit, and this is said to have been created by the Northern or Germanic temperament. It should be known by now that the elements of Gothic style were developed around the Mediterranean basin, and that its highest state was achieved in the Isle de France, whose people were as much Southern as Northern. But it appears that "Northern" is a state of mind and not a geographical term. Hence Poussin and Claude, because they are orderly and gay, relate to the Dutch or Southern spirit in opposition to Dürer and Cézanne, who are serious, concentrated, above law, and therefore Gothic or Northern. In fact, so mysterious is the word Gothic made that Cézanne is destined to "discover the North Pole in the South," which may explain why he found painting difficult.

If Meier-Graefe's volume contained only such generalizations as this, one would be puzzled as to the author's reputation. But, of course, it does not. While Meier-Graefe has the natural tendency of the lover to see in his object the supreme good of the world, he nevertheless leaves us in frequent lucid moments appreciations which are extraordinarily sensitive and aptly stated. Thus he describes Cézanne's desire to convey emotionally as well as visually what he saw and felt, that is, to put in paint more convincingly than before the individual harmony which each object had with every other, so that one would feel as well as recognize the relation of the house to the road, the road to the house, the trees to the road and the house, and the house and the road to the trees—and this applies, indeed, not only to each object but to each form and color of each object.

The "Cézanne" of Mr. Fry is another volume in interpretation, but it is far more cool-headed. Of all who have written on Cézanne he has struck the best balance among the testimonies of Zola, Gasquet, Vollard, Bernard, and Duret. He is the one, too, who has best appreciated Cézanne's early period, being at once sympathetic and discriminating there; and if his praise of the later work is no less enthusiastic than that of the others, it is less hyperbolic. But with them he errs, it seems to me, in overemphasizing Cézanne's sense of volumes. After all, volume, intensity, and mass are no virtues in themselves. Since Berenson wrote of "tactile values" every critic has imagined that before a still life he must dodge the apples. The truth is that the greatest painters are as remarkable for the subtlety of their feeling as for their intensity—for example, compare the Giottos of Padua with the Giottesques of Assisi. Cézanne is remarkable far more for his rich and considerate color than for his volumes, which are really inferior to the average in many instances. WALTER GUTMAN

Fiction Shorts

Mrs. Craddock. By Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This is a revised and rewritten edition of a novel which, when Mr. Maugham first wrote it thirty years ago, shocked at least three publishers out of their editorial chairs. The passionate heroine whose life is rendered abortive by the exigencies of her unashamed craving for love now seems a little tame, as the author himself intimates in his amusing preface. Caught within the old-fashioned pages of the book, however, is a really astonishing character creation: Miss Ley, an engaging, acidulous, middle-aged English lady whose wit and mordancy almost run away with the story. To her Mr. Maugham dedicates this new edition. She is unforgettable: Mr. Maugham should, and quite probably will, write a play about her.

Maria Capponi. By René Schickele. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

René Schickele is a post-war Alsatian novelist whose work is securing for him a growing reputation in Germany. One may well be permitted to doubt whether this version of his best-known novel deserves to make any corresponding impression on the American public. "Maria Capponi" is a tortuous and over-written novel of frustrated love, with an Alsatian and Venetian background. The most irritating thing about it is its feverish concern with the sensations of two young decadent aristocrats whose tempers have become so refined that, as the saying goes, their servants do their living for them. The heroine was conceived as a brilliant and moving figure; but she is rendered vague by the introduction of page after page of irrelevant detail. One might, for example, excise with profit the first seventy-five pages of pseudo-Proustian recollection which introduce us to the hero's long line of aristocratic ancestors.

Showcases. By Jacques Le Clerq. Macy-Masius. $2.

Six tales with a modern Parisian background, all occupied with what the publishers' blurb naively tells us is a subject "which all people, and most especially all American people, should think more upon." The stories deal respectively with a Lesbian, a castrato, a nymphomaniac, an almost-matriphile, a homosexual, and a curious lady of exciting but unclimactic sexual proclivities. Superficial and rather carelessly written as these tales are, they nevertheless possess a welcome quality. Despite the title of his book, Mr. Le Clerq does not see his subjects through psychopathologic glasses but solely as opportunities for refined amusement, the amusement that intelligent people should rightly reserve for eccentrics who are neither harmful nor monstrous.

Wintersmoon. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Another novel about the clash of pre-war and post-war generations in London, between the unyielding die-hard aristocrats and the free-kicking young intellectuals (aristocrats, too). Mr. Walpole, writing in his usual facile and competent style, gives us a story that is interesting and ingeniously motivated, people that are natural and alive. But with this procession of tradition-worshiping dukes, charitable duchesses, and well-meaning and stupid old Englishmen whose world is bounded by the four walls of their clubs there comes the curious feeling that one has read it all before. The incredibly kind hero, Lord Poole, finds his profoundest pleasure in contemplating his ances-

tral estate of Wintersmoon and its youthful heir, and his most radical aberration in the thought he once had during the war that "if it had not been for his love for England he would have been, long ago, a Conscientious Objector." As a contribution to the understanding of a shifting and critical period in English life this book is singularly unpenetrating. Mr. Walpole's sympathies are so obviously with the old and established that he cannot take the pains to glance into the other camp. Or perhaps he feels that there may be nothing really the matter, for, after all, aren't the English—as he modestly puts it—"the kindest and most genial of the human race?"

The Son. By Hildur Dixelius. Translated by Anna C. Settergren. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A sequel to "The Minister's Daughter," written in the same quaint and mystical manner. An almost inspired atmosphere seems to gleam at times through the dull fabric of this simple narrative of saintly peasants in the lonely regions of northern Sweden; but the book is spoiled by imperfect chapter cohesion and a style which is almost as barren as the lives of the God-fearing characters.

Luck and Other Stories. By Mary Arden. The John Day Company. $2.

The first published collection of the tales of a young English short-story writer whose cool grace and adeptness are undeniable. Miss Arden has not many strings to her bow: she deals almost exclusively with one of the easiest (and most perilous) of modern motifs—the frustrations of unimportant people. The trick here, of course, is to convey a troubling sense of tragedy without a single recourse to the so-called "grand style." Miss Arden for the most part succeeds admirably in this genre which Katherine Mansfield perfected and which is possibly at the moment being a trifle overworked by clever young Englishwomen. These twelve carefully under-emphatic ironic tales will undoubtedly prove one of the most distinguished of the season's short-story collections. C. P. F.

Music

Circus Strong Men

THE fame of the obviously superb discipline and tone of orchestras like those of Boston and Philadelphia, and of what is becoming personal virtuosity in conductors' powers of re-creation, is causing the difference to disappear, yet there is still a difference between the concerts of orchestras and the recitals of pianists and violinists. It is a difference in the degree in which mere physical virtuosity is apparent; with, as a result, this difference in the effect of the performance: that the orchestral concert still fulfils its theoretic purpose of exhibiting music, while the piano recital offers a display of virtuosity for which music provides the occasion. These differences express themselves in the music performed. In the first place, music that has no value other than of its exploitation of an instrument is performed only rarely by an orchestra, but very frequently by a pianist. In the second place, a conductor finds it easier to exhibit unfamiliar music than a pianist, who must not only absorb its content but perfect the physical technique of its execution. And, finally, no more is demanded of the pianist than the limited number of familiar compositions which are the accepted tests of virtuosity; and what is demanded he supplies.

Consider, for example, Josef Hofmann, who in the course of years has acquired re-creative insight and technique which are, at their best, second to none. I am referring to his conceptions of compositions and their expression by tempo and color (it is in this re-creative technique, as I said in the beginning, that conductors are developing virtuosity, with similar

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consequences to orchestral concerts). There is also the physical technique with which Hofmann executes his conceptions, a technique of virtuoso caliber equal to his every musical demand. And it is to marvel at these techniques, but principally at the physical dexterity, as they would at some circus strong man's contracting his muscles, that people come to Hofmann's recitals. The result is that year after year he continues to apply them in public view to a few fugues by Bach, a few sonatas by Beethoven, a larger number of compositions by Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, and Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Rubinstein's Melody in F. Reading his programs one would suppose that Brahms, Franck, Debussy, Albeniz, and Ravel had never written. And while he plays concertos by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Rubinstein, he ignores the Franck Symphonic Variations, both Brahms concertos, and even the one dedicated to him by Rachmaninoff. This year, appearing with orchestra for the first time in two years, he elects to play a concerto by Saint-Saëns; and at his annual recital he plays again Beethoven's Appassionata and Chopin's Preludes. This is a degradation of his function as an executive artist.

So is it a degradation and perversion of the function of an orchestral concert to display the worst music in America because its composer is the best connected. I refer, need I say, to the music of Ernest Schelling, which is so near an approach to musical imbecility as to threaten my reason when I hear it, but which is no sooner composed as an act of vanity than it is performed as an act of friendship.

Another questionable act of friendship is the Philharmonic's playing the Siegfried's Death music in memory of a certain piano manufacturer who died recently. To his grandfather we owe a justly famous piano; to his father musical activities owed generous support; but to him, so far as I know, we owe only the thorough and objectionable commercializing of his firm, not only in its dealings with artists but in its handling of its product. It might have allowed the excellence of this product to advertise itself and attract the small class of discriminating patrons. Instead these patrons have had to pay what it has cost in advertising to attract the much larger number of people who buy the piano for the same reason that they buy a well-advertised patent medicine; and this inflation of demand occurred just as it was becoming difficult to obtain workmen and materials of the quality of twenty or thirty years ago. The instrument, then, is the only good one in America, but it is only as good as it can be under conditions which might in large measure have been avoided by a less grasping management. It is the only good one in America, but specimens as completely fine as those of former years are rarer.

B. H. Haggin

Drama

Appropriate Romance

SIMPLE romance, elementary but effective suspense, and a dash of patriotic feeling all combine to make Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" (Garrick Theater) a highly entertaining play to which one might take one's grandmother without giving offense and for the understanding of which a ten-year-old child would need no particular explanation. The scene happens to be a small German principality at the time of the American Revolution and the action happens to concern itself with the happily frustrated efforts of a princeling to sell twelve thousand of his subjects to the English king for service against the rebellious American colonies; but these circumstances are important only because they serve to give local habitation to an intrigue which is the common property of all historical romances and a name to personages who have been embodied in countless plays. And yet, as the play well demonstrates, such materials are quite sufficient when properly used.

The humble secretary, two of whose brothers have been sold as he says "on the hoof," conspires with the repentant mistress of the prince to prevent the outrage. With her consent he uses the signet ring to transmit a sealed message to King Frederick of Prussia and at the last moment the *deus ex machina*, arrayed in all the glory of a Prussian uniform, arrives. King Frederick will not permit the transportation of such troops through his dominion, and so, though the heroic secretary will doubtless hang, his people are saved. The mistress trips away for Paris, "where one does not have to haggle for blood like a shopkeeper in order to enjoy a little life and splendor," and then the *deus* unrolls another parchment: he is instructed to bring the secretary safely to Potsdam and to promise him employment there with the philosophical king.

It is difficult to retell such a fable without implying a certain condescension toward its naive simplicity, but in the present instance there is no real excuse for patronage. Bruno Frank (pleasantly translated by William Drake) handles his materials not only with skill but with an engaging unpretentiousness as well. One knows pretty well, to be sure, just how everything is going to turn out, but one would rather resent any effort to vary a formula which affords such pleasant and complete emotional satisfactions. One finds oneself surrendering with childlike interest to the course of the intrigue and pleased with a childlike pleasure when everything turns out so exactly as it ought. A few members of the audience, fresh from the oil scandals retailed in the evening papers, tittered nervously when the secretary, refusing the offer of the king, decides to go to America instead and exclaims: "There is no master there; only Heaven above, the rain, and the sunshine. Man stands by himself, sustained by his natural rights, equal to equal, and is free." Such, however, is the power of romance that only a few perceived the irony, and I doubt if they were wise to spoil their fun. Mary Ellis is very charming as the mistress, and if Basil Sydney rather tends to overflow with suppressed emotion the play does, after all, demand a theatrical interpretation.

Those who have seen Miss Zoe Akins's recent plays are familiar with the exuberant romanticism to which they attempt to give expression and know about what they are to expect—very elegant (preferably titled) people, soaring tragic sentiments, and a good many tags from Shakespeare distributed indiscriminately to all the characters whenever they feel themselves getting beyond their depth. "The Furies" (Shubert Theater) is composed of all the usual elements, including the Shakespearean tags, and though it is not a successful play it comes nearer than any of Miss Akins's recent efforts to hypnotizing the audience into an acceptance of its gushing emotionalism. The opening soliloquy is a really brilliant piece of writing, and the whole first act, played in a very spirited fashion by Laurette Taylor, A. E. Anson, Estelle Winwood, and Ian MacLaren, is characterized by a certain verve which disarms criticism. The second act, however, degenerates into a rather interesting detective story and then the third goes completely to pieces until it has become no more than a farrago of sensational scenes in the course of which the heroine is trapped in a tower with a mad man while his sister (also mad) plays appropriate tunes on a violin in the next room. Life as Miss Akins sees it must be a very romantic and extraordinary thing, but she has never yet entirely succeeded in making anybody else see it through her eyes.

Of recent years the musical comedy has shown a disposition to turn manly and to lay less stress on the shrill pipings of the merry village maidens than upon the lusty carolings of soldiers and swashbucklers. "The Three Musketeers," which Mr. Ziegfeld has just produced at the Lyric, seems to me about the best example yet seen of this hearty school. It has some swinging tunes, it is set with lavish good taste, and it has a plot which actually holds the interest. I have no doubt that it will enjoy a huge success.

Joseph Wood Krutch

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Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chili" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*. He is now on his way back to Mexico City.

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□ LECTURES □

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International Relations Section

Martyred Tyrol

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, March 8

AS I write, Austria is tensely awaiting Signor Mussolini's promised reply to the revelations by Austrian deputies of the state of affairs in South Tyrol. There has never, of course, been any suggestion that Austria could take any action to relieve the 250,000 German-Austrians who are suffering under the forcible attempts to deprive them of their national language, religion, and characteristics generally. The resentment now aroused against Italy is due to the Italian attitude that the Austrians must not only stand by impotently while their brothers are suffering but that they must also stand by in silence.

Were Austria in a position to undertake any military action for the South Tyrolese, it would be comprehensible that in certain foreign countries her Government should be condemned for disturbing the peace of Europe if it uttered any threats against Italy. But if the recent debates in the Vienna Parliament are studied, it will be realized that the Government throughout deprecated even the references made by Tyrolese deputies to the sufferings of their people south of the Brenner. Even these deputies did no more than point out the helplessness and sufferings of the population; they were agreed that there was no popular remedy save in a return of the Italian people to its old traditions of liberal government which have been so completely banished from South Tyrol. Very little is heard of the severity of the Italian regime there, which, it can be said without fear of contradiction, is the most repressive in Europe. The reason is not that the people are growing accustomed to their lot, but that it is against everyone's interests to champion them. When Germany has ventured to do so she has been accused of endeavoring to interfere in Italian affairs; Austria, who realizes only too well her completely defenseless position, fears not only possible hostilities but economic reprisals as well. The Vienna press is usually silent for two reasons; first, because, as I have reason to know, the Austrian Foreign Office endeavors on all occasions to play for safety and discourages publication even of the best-authenticated instances of Italian severity, and second because the press itself fears the easy remedy available for the governments of all the surrounding countries against Austria—the suppression of the offending Austrian paper on its territory.

The facts concerning South Tyrol are so clear that the only excuse for summarizing them is that they are so seldom mentioned. In justice the Italians were fully entitled to take from Austria the district around Trent and up to the gorge of Salurn. But as part of her price for entering the war on the side of the Allies, Italy demanded the frontier of the Brenner, and secured it together with a solid block of 200,000 to 225,000 German-Austrians, citizens of the tiny principality of Tyrol which has a record of patriotism of which the United States would not need to be ashamed. The Austrian Government protested against this mutilation of the province, and was told, in the Allies' reply refusing to draw up a different frontier, that "As appears from the very clear explanations given in the Roman Parliament by the Italian Minister President, the Italian Government intends to pursue toward its new subjects in respect of their language, institutions, and economic interests a large and liberal policy." Signor Tittoni, Italian representative at the Peace Conference, said in the Italian Chamber in September, 1919: "Italy will include 180,000 Germans in her new domain . . . Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Serbia are bound by ordinances inserted in the treaties of peace to respect the language, religion, institutions, and all free activities of the national minorities. And it is very necessary that these ordinances should be faithfully and loyally observed. Italy . . . is under no legal obligation of this kind, but in my view the liberal traditions which are her glory and distinction make it her moral duty to act in the same way." Signor Luzatti, the Rapporteur, declared "It must be an obligation of honor . . . to allow to the Germans . . . the free enjoyment of their autonomous institutions . . . for only thus will Italy be true to the traditions of the old Romans."

The condition of Italian minorities in, for instance, Jugoslavia, is regulated by the peace treaties:

> Jugoslavia is obliged to allow her minorities full power of development in their national life, complete freedom of intercourse in respect of religion, the press, and the conduct of societies and meetings.
>
> The minorities have the right to erect schools and educational institutions in which they shall be at liberty to use their mother tongues without restrictions. Where minorities are of any considerable size, the state is to provide state schools for them.

This was the treatment which, according to the promise made by the Allies to the Austrians, would be accorded by the Italians of their own free will to the Germans of South Tyrol; this was the treatment which Italian statesmen proudly proclaimed Italy would grant because she was Italy.

For four years the Italians treated the South Tyrolese moderately well and the latter responded; there was no revolution, obstruction, or opposition. That the people were happy could hardly be expected, but they admitted to me personally that, given the injustice of the partition of Tyrol, they had little complaint against their new masters. Then came the change; we have it in Mussolini's own words:

"South Tyrol . . . was entirely German, . . . everywhere nothing but Germans and German speech. I have set this right. On the Austrian frontier I have introduced a zone of thirty kilometers within which only persons with a special permit may live. The Italian language is now obligatory throughout the country. . . . The land must become Italian." Practically, this has meant and means today a series of oppressive measures the mere titles of which would fill a page of this paper. All German newspapers have been stopped; not only are there no state schools teaching in the native language, but even private schools are forbidden to teach the children in that language. The singing of German songs is forbidden, and hundreds of persons have been arrested and deported for offenses against these regulations. Compulsory Italianization, indeed, has been carried to the extent of demanding that family names of Tyrolese citizens be Italianized as well as names and inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemeteries. South Tyrol is today the most tragic corner of Europe.

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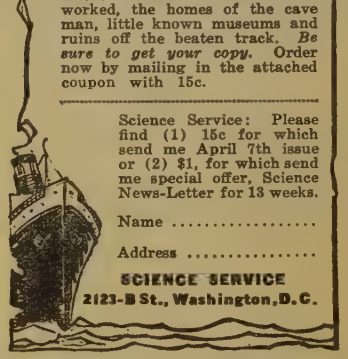

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